CHINA'S BOOK OF MARTYRS

LUELLA MINER

Luella Miner

China's Book of Martyrs

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RUINS OF CHAPEL, PAO TING FU

CHINA'S BOOK OF MARTYRS

A RECORD OF

Heroic Martyrdoms and Marvelous Deliverances of Chinese Christians During the Summer of 1900

BY

LUELLA MINER

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Dedication

TO THOSE WHO IN THE SUMMER OF 1900

WAITED IN AGONIZED SUSPENSE

FOR TIDINGS OF LOVED ONES IN CHINA,

THIS VOLUME

IS DEDICATED IN TENDER SYMPATHY

The sacrifice was not in vain—their sacrifice and yours. He who does not afflict willingly, who makes all things work together for good, has taken the sufferings of those months into his almighty hand of love, and will transform them into precious stones, building them into his beautiful temple. He who was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, was also in the martyrs, reconciling to himself that great empire across the sea.

It is to assist in the conviction that the sacrifice was not in vain—that China is worth saving, and can be saved—that these records of fidelity are sent forth.

PREFACE

The following pages do not tell in full the story of the faithful witnesses of China. That would require volumes. Many narratives have been rejected, not because they were not of intense interest, but because one book would not contain them all. Those selected are representative and typical. The experiences of Christians belonging to ten different denominations are recorded, but the space given to the annals of different missions by no means indicates their relative importance. Some societies have already published their own histories of the tragedy, or are preparing for such publications, and so have furnished little material for this book. Other societies have not been directly solicited for narratives of the experiences of their members, but extracts have been taken from their periodicals. Where the extract is of great length or importance, permission has been obtained for its use; in other cases, acknowledgment accompanies the quotation. In a few instances ignorance of the source or authorship of an account given has made acknowledgment impossible; but the author desires here to express her thanks for such involuntary contributions.

A large part of the book is filled with narratives to which the author listened during the siege of Peking and the ensuing year of residence in that city.

We acknowledge our deep indebtedness to Rev. Courtenay H. Fenn, of the Presbyterian Board. This book was to have been a work of collaboration, and

we greatly regret that the pressure of other duties compelled Mr. Fenn to resign his part of the work into our hands. The introductory chapter was written by Mr. Fenn when it was hoped that the original plan could be carried out, and has been only slightly changed. For valuable suggestions as to the general plan and scope of the book we also express our thanks, and for a great amount of valuable material collected by Mr. Fenn from various sources.

Miss Nellie N. Russell, of Peking, has contributed largely to these pages, not only by furnishing most interesting narratives, which are given under her name, but by giving brief incidents with which her name is not connected.

Many of the narratives translated from the Chinese by the author were taken from a collection made by Pastor Jen, of the American Board Mission.

We would also acknowledge our obligation to the following persons: Dr. Eliza E. Leonard, Miss Grace Newton, Rev. C. W. Mateer, D. D.; Miss Georgianna Smith, Rev. D. MacGillivray, Miss Annie H. Gowans, Dr. I. J. Atwood, Mrs. A. M. Williams, Rev. George D. Wilder, and Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, D. D. To the latter our thanks are due for reading much of the manuscript for the book, and assisting in the selection of material. We are also indebted to Rev. Judson Smith, D. D., for invaluable assistance in arranging for publication.

Many of the photographs used as illustrations were taken by Dr. A. P. Peck.

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CHINA'S BOOK OF MARTYRS

INTRODUCTORY

A NEW "Book of Martyrs" at the beginning of the twentieth century—how inappropriate it seems! The days of Nero and Diocletian, of the Reformation and the Inquisition,—those were the days when blood ran in the streets, beasts roared in the arena, and the *auto-da-fé* blazed in the public square. We have read with a sickening horror, yet with a glowing inspiration, the tales of faith and heroism; and have rejoiced in the thought that these things are records of a bygone age, that we live in a time when men have ceased to persecute the prophets, and stone those who preach against their corruptions and point the way to better thinking and holier living.

And the thought has, perhaps, come to us at times, it is well that God does not thus test his people in this age. The early Christians and the reformers were made of firmer stuff than we, and it is by no means certain that the modern Church could endure such fiery trials. We have heard occasionally of the missionary who has gone to some savage race, and has been killed, because, failing to appreciate the unselfish love which brought him there, they have suspected him of sinister designs, or fretted under the constant protest of his holy life and precepts against the abominations of their superstition and wickedness. And the Church has expected of the missionary that he will be faithful unto death. Occasional martyrs we have had, throughout the history of Christian missions. A few even of those

who have been won from darkness to light have been slain by their own countrymen; but cases of this kind have been so few as to make only a momentary stir in the hearts of those who are on the watch for the signs of the development of the kingdom.

The generally-prevailing opinion of the native convert from the religions of the East has been very low indeed. Even among the members of the Christian Church there has been a lurking suspicion that, while there might be some marked exceptions, the Oriental Christian is far from being an ornament to the Church of which he is a member; that while he may have sufficient faith in Christ to save his soul, he has not yet adopted many of the principles of Christian morality, and can not be trusted much farther than he can be seen. Indeed, but recently an active Christian woman was heard to say of the Chinese, what used to be said so unjustly of the North American Indian, "The only good Chinaman is a dead Chinaman!"

With such an opinion prevailing to a greater or less extent in the Church, it was not strange that the world should include Chinese, East Indian, Japanese, African, and every other convert from heathenism or paganism, under the one term, "Rice Christians;" that is, those who profess conversion to Christianity for the sake of securing employment and making money, but with no change of life or heart. This sweeping generalization, like most of its sort, was not without some foundation. The members of the foreign communities in the cities of the Orient, engaged in commercial enterprise, are brought into contact with the basest elements of the population, who often profess to be Christians for the purpose of securing employment, then systematically cheat their employers in all their dealings. So barefaced is this spoiling of the foreigner

by the native that it is apparent even to the employer, is winked at by him for the sake of good service, but is reported to the next visiting sightseer as the typical behavior of the Oriental Christians. Thus the report goes home, and the multitude is confirmed in its old opinion that foreign missions do not pay, because you can not make a good Christian out of an Oriental.

If the native convert could not be trusted to cease to do evil and learn to do well, surely the hold which the new religion had gained upon him could not be very strong. He might continue to profess Christianity so long as it was the way to wealth; but surely, when persecution and affliction should arise because of this profession, the man would be offended and his mask must fall off.

Such was the opinion of a large part of the world, and in some quarters it was repeated in a tone almost as maliciously triumphant as that in which Satan sneeringly challenged the Almighty: "Doth Job fear God for naught? Hast not thou made a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath, on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thy hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will renounce thee to thy face." And, as in the days of Job, the Almighty accepted the challenge, and gave tens of thousands of the converts of China over into the power of Satan for a season, to be tried by every form of affliction, and by their fidelity and steadfastness to silence forever the false, cruel charge that they were "Rice Christians." Satan spoke truth for himself and his followers when he said, "All that a man hath will he give for his life;" for they have no knowledge of that love which makes a man count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge

of Christ Jesus the Lord, for whom he will suffer the loss of all things, and count them but refuse that he may gain Christ and be found in him.

It was given to the Chinese not only to believe on Christ, but also to suffer for his sake, during that fearful uprising of the Boxers which took place in the spring and summer of 1900. Protestant and Roman Catholic alike suffered, and the grand total of murdered Church members and adherents is in the neighborhood of thirty thousand. While many of these were ruthlessly cut down, without even an opportunity to save their lives by recantation, yet thousands of them faced entreaty, promise, threat, and torture, and to the death refused to deny their faith in Jesus Christ, or to offer worship to the images in the home or the temple. The lives, the sufferings, the martyrdoms of the foreign missionaries who fell in various parts of China, and the thrilling experiences and marvelous escapes of those who were saved, have been published in detail. The Church has been stirred as never before in modern times, and has heard in this record the call of God to more strenuous and devoted effort to redeem the lands thus purchased by blood and suffering. We now add to these records of heroic devotion and of wonderful providences, more numerous and extended narratives of the sufferings and deliverances of the native Church than have yet been published, glorying in their testimony to the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ and to the value and success of foreign missions.

It is beyond the scope of this book to present any detailed account of the Boxer movement, as it has already received full attention in other works issued within the past two years, notably "China in Convul-

sion," by the Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D. D. It will suffice for our purpose simply to sum up in a few words the various influences which combined to produce the uprising of 1900.

The movement was unquestionably far more political than religious. It was primarily anti-foreign, and only secondarily anti-Christian and anti-missionary. Had missionaries and Christianity been the only imports of the foreigner into China, or had the religions of China been the only commodity which he had attempted to take away, there might have been no serious trouble. While we do not deny that the gospel of Jesus Christ produces a social revolution, which may have also its political phases, and that it does at times set men at enmity with the members of their own families as well as with those of their own communities, yet it is to be noted that the phrases in which the hostile Chinese, as individuals and as societies, set forth their purpose of destruction against foreigner and native, all declare their hatred to be caused by their political affiliations, rather than by their religious belief. Their war-cry was, "Li kuo mieh yang" (Establish the empire by the extermination of the foreign). Their chief charge against the convert was, "T'a sui wai kuo" (He follows foreign countries). The foreigner was to them the "yang kuei-tzu" (foreign devil), or "yang mao-tzu" (foreign hairy one); the native Christian was "erh mao-tzu" (secondary hairy one), a foreigner of the second order. The oft-repeated cry, "Sha erh mao-tzu" should never be translated "Kill the Christians!" for there is in it no allusion to religious faith. It was applied to the man who ironed a foreigner's shirt, or helped him survey a railroad, or served as his teacher, though he might be a Buddhist of the Buddhists, a Confucianist of the Confucianists. The servant or

official who had rendered some slight service or shown a slight degree of friendliness to the foreigner was often called, "San mao-tzu" (foreigner of the third order).

That no missionary ever perverted justice in the name of securing justice for his converts has never been claimed. Occasionally a Protestant has unwittingly been led into interference in native lawsuits, with which it would have been better to have nothing to do. And more frequently have the Roman Catholics made use of foreign influence to secure their converts immunity from defeat in legal proceedings. But all these things have been a mere drop in the bucket as compared with the political and commercial aggressions by foreign powers, which threatened to rend China limb from limb, to destroy the means of livelihood of her citizens, and to turn her whole commerce into the hands of other peoples. Her eyes not yet being opened to the benefits of Western civilization, and being, therefore, unprepared to accept and assimilate the innovations which were coming in like a flood, China was altogether unwilling, on the other hand, to fall supinely before the inundation. The emperor and a few associates, with clearer vision as to the condition and needs of the empire, threw themselves into one heroic effort to direct and use the inflow of the new ideas, although they knew they must face opposition fierce and strong. They fell, and over them rushed the old *régime,* determined to stake all on one great struggle, not simply for integrity and independence, but for the old conservative seclusion once enjoyed.

The Boxers, a comprehensive name, embracing both the I Ho Ch'uan (Patriotic Harmony Fist) and Ta Tao (Big Knife) Societies, seem to have passed

through several stages of development. Originally an interdicted society of the eighteenth century, it was revived as a local organization in the southern part of Shantung Province, nominally for the mutual protection of the villages to which its members belonged against robbers and marauders. Later it received from certain Buddhist priests in that region the addition of a religious phase, its leaders laying claim to such close communion with the world of spirits as enabled them to render themselves and their followers invulnerable to sword and bullet. The empress dowager and her advisers and coadjutors in the reactionary movements of 1898 saw in this rapidly-growing society a means of accomplishing their aim. The war-cry of patriotism, the claim of supernatural powers, the promise of spoils,—what further was needed to attract and inflame the multitude, who could in no other possible way have been induced to join themselves to the scurvy troops in the effort to drive out the foreign influence from China? The movement spread more and more rapidly, during 1899, over Western Shantung and the southern portion of Chihli, its devotees becoming ever bolder in their attacks on the native Christians and the foreigners. The first clear demonstration of the collusion of the Chinese Government appeared when Yü Hsien, the governor of Shantung, while nominally repressing the movement, secretly encouraged it with all his power. Representation on representation was made by the diplomatic corps to the Imperial Government, which responded with edict after edict, all nerveless in themselves, and rendered worse than void by secret instructions to disregard them. Realizing too late the trend of these events, the representatives of foreign powers insisted upon the total suppression of the movement,

when it had already practically taken possession of the capital and all the northern provinces. Boxers were practicing openly in all parts of the city, and neither local police nor imperial troops were doing aught to restrain them. Foreigners and native Christians were being insulted and threatened on the streets, and fugitives were coming from the south, bringing tales of horrible massacres and widespread conflagrations. The railroads leading from Peking to Tientsin and Pao Ting Fu were torn up, fire and slaughter approached the capital, and the missionaries gathered with many native Christians in the Methodist mission. On the 13th of June the Boxer hordes broke loose, and, aided by imperial soldiers, ransacked the city for Christians and the employees of the foreigner, cut them down, hacked them to pieces, threw their bodies on the street, or burned them in their houses. There fell that night, and on the days that followed, hundreds of faithful Christians, including some of the very choicest of the Church in Peking, while a small percentage managed to escape, and, earlier or later, to rejoin their friends. This large measure of success in Peking but stimulated the thirst for blood, while the failure to reach those who defended themselves in the mission and legation infuriated the mobs to do their worst in all that region. From the city there went out into the country in all directions fanatical companies who incited the local organizations of Boxers in the villages to rise against their peaceful Christian neighbors. Whole families and groups of families were cut off, while those who managed to escape the fire and the sword fled to the mountains, many of them to perish from starvation or to be hunted down and slain. Those to the south of the city, who had been attacked before the legations were beleaguered, had a place of refuge with the foreigners,

but those to the north and east were attacked after this place of refuge had been put beyond their reach, so that the loss of life in these regions was far greater.

The number of Christians at Pao Ting Fu was much less, as only two missions were at work there, one of them but recently established. Nevertheless the slaughter was frightful, as the missionaries also were killed, and the natives had no way of escape except in flight, through perils innumerable.

Peking, T'ungchou, and Pao Ting Fu appear to have been the storm-center. Although many were massacred at Tientsin, Kalgan, Tsun Hua, K'ai P'ing and other parts of the province, also in Manchuria, the proportionate loss near the national and provincial capitals was by far the largest. The loss of missionary lives in Shansi was greater than that in all the other provinces together, and in some places, notably in Tai Ku, the slaughter of Christians was terrible. The notorious governor, Yü Hsien, transferred from Shantung to Shansi, had here a free hand for the execution of his treacherous, bloodthirsty designs, unrestrained by the presence of foreign marines, and with the missionaries scattered in various cities of the province. The churches in Shansi, Shantung, and Honan suffered less severely. The Boxer movement was in imminent danger of spreading over the entire country; it had taken root as far west and south as Ssuch'uan, as the recent outbreaks in that province prove. But through the wise and brave decision of the Central and Southern viceroys not to promulgate the imperial edict of extermination, these provinces were saved from the scourge of blood and fire which swept over the North; few lives were lost and little property was destroyed. To Yuan Shih K'ai, then governor of Shantung, and Tuan Fang, then governor of Shansi, belongs especial

credit for stemming the onrushing tide of slaughter just where its strength was beating most fiercely, and not only preventing massacres in their own provinces, but checking the spread of the movement toward the south and west.

Certain narratives, especially in Chapter II, may raise the question, "Had the Chinese Christians any right to take up arms against their own government, or to act as spies? Were they patriotic?" We reply that the truest patriots in China are the Christians. No hearts in the empire were more deeply stirred by the territorial aggressions of European powers than were those of students in mission colleges. So high did the feeling run in a certain college at one time that it was necessary to limit the number of political topics to be discussed in public exercises. When the emperor came to the front with the reform administration of 1898, the heart of every student bounded with high hope. Never before had such earnest prayer been offered for China and her ruler. One of the most beautiful hymns in Chinese was composed by En P'u, a young man of the London Mission, when he was studying in the theological seminary at T'ungchou. It is a cry to God to pity China, to raise her to her true place among the nations, to bring her to her heritage as a child of God. Often large companies of students have sung it with deep emotion. Then came the reactionary movement late in 1898, and the Boxer supremacy. To the Christians the acts of those two years seemed the acts of usurpers. In lifting their hands against them in self-defense and in defense of innocent men, women, and children from other lands, they did not consider that they were fighting against their own country; rather they were working for her

highest interests. The deep heart-hurt of these patriotic Christians can hardly be imagined.

In succeeding narratives, while it has not seemed best to crowd the pages with heart-sickening details of butchery, neither is there any attempt to conceal the fact that cruelty was rampant. Thank God that lust was not rampant also, that women were spared what they would have suffered at the hands of Turks. And if any are inclined to say, "Henceforth I will have nothing to do with a people so cruel as the Chinese; let others send the gospel to them if they will," we commend to such the reading of incidents like the following, which can be found by thousands on the pages of Roman, Spanish, French, and English history:

"Richard Byfield was cast into prison, and endured some whipping, for his adherence to the doctrines of Luther. The sufferings this man endured for the truth were so great that it would require a volume to contain them. Sometimes he was shut up in a dungeon, where he was almost suffocated by the offensive and horrid smell of filth and stagnated water. At other times he was tied up by his arms until almost all his joints were dislocated. He was whipped at the post several times, until scarce any flesh was left on his back; and all this was done to make him recant. He was then taken to the Lollard's Tower in Lambeth Palace, where he was chained by the neck to the wall, and once every day beaten in the most cruel manner by the archbishop's servants. At last he was condemned, degraded, and burnt in Smithfield."

"In the year 1557 fifteen were imprisoned in the castle of Canterbury, five of whom perished of hunger."

"Seizing the young woman by the wrist, he held the lighted candle under her hand, burning it cross-

wise on the back till the tendons divided from the flesh. . . . Bonner had served a poor blind harper in nearly the same manner, who had steadily maintained a hope that if every joint of him were to be burnt he should not fly from the faith. Bonner, upon this, privately made a signal to his men to bring a burning coal, which they placed in the poor man's hand, and then by force held it closed till it burnt into the flesh deeply."

These atrocities were committed, not by a savage tribe living in the Dark Ages to whom had never come the refining influences of Christianity, but by our English ancestors of the sixteenth century, who for a thousand years had lived under Christ's teachings! They were not the outrages of a mob blinded by superstition, maddened by the sight of blood, but deliberate tortures inflicted upon fellow-countrymen who differed slightly in their way of worshiping the same God. One who studies carefully the narratives in this book must raise the question whether occult influences were not at work in China, whether "the world rulers of this darkness," "the spiritual hosts of wickedness," did not play an important part in the Boxer movement. Many Chinese officials have tried to account for this movement, or to excuse it, by saying, "It was one wave of evil spiritualism" (hsieh ch'i).

The atrocious manner of the death of many of these native Christians, who were hacked to small fragments and burned, their ashes, in some cases, being passed under stone rollers and scattered to the winds, is explained by a widely-prevailing idea among the people that, unless their destruction was complete, the Christians would rise from the dead within three days. They did not realize that it mattered not to the God who raises men from the dead though their bodies

were dispersed to every continent of the globe and to uttermost space.

But the question of chief interest to the Church of God is not what the Chinese suffered, but how they endured the trial of great affliction. How did their deportment during these hours and months of horror and peril compare with that which they would have exhibited in the old days before their acceptance of Christianity? Now, it may safely be said that about the natural Chinese there is very little that suggests the heroic. The idea of enduring pain or death for the sake of his religion would seldom suggest itself to him. A lie, the denial of a belief, the promise to drop certain ecclesiastical relationships,—these things, to the non-Christian Chinese, would be the most natural and proper expedients to save life, or even to secure immunity from financial loss. The relatives and friends of the native Christians apparently did not suppose that it would require great exertion of persuasive powers to induce them to bend before the storm until it was overpast. But therein they failed to reckon on the radical difference between Christianity, a religion of the heart and life, and their own religions of the head or of mere form. In thousands of cases, the entreaties of friends and the curses and threats of enemies were alike unavailing, and the Christians went to the most cruel death rather than deny, even in word, the Savior who had redeemed them. So great was the heroism which many of them displayed that their murderers cut out their hearts to discover, if possible, the source of such splendid courage.

It would have been an incredible thing to report that every one of the Christians of China who passed through this ordeal had endured as seeing Him who

is invisible; that not one had denied his faith to save his life. There is no country in the world which could present such a record in similar circumstances, and no such claim is made for China. It was to have been expected that, as in the first centuries of the Church's history, which presented such a glorious record of heroic endurance of persecution, there would be some to whom life was dearer than their new-found faith, others who would recant to save family and friends, and still others who would regard recantation as a justifiable falsehood in self-defense against those who were making ruthless war upon them. In the recent persecutions in China, there were comparatively few of the first class, a larger number of the second, and a still larger number of the third; but the sum of all three classes was a small fraction of the persecuted.

The attitude of these three great classes of "lapsi" was very different. The few who belong in the first class were distinctly "Rice Christians," and the astounding fact about them is, that their number was so small that they can almost be left out of the account altogether. They had joined the Christians, in spite of the risk of social ostracism, in hope of securing worldly advantage. They "had their price;" and when the price was not paid, they were willing to forsake the Church and turn their backs upon the Lord Jesus Christ. The few who belong to this class have not again associated themselves with the Christians, but are once more idolaters.

The second class was of a distinctly higher grade, perhaps the highest of all the "lapsi." The peril to themselves did not move them. They steadfastly refused to deny Jesus Christ or worship idols. Their friends would come imploring them one day; their enemies would threaten them the next. Unable to

move them with anxiety for themselves, their friends would beseech them to consider their wives, their children, their parents, their friends who were endeavoring to save them by securing for them from the Boxers the most favorable terms of surrender. "We have interceded on your behalf; you need not deny your faith in words; you need not offer sacrifices; you need not even burn incense; merely go and stand in the door of the village temple, and it will be all right. Your life will be saved, and the lives of all your family, and we shall have no bloodshed in our village. Can you not do that much for those whom you profess to love? If you will not, there is no help for it; you will be utterly destroyed and we can not save you." There were instances of pastors of Churches, who were told that if they would simply sign a paper promising to have nothing more to do with the foreigner or his religion, nothing would be asked of the members of their Churches; they need make no recantation. Many of those who yielded have not attempted to justify themselves, but have besought forgiveness for what they confessed to be their weakness. One can hardly help wondering whether the American Church, subjected to an equally severe trial, would have presented a better record of faithfulness. Let us imagine, if we can, the average Church member in the United States told that he can save his whole family from death and his community from disruption by standing for a moment before an idol, or signing his name to a paper which might contain nothing more than a promise to "refrain from following the devil's religion;" but that, if he refuses, he must watch a mob of men (insane through superstition) burn his house, hack his mother, wife, and daughter to pieces before his eyes, and be himself. with father and

sons, disemboweled and hurled into the flames,—picture all this, if you can, and then ask God to deliver you from the necessity of meeting such a trial of your faith in him; look with a loving charity on those who finally yielded to it, and praise God for the many who were faithful, not only unto their own death, but unto seeing the death of those who were dearer to them than themselves.

The third and largest class of recanters we do not attempt to justify; but they too deserve very charitable dealing; for, in view of inheritance and previous education, they would seem to have been more excusable than was the Apostle Peter for his denial. They had no thought of giving up their faith in Jesus Christ. Many of them continued to pray in their homes, and in secret gatherings; but they regarded themselves as justified in temporarily denying, by word of mouth or in written document, their faith in the religion of the foreigner, on the ground that the persecution was primarily political, and that falsehood is permissible in defense of life. In many districts these recantations were ordered by the magistrate, who, in not a few instances, urged the Christians to sign them as a temporary expedient to prevent disturbance. It was urged upon them, moreover, as a patriotic duty to stand with their own country in its death-grapple with the foreign nations which had sought to throttle its life and rend it limb from limb.

When we remember that even China's highest ethical philosophy, and the great Confucius who established it, not merely excuse but commend falsehood in defense of family and reputation; that there is nothing in either Buddhism or Taoism, as they exist in China to-day, to rebuke "the lie of convenience;" that, both in public and private life, cunning casuistry

is a legitimate helpmate; and that the national disregard for truth, except in certain business relations, has made lying the sin as to the sinfulness of which it is most difficult to convince the Chinese,—when we remember all this, it is hardly to be wondered at that some of those who were young in Christianity, and had back of them no Christian ancestry, regarded a denial of their faith as a justifiable strategem. After the troubles were over, and the missionaries were permitted to return, they found it no easy matter to convict these people of sin. They still believed in Christ, and meant to serve him. In their hearts they had never forsaken him; and they felt that their missionary teachers were rather hard on them to accuse them of great sin. So firmly, yet lovingly, has the whole matter been presented to them, however, that the gravity of their fault has been perceived, and they have broken down in contrition and repentance. There can be no doubt that the terrible experience has been blessed to the native Church in a deeper knowledge of the character of the fidelity which the only living and true God asks of those who would be regarded as his faithful people. It is important to note the fact that those who had received a long course of instruction in mission schools, with hardly an exception, refused to be deceived by casuistry; and, facing squarely the issues of right and wrong, of life and death, bravely chose death. The instances of recantation on the part of preachers and teachers employed in missions never refer to those trained in college and theological seminary, but usually to men of Confucian training, who, perhaps late in life, have received a somewhat superficial Christian training.

It has been a strange yet not altogether inexplicable fact that the number of recantations has been

smallest in the region where the persecution assumed its most violent and deadly form. This has been due, in some instances, to the fact that many of the Chinese, known to be Christians, as well as many who were merely suspected of having some connection with the foreigner, were cut down or burned by the Boxers and the mob without being given any opportunity to escape by recantation. It is probable that hundreds perished in this way, both in the city and the country. But there is another explanation of the smaller number of recantations. In actual experience it was proved that the most effective form of persecution was not the onrushing mob or the brandished sword, but the long-continued entreaties of friends and threats of foes. It was simply another illustration of the fact that there are many in every land who would *die* for Christ, who can not stand the strain of *living* for him. There were those who, when threatened with instant death unless they denied Christ, gave faithful testimony for him, but afterward yielded to the incessant importunities of friends or the terrors of frequent alarms, and compromised sufficiently to terminate the distressing conditions. There were also, on the other hand, those who had been very unsatisfactory Church members, and others who had never been baptized, who, when threatened with the uplifted sword and asked if they were Christians, died rather than deny their faith.

There is still a third element in the explanation of the smallness of the number who recanted in the neighborhood of Peking and Pao Ting Fu; namely, the wonderful preparation which they had just received for their fiery trial in the revival movement of the previous spring. Of this movement we present an account in the following chapter.

CHAPTER I

THE PREPARATION FOR THE TRIAL

"They that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

God's girding for the conflict,—how much better we understand it now than when our Pentecost came! The first boatloads of Shantung Boxers coming up the Peiho to establish their altars, were preceded only a few weeks by the most wonderful revival which ever blessed North China. During the last half of February the Methodist Church and University in Peking received its quickening, thence the movement spread to the North China College and Church of the American Board at T'ungchou, then back to the Peking Churches of the American Board, the Presbyterian Board, and the London Mission, and out to Pao Ting Fu and Tientsin and many a country outstation. March and April were spent on the mountain-top of communion, then came the descent to the valley, with its demon-possessed victims and its horrors.

Of this revival we can give glimpses only, and let us take them first at T'ungchou, the place where the American Board Mission first saw God's mighty working during the early spring days, the place where, in May and June, the powers of evil first laid the hand of destruction on our work.

Never was human agency less apparent in any work

of God's than in that revival. God met us face to face, and the white light of that vision forced the cry, "I am a man of unclean lips," and the constraining love of that Divine face inspired the vow, "Here am I; send me."

The glimpses we give are taken from a full account, written at the time. So absorbing was this topic that the fact was not even mentioned that, before the meetings closed, students passing between the college, a mile outside the city, and the city mission, sometimes saw amateur Boxers at their drill.

It was on Monday, March 5th, that the special meetings began in both college chapel and city church. Wednesday evening we felt the first movement of the wave which was to sweep over us. The next forenoon we attempted a few recitations, most of which were turned into prayer-meetings; then we dismissed school for the afternoon, little realizing that nearly three weeks would pass before the college students would complete their special course of training at the Master's feet, and gather again for their accustomed duties. Thursday evening was our Pentecost. The words spoken by the leader were few and simple; but they went home to hearts, and the tender singing carried its message too. We were asked to kneel in prayer; but instead of hearing one voice, a general murmur of prayer and quiet weeping rose from every part of the room. In a few seconds nearly every one present was praying in a low voice throbbing with suppressed feeling or broken with uncontrollable sobs. We were thrilled with the thought of the "rushing, mighty wind." After a few minutes an effort was made to get the students up from their knees by singing; but one might as well have tried to beat back the incoming tide with his hand. There was not the

least excitement; but the Spirit had come convicting of sin, and scores of young men and boys were face to face with the Savior whom they had been grieving, and were oblivious of aught else. There followed a season of intense personal work when teachers and fellow-students knelt beside the burdened ones, and tried, by prayer and word, to help them lay their sins on the Crucified. When the company finally rose from their knees, there were many heart-broken confessions; and when at a late hour the meeting was closed, twenty or thirty were on their feet to express a desire to speak. This will serve as a description of several succeeding meetings, though the intensity decreased as more and more, each night, rejoiced in sins forgiven, and turned to help their comrades. Finally, in this soft chorus of prayer, nearly all were praying for others, but with hardly less of intense wrestling than when they were praying for themselves.

The meetings of that first week, both in college and city, were taken up largely with confessions, minute and definite, not the easy statements, "I am a sinner," "I have been lukewarm in God's service," "I have neglected prayer," but humble confessions of specific sins.

It was during the second week that the wonderful passage in First Peter gave the keynote of our meetings: "Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps." Back of the pulpit in the college chapel hung a beautiful picture, the thorn-crowned head of Christ, and below was a scroll on which a cross was painted, and on the cross were written the words, "Jesus commands us to follow his steps." Between the picture and the cross was the motto, "The love of Christ constraineth us." The need of a complete consecration of heart and life, with

its complementary truth, the need of total renunciation of everything which hindered Jesus from taking complete possession of body and soul, was pressed home to all. Those who thought they had given up every known sin, and were new men in Christ Jesus, were now forced to make a new self-examination, and a battle between flesh and spirit commenced in the heart of nearly every student in college and theological seminary. It was among the older students, standing on the threshold of their life work, that the hardest struggles took place, and with many the crucial point was the unwillingness to be a preacher. But one by one, nearly all felt that they could sing from their hearts the words of the hymn:

> "I 'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
> Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
> I 'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
> I 'll be what you want me to be."

For several days the regular evening service was followed by a consecration meeting in the reading-room, the first two nights only those few being invited who felt that they had made a full surrender; then those also were invited who wished to make the consecration, but who had some difficulty yet to conquer. These meetings, aside from the seasons of silent prayer, were largely conversational, and wise, loving counsel was given. There was always a solemn hush in the room, and it was late before the company separated. Then those who still desired private conversation would remain, or follow teachers to their rooms, and the personal work there would go on until eleven or twelve o'clock, while in some of the students' rooms lights would be burning until the morning hours. We would look at those lighted win-

dows in the college building, and pray that love might there conquer self.

It was thought that by banding together and adopting some sort of a covenant, the precious influences of these meetings might be conserved. So, nearly four weeks after the meetings began, over fifty "Comrades of the Sacred Steps" signed their names to a covenant of which the gist is given in the words, "It is my fixed determination to follow the footsteps of Jesus, and in order to accomplish this purpose I ask the guidance of Jesus and the help of the Spirit."

After the first two weeks of revival-meetings the question of resuming the college classes was dismissed. Many of the older students had already expressed a desire to carry to others the new light and love which had come into their own lives. It seemed to them impossible to settle down again to study before this burden for others grew lighter. There was a "fire in their bones," and it did not seem right to restrain them. So Monday and Tuesday of the third week saw the "sending out of the seventy," all of the seminary students, more than half of the college students, and some of the teachers going by twos, threes, and fours to all of our important stations and outstations which could be reached by a day's travel. Ten important centers of work were chosen, among them Peking, Pao Ting Fu, and Tientsin.

The next Monday the young evangelists returned, as joyful as the seventy of old. In the ten places six or seven hundred Church members had been reached. In some of the meetings the sin-searching work of the Holy Spirit had been as evident as in the T'ungchou meetings, and the power of the cross moved many hearts in these scattered communities to a new consecration to their Savior. In Pao Ting Fu, which was

visited by Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich and some of the college students, both missionaries and native Christians were drawn especially close to Him whose cup they were to share in three short months. Of the thousand Christians of the American Board to whom came a message from heaven in that month of March, nearly half had seen the King in his beauty before the last June days. To many that promise to follow in the footsteps of Jesus meant the fellowship of his sufferings, the laying down of life, the glory at his right hand.

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Clark, of Christian Endeavor fame, who visited T'ungchou about the middle of May, met once with the "Comrades of the Sacred Steps," and, in commenting on our motto, Dr. Clark said that this following of Jesus in sacrifice and suffering would be only for "a little while;" then would come the joy of the home-going. How soon that half-unconscious prophecy was fulfilled!

The following account of the revival among Presbyterians in Peking is given by Rev. Courtenay H. Fenn:

"About the middle of March, the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, a member of the Pao Ting Fu Presbyterian Station, accepted the invitation of the T'ungchou missionaries to help them for a few days with the meetings which had already created an absorbing and transforming interest. He both helped and was helped. Returning from T'ungchou March 19th, he spent a night in Peking, reporting the wonderful work of the Spirit which he had just witnessed. For many days there had been a growing longing in this station that it too might share in the spiritual blessing already poured out so largely on two other missions; and at once on Mr. Lowrie's arrival, it being impossible to

send a notice to the members of the Church, arrangements were made for a meeting in the Boys' Boarding-school, to which all Christians within reach were invited. This was followed by an after-meeting, and by another meeting in the morning, all present being much stirred by the words of Mr. Lowrie. A number of days were allowed to pass without other special effort than an unusual earnestness in the daily morning prayers of the school; but at the close of the week it became evident that there was a strong desire for a united waiting upon God for a richer blessing. It was decided to hold three services each day for at least a week, a half-hour of prayer in the morning at each of the two Presbyterian compounds—about a mile and a half apart—a union service in the afternoon on the east side, and a union evening service on the west side. These meetings were continued for two weeks, closing with a consecration service, at which a form of covenant similar to that used in T'ungchou was adopted by a large number of the Church members, many of whom had confessed their sins, endeavored to make restitution, and determined henceforth to follow Jesus whithersoever he might lead them. As elsewhere, the revival was marked by conviction of sin, immediate evidence of repentance, a clearer conception of the simplicity of the Christian life as a daily doing of what we believe Jesus would do in our places, and an earnest sense of responsibility for the evangelization of others. It stimulated and cultivated a robust piety among the students in the Boys' and Girls' Schools which made possible that marvelous record of heroic fidelity displayed by them during the fearful trials of the following summer, when so many of them laid down their lives as Christian martyrs. And it made keen the conscience,

strengthened the heart, and nerved the courage of the older Church members for a similar faithful endurance of such tribulations as the Chinese Church had never known."

Far to the south, in Ningpo, Christians were watching and praying. Mr. Shoemaker writes: "It was rather a remarkable coincidence that the Sabbath which all our Ningpo Presbytery observed as a day of prayer and fasting was the very day on which the infamous edict to begin hostilities throughout the empire was being promulgated in every province. . . . Another rather remarkable circumstance was in the preparation of some of our people for just such times of trial. Pastor Noh, of the Bao Ko Toh Church, had been reading a history of the martyrs to his people every Sabbath morning for almost a year, and finished just a few weeks before the trouble broke out. At the meeting of the Synod in May he urged most earnestly upon his fellow-pastors the need of preparing their people for persecution. 'For,' said he, 'God has always used persecution to establish his kingdom in a country, and he will not use a different method in China.'"

Mr. Dreyer, of the China Inland Mission, writes: "As we look back over the events of the past months, we see how graciously God prepared the hearts of his servants in Shansi for the troublous times through which they were to pass. The threatening famine with its myriad of difficulties had long been weighing heavily upon us, keeping us reminded of our utter dependence on God. The visit of Rev. William Cooper in May was also an important factor in our preparation. . . . His messages were full of comfort and strength; especially so were his thoughts on the words, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' So that we

may boldly say, 'The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man shall do unto me.' "

Mrs. Clapp, of Tai Ku, Shansi, writing on May 25th of the drought, adds, "We had a three days' meeting last week to comfort the people and help them draw near to the Lord."

At Tai Yuan Fu there is held every year a great conference, which brings together workers from every mission in that vicinity. On February 15, 1900, Miss Coombs wrote, "The Conference of 1900 is only a memory now, but a very blessed one." Another closed his report thus: "What has been the leading thought of the Conference? That all we need is Christ,—to see him, to gaze upon him, to rest in him; and he is ours." Many of that company, before the summer days were ended, gazed on a form bearing a cross; then the earthly vision ended, and they saw him standing at the right hand of God.

After this waiting for Jehovah, this renewing of strength, the Church in North China stood facing the oncoming storm. There is an anguish keener than hope deferred. It is suffering deferred; the watching through long weeks for the conflict from which there is no escape, the brooding day and night over the torture of body, the agony of heart, the testing of faith, which are sure to come. It is hard not to be afraid of evil tidings when one day comes the rumor of the mustering of Boxer hosts by thousands in a city near at hand, and the next comes word that the blow has fallen on some little Christian band farther away. Early in May refugees from the south began to flock to Peking with sad stories of the ravages of flame and sword. Then native evangelists, who for weary weeks had remained with their flocks in country outstations while the Boxers drilled at their very doors,

knew that the end was near. There are no more pathetic pictures in this book than those which show these evangelists, in their last hours, gathering men, women, and children about them to commit their souls to God. Was there ever a sublimer proof of trust in God than "A Chinese Girl" describes on that morning of June 20th when Mrs. Jewell, of the Methodist Mission in Peking, knelt with a hundred schoolgirls for a farewell prayer, and those girls, expecting that their teacher would be torn away from them in a few moments, and that the Boxers would rush into the room where they sat awaiting death, faced those nameless horrors with calm eyes and trustful hearts?

The gradual breaking up of the Bridgman School of the American Board in Peking involved many sad partings, and the survivors of the massacres cherish the loving memory of twenty schoolmates who went out to their homes in city or country, and were soon numbered with the thousands who, during those summer days, laid down their lives for the Master. One day a father would come for his daughter, and tell how their village swarmed with Boxers, who boasted that they would leave not even a Christian's chicken alive. Then an uncle would come telling how his pastor brother could not leave his village flock to bring his little girls to his home, so he had come for them that the children might be with their parents when the storm broke. Amid all these distractions, work in the classrooms went on as usual, even the little children putting their trust in Jesus and going about their daily tasks. Then came a day when the teachers decided that all who could be safely taken to their homes must go, and only twenty-one were left in the school to pass with their teachers through the siege of Peking.

The Girls' Boarding-school of the Methodist Mis-

sion had not been disbanded, and a hundred girls endured the siege. The forty girls in the boarding-school at the Presbyterian Mission were sent to their homes about the first of June. All but fifteen of these girls perished, but only one of the whole number recanted, and she did so as a temporary expedient, to be repented of with deep contrition.

Mr. Fenn writes of the Boys' Boarding-school: "As the first of June drew near, and the time for the closing of the schools for the summer, the boys began to be greatly alarmed by what they saw and heard on the streets of Peking. Boxers were practicing everywhere unrestrained, and those whom one passed on the street had become very insulting and threatening. The boys finally begged to have the school closed a week earlier than had been planned, that they might scatter to their homes before the storm broke. They were counseled to finish the work of the term in quietness of mind, as no one really knew whether anything would take place, or whether the city or the country, the presence or the absence of the foreigners, would afford the greater protection. They accepted this counsel, continued their work, passed very satisfactory examinations, and on the sixth of June the forty boys of the school were sent to their homes, some in the city, some in the country. Only twenty-five of those boys survived that summer; but, so far as can be learned, not one of the whole number denied his faith in order to save his life. When they were about to disperse, their teachers said to them: 'Boys, we know not what awaits us during the coming summer. Great danger certainly threatens us all; but out of it all our Lord can deliver us, if it is his holy will. Of more importance to you than all the science and mathematics which we have been teaching you, is the gospel of

Jesus Christ, which you have heard every day, and which almost every one of you has accepted for himself. Most of you have promised to do whatever you believe Jesus would do were he in your places. The one duty, then, which is set before us is to be true to the truth, no matter what it costs.' The boys said that they would be true, and they were true."

Perhaps we can not better picture the wild rumors, the vague dread, the triumphant faith, of these days before the storm, than by describing a gathering of the Christians in the mission compound at T'ungchou on the first Sunday in June, the last Sunday before that compound became a shapeless mass of ruins. Not in many instances have the exact words spoken been recorded, but the impression left on the memory by that informal gathering of women between the regular services will never pass away.

Mrs. T'ang told how the crowd on the street jeered at her as she walked along with her Bible and hymn-book: "What! still going to church with those foreign devils? Don't you know that you are all going to be killed in a few days?" A young girl sitting beside Mrs. T'ang said: "I came along that same street. They pointed at my unbound feet as I passed by, saying, "Look at those big feet. She is surely a follower of the foreign devils."

"I saw a yellow paper with a queer scrawl smeared on it in red, pasted on a gate that I passed," said a young woman. "They are being put up all over the city, and in Peking, too. The Boxers say that they are written in blood by the Christians, and that all the people in a yard where one is pasted up will go insane in seven days."

"That is at least an interesting variation on the

well-worn lie that foreigners dig out the eyes and hearts of children to use for medicine," interrupted another.

The young woman continued: "I noticed as I came past that the well out here on the street-corner was covered over as tight as a drum."

"Yes, have n't you heard about that?" responded the wife of a helper who lived in the mission compound. "A few nights ago the rabble caught a beggar there, saying that he had a package of poison given him by the foreigners to throw into the well. We heard that a hundred men had armed themselves and were coming after dark to burn the church and exterminate every one in the compound. They did n't come; but I confess that I did n't sleep much that night."

Another of the group said: "The wells in the west suburb are all covered and locked, only certain men being allowed to draw water. One of the missionaries says that, when she was holding a meeting there last Sunday, a woman came in and asked her if it was true that the missionaries were having all the wells poisoned. She smiled and said: 'Do you suppose that I would dare to walk out here among you if we missionaries were doing wicked things like that? During all these years have n't we given you medicine when you were sick, and food when you were hungry, and have n't you learned yet that we love you?' 'Yes, surely,' admitted the woman; then continued: 'But they say, too, that the Christians are n't afraid to drink this poisoned water, because the foreigners have supplied them with a counter-poison which they drop into the water, making it perfectly harmless.'"

Another woman reported: "I have heard that few people in the west suburb burn foreign oil in their

lamps any more, for it is said that the eyeballs of any one who sits a few minutes by the light of a kerosene lamp will roll right out of his head."

"I don't think these rumors are any joke," said an anxious-faced woman. "When one of the missionary ladies was going through a busy city street a few days ago, a great rowdy stepped out in front of her and performed a pantomime, going through the motions of beheading an invisible victim."

"Have you heard that two English missionaries have been killed about forty miles south of here? I should think our missionaries would want to be getting to a place of safety."

"What can we do if they leave us?"

A young man standing at the door replied: "They will only be throwing away their lives if they stay here. Suppose worst comes to worst, and we all flee to them for protection, how long can three or four missionaries and the few of us who have guns keep back a savage mob? Our chances will be far better if we scatter in the mountains or seek a refuge in villages where we are not known as Christians."

"I hear," said one of the company, "that Deacon Li says that he is not going to run away, whatever happens. He will stay in his home and show his colors as usual."

"I am not afraid to die," said a young mother, her voice trembling a little, "if I only knew that they would kill me quickly. But I am afraid of insult and torture. And then my baby!"

Then an older woman spoke: "For weeks my heart was full of sorrow and anxiety. I kept a little clothing tied up in a bundle, ready to run at the first alarm. But now I feel perfectly restful. For life or for death I am just going to trust in Jesus."

The prayers which had gone up week after week as men and women turned from the heavenly visions which had come to them during those revival days to face the horrors of the coming days of persecution, were cries that strength might be given to be true to Him who had redeemed them. How these prayers were answered the following pages will show. During those weeks of suspense not all put their trust in God. Of the two hundred and fifty Church members in T'ung-chou we know of three who had set up heathen gods in their homes before the carnage began. Thank God that the many turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of relatives and heathen neighbors, and "endured as seeing him who is invisible."

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,—
He follows in his train."

CHAPTER II

THE CHRISTIANS IN THE SIEGE OF PEKING

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

PART I

A CHINESE GIRL'S STORY OF THE SIEGE

[The following is not a translation, but is a free rendering of the story as given orally.]

I WAS studying in the Bridgman School in Peking when the Boxer trouble became so serious that, late in May, we began scattering to our homes. I had no home of my own. Six years before, cholera had broken up our home circle, and I, a desolate child of eleven, had been adopted by one of the missionary ladies, who found a home for me in vacation times with some Christian family. The home to which I went when this new trouble began was that of Mr. Kung, evangelist and doctor, who, with his wife and two little boys, lived in the city of T'ungchou, fourteen miles from Peking.

Little did I dream how few days I should spend in that home! Thursday morning, June 7th, there came to us from a village ten miles away a young man whose eyes were wild with horror. "I am the only

one left of the twenty Christians in our village," he gasped; "the Boxers and soldiers killed all of the others last night, and burned the chapel and our homes."

A few hours later a young man came from a town in this region, and told how that very morning Boxer knives had cut down one and another, sparing neither helpless infants nor feeble old women. How soon would the blow fall on us? Then missionaries with grief-stricken faces came to us. They had been to see the highest mandarin in the city, and he, with tears flowing down his cheeks, had said that he was powerless to protect them longer; his own life was in danger because of what he had done for them already. The missionaries must flee to Peking that very night. Would the Christians go with them, or scatter to find places of refuge for themselves? My missionary mother wished me to go to Peking, and the Kungs decided that they, too, would cast in their lot with the missionaries.

Sad indeed were the hours of that afternoon and night when we gathered together the few necessities which we could take with us, then packing ourselves inside a small, covered cart, started out for Peking. It seemed sometimes as if we were moving in a dream, yet Jesus was very near to us and our hearts were not afraid. The sun rose clear and beautiful before we were half way to Peking. The children were playing in the villages just as usual, and we did not meet any Boxers. Then we saw the wall of the city of Peking looming up before us, and soon we were in the shelter of the Methodist Mission.

No foreigners or Christians had been killed in Peking yet; but Boxers were pouring into the city by thousands, and that same Friday all of the American

missionaries in Peking, over seventy men, women, and children, also many of the native Christians who had fled from their homes in the surrounding country, took refuge in the Methodist Mission. It was almost dark when twenty of my schoolmates who had not been able to get to their homes came over from the boarding-school. What a strange gathering of homeless ones! Many of them did not know whether their dear ones in distant places were dead or alive. They gathered in the large, beautiful church, and as we sat together in the evening twilight we wondered what the coming days held for us. The girls were all Christians, and even the little ones did not cry. They slept in the church that night, and for many a night after, the hundred girls in the Methodist boarding-school also marching over from the school across the street every night to sleep in the church for greater security. I staid with the Kungs in a tiny house in the same compound with the church, but in a yard several rods away. This great compound was filled with residences and schools. The foreigners were all packed into the missionaries' homes, and we Chinese crowded into the college recitation-rooms and some little dormitories close by. Day by day refugees kept pouring in until we numbered about seven hundred, and tents were put up. As they came in from city and country and we listened to their terrible stories, our hearts would grow sick with horror. Hundreds in the loved circle of our T'ungchou Church had been killed before they succeeded in escaping, or were hunted down in their hiding-places. Some of the refugees bore on their bodies the marks of flame or sword; many had left father, mother, wife, child, or other dear ones lying dead on the streets of Peking, or beside the ruins of once happy homes.

The men had not much time to listen to these heart-breaking reports. They were busy night and day working on fortifications or keeping guard at the numerous sentry-posts. Sometimes we women and children would help to dig out the bricks from the walks or the walls and carry them to the places where they were building barricades. There was a high brick wall around the compound, and all of the gateways except two were bricked up, leaving loopholes for rifles and a small space at the top for ventilation, and they stored in the church enough provisions to last our hundreds of people a few days. We were only one or two hundred yards from the sixty-foot-high wall which divides the southern and northern cities. Often we saw Chinese soldiers walking on the top of this wall and looking down at us. If several thousand of them stood there pointing their rifles at us, and if they mounted cannon on that wall, what would our lives be worth? Already several thousand Chinese soldiers were encamped within the city, only a quarter of a mile away.

I shall never forget the sixth day we spent in Peking. In the twilight the women gathered in four different rooms for evening prayers. As we were all kneeling we heard the cry, "Fire! Fire!" and some one came to the door saying, "The Boxers are coming!" No one screamed or ran. We rose quietly from our knees, and the missionaries who were leading the meetings told us to be ready to march into the church, but not to start until the order came. We stepped outdoors and saw smoke rising not far away. The Boxers had set fire to a little chapel near our compound. All the men who had guns, spears, or knives, stood ready to meet the Boxers if they broke in. We heard several rifle-shots. It was the twenty American marines who

had been sent from the American Legation to help guard our place firing at the Boxer mob which had started down our street from the burning chapel. Soon some missionary ladies came to lead the women and children into the church. Not one in that long procession filing into the dark church looked frightened. I did n't feel as if any danger was near; it just seemed strange, that was all. Feeling our way in the dark, we found a vacant seat near the door. We could not see a face, but could hear a familiar voice here and there. We were in the Sunday-school room, while in the body of the church were the crowds of schoolgirls, and grouped around the pulpit were the missionary ladies with their children.

All over the city flames were starting up as the Boxers went from mission to mission with their torches. The school where I had studied so many years was in ashes the next morning. Hundreds of Christians were hunted from street to street, and cut down with those awful swords. We could see the sky all lit up with the flames, but the cries of our tortured friends did not reach us.

The next night was clear and beautiful, though clouds of smoke were still drifting over the city, in which foreign houses and stores, telegraph offices, post-offices, and homes of Christians were burning. Just as we were lying down to sleep, suddenly from the opposite side of the high city wall rose the cry, "Kill! kill! kill!" It swelled to a perfect tumult of sound, voicing the mad rage of tens of thousands of Boxers. "Kill the foreign devils! Kill the erh mao-tzu!* Kill! kill!" For two hours the mob raved in this wild frenzy; then, as suddenly as it had begun, the tumult

*See Introduction for explanation of this term of reproach for native Christians.

ceased; we fell asleep, and awoke to another day, still kept in perfect peace.

Now I am going to let one of my schoolmates tell the story of our twelfth day in Peking, just as she told it to me:

"On the twentieth of June we hundred and twenty girls rose as usual from our night's rest on the church floor, and Mrs. Jewell and Miss Haven led us back across the barricaded street to our schoolhouse. There we ate our morning meal. I noticed that all the missionaries whom we met that morning had white, anxious faces. All of our teachers except one were absent for an hour, and we heard that they were attending a prayer-meeting across the street. The lady who usually sat from eight to ten on a veranda near our schoolhouse, ready to give us warning if it was necessary to flee back to the church, that morning paced restlessly up and down the walk with bowed head and frequent glances at the city wall, now swarming with soldiers. But no one told us of the fearful crisis which had come to the missionaries; that they had been ordered the night before to leave us and flee to Tientsin with all of the other foreigners in Peking. They were moving heaven and earth to revoke this decision; but the hope of changing the plans of those in authority failed them at last. I shall never forget Mrs. Jewell's face when she returned from that prayer-meeting to tell us about the situation. War had been declared, and in a few hours the whole Chinese army would be turned against us, not simply untrained Boxer hordes. How could the little handful of armed missionaries and twenty marines protect us? Perhaps by fleeing into the streets, a few of us might escape. Or we could sit quietly in that schoolroom until the Boxers came. Jesus would come too, and we need

not fear. As we heard her talk, heaven seemed nearer and more real than earth, and we could almost see the gates swinging open. We knew that many of our loved ones had just passed through those gates of pearl. Perhaps every girl in that company was an orphan, or would be soon. A few girls burst into tears, more from sympathy with our grief-stricken teachers than from fear for themselves; but most of us were perfectly calm when we knelt together, and our teachers, with voices trembling with emotion, commended the flocks which they had tended so lovingly to the care of the Great Shepherd.

"While we were still kneeling, another teacher came in, calling out joyfully, 'We are all to go to the legations, and our Chinese are to go with us.' The clouds had parted again, and we saw the sun. So many times those days we had said to our teachers, 'We will not mind it so much if we can all die together.'

"The American captain ordered all the missionaries to gather at the gate, counting to see that no one was missing before they started on the dangerous walk of nearly a mile to the British Legation. Miss Haven, of our Bridgman School, was missing. She would not leave her twenty girls to take that journey alone, and had crept in among us unobserved. When she led us out into the street, the missionary women and children, guarded by American marines, had already filed out. We followed, circling about Miss Haven, lest the marines discover her and force her to go ahead with the others. After we schoolgirls had passed the barricade close by our gate, word was given for the hundreds of Chinese men, women, and children to follow us. On we went into the great street, almost deserted now. How many thousands of Boxers would there have been on that street awaiting us if they had

dreamed of our exodus? And how many of us could have escaped them? We had to pass within a stone's-throw of that gate tower crowded with hundreds of soldiers, their rifles glittering in the sun. They might have picked us off one by one, for we were absolutely defenseless. We could hear their rude laughter as they called to their comrades to look at us, and one shouted out, 'See that crowd of erh mao-tzu! Of what use is their running all over creation? Wherever they go, it is only a question of a few days when they will all be killed.'

"A strange calm possessed us. Even the children did not cry, and hardly a woman spoke. The French Legation was the first we came to, and the French marines stopped us at their barricade, as they had not yet received orders to admit the Chinese Christians. There we stood for a long time. The missionary women had all passed on except Miss Haven, who was still in our midst. Soon word came to admit us within the guarded area. We breathed more freely when we stepped within that cordon guarded by four hundred brave foreign soldiers. It was a space of nearly a hundred acres, covering several streets. Through a winding lane we were led into a sort of avenue, the approach to the palace of a prince located just across the street from the British Legation. There the multitude sat down, glad of the trees to shade us from the scorching heat of the midday sun. Miss Haven sat under the trees with us. What a strange, strange sight!—the hundreds with no food, no earthly possessions except the little we had carried in our hands."

This is my schoolmate's story. Mine of the morning would not be very different except that I was near the end of that procession with the women and children, and could see some of the missionaries and Chinese

young men with their guns guarding the rear. I sat under the trees and held the baby awhile. Poor, tired, hungry children, with no beds to lie on, no water to drink! How long must we stay there with no roof over our heads? We looked at the two Japanese soldiers guarding the gate at the end of the avenue, and wondered if they could keep back a crowd of Boxers if they tried to rush in and kill us. How glad we were to welcome some missionaries who came over from the British Legation to help and encourage us! They staid with us under the trees until Professor James came with a key and opened the great gate leading to the prince's palace.

This palace was made up of quadrangle after quadrangle of low, brick buildings, with a large paved court in the center. The first court was occupied by a thousand six hundred Catholics, some of them terribly wounded and burned, who had been rescued from the Boxers two or three days before. How forlorn they looked, sitting there on the brick floors! The second quadrangle was to be our home. The long lines of buildings on the right and left as we entered had been used for storehouses, and the dust lay thick over everything. The main building facing us was a great hall. How glad we were when some one who had gone exploring a little side court called out, "Here is a big kitchen, with stove and everything that 's needed for cooking!" There was also an immense kettle of cooked rice, which the prince's servants had not had time to eat before taking their hurried flight. Another missionary soon found a well; still another discovered great piles of coal. Surely God was caring for us and feeding us, even as he fed Elijah of old. There were felts and cushions, too, and soon the rooms were

Gateway to Prince Su's Palace

swept out and the tired children and sick women could lie down. The schoolgirls were led into the great hall, which was one immense room, and soon some straw was strewn over the brick floor which was to be their bed. There was hardly room for all of the women and children to crowd into the side rooms of the court and under the porches, so Miss Haven let me go in with my schoolmates.

Four o'clock came. Most of the men, except those who were sick or feeble, had gone with some missionaries to grain-shops to get rice and flour. Four or five of the missionary ladies were working to make us as comfortable as possible in our strange new home. Suddenly there came a sound which our ears had never heard before, and spent bullets began to rattle down on the roofs over our heads. All who were not working instinctively knelt in prayer. There is something terrible in the crack of thousands of rifles and the sound of bullets whizzing through the air. But we soon grew used to the sound, and during that first hour of the battle's din there were few even of those tired mothers and hungry children who gave way to tears. The bullets came from the northeast, where Chinese soldiers and Boxers were attacking the Austrian Legation. In about an hour some men came for our missionary friends, saying that the British Legation might be attacked any minute and then it would be very dangerous crossing the wide, moated street on the west, which separated us from the British Legation. I think they all started at once, except Miss Haven and Mrs. Jewell, who staid back among their schoolgirls. A little later the missionaries came back for them, and I saw Miss Haven talking very earnestly. Though I could not understand what she was saying,

I know that she was pleading to be allowed to stay with us. But they must have convinced her that it was not best, and soon she made her way across the wide street down which the bullets were already flying.

Can you picture a hundred and twenty girls in that hall, with its lofty ceilings and painted shrines? There we lay down on the straw at night, happy if we had a quilt for a cover. There our food was brought to us twice a day. There, day after day, night after night, we heard the blast of trumpets calling to an attack, then thousands of rifles would pour out their deadly fire, thousands of voices, cruel with hate, would cry, "Kill! kill! kill!" Our hall had windows only on the south side, the direction from which the fewest bullets came, and the thick brick walls were a perfect protection. We learned to lie down quietly and sleep while the bullets were speeding through the air like sleet. But we knew that between us and a terrible death there was only that compound wall, perhaps fifteen feet high, and a few score of Japanese and Italian soldiers who had been appointed to guard the palace. Let a break be made anywhere in that wall, and the enemy would rush in like a flood.

Often the cry, "Fire! Fire!" would burst on our ears; then we would hear the rush of feet as men ran to the rescue. If we stepped out we would see flames bursting up a few rods to the north or east, where the Boxers had set fire to buildings just outside our wall, or to one of our own gateways. Then the suffocating smoke would envelop us, the exultant cries of the Boxers would greet us.

In a few days there came another sound which I had never heard before. It was the boom, boom of cannon, the swift rush of shell through the air, the dash of hundreds of pieces of shrapnel on the roof.

Later they learned to aim lower, and the exploding shell dashed through our roof with deafening din, scattering down plaster over our heads.

Well I remember one dark night when they told us that the northern gate of the palace grounds, separated from us by three unoccupied quadrangles of buildings, was burning. It seemed as if hell had opened its mouth, pouring out flames and the murderous cries of demons. "Are you afraid?" I asked the twelve-year-old girl lying by my side. "No," she said, "I do n't think Jesus will let them get in to kill us." That long night, as we lay on the hard brick floor, we tried to calm our hearts by taking fast hold on the love and power of Jesus. We could never light a lamp. Sharpshooters were always concealed in trees and on the roofs of houses near by, and a light was a target for them. We had only a few Bibles among us. But Chinese students commit to memory book after book of the Bible, and as we sat in the darkness with hands clasped in one another's, we would repeat the precious promises which were illumined with new meaning now.

It was Sunday, our fifth day in the palace. Did the Boxers scheme to make the sacred day especially horrible? Since that afternoon when they made the first attack, not an hour had passed without hearing the crack of a rifle. This Sunday morning it seemed as if there must be legions of Boxers surging up against our wall. Many of the Chinese Christians were in the quadrangles north of us where the attack was fiercest, building barricades and fighting the fires which were burning the northern part of the palace. Dead and dying men were carried through our yard, two of them Chinese pastors. Then we thought that the enemy must have broken in, that the dreaded moment of massacre had come. We had no other place of

refuge. We could only sit and wait. A strong voice started, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;" those near joined us, and the music spread from building to building, until it echoed from all sides of the quadrangle. The voice of battle was drowned by the voice of praise, and all hearts felt calmer.

We heard afterwards that the Japanese soldiers who were fighting for our protection heard the singing and asked what it meant. When they were told, they stood still and listened for a few seconds, then applauded.

Soon after this, one of the missionaries who often crossed from the British Legation to care for the refugees, appeared at the door of our hall. "You are all to follow me to a place across the street adjoining the British Legation. Come at once." We had little to gather up, and soon we were out of the shelter of the walls, crossing that street, so often swept by bullets, then walking down it about a hundred yards, when we were led into a deserted shop southwest of the British Legation. Behind us followed the women and children. It was perhaps half an hour before all had finished that perilous passage, yet not one was wounded. Our enemies were concentrated on the north of the palace and the west of the British Legation. Before we reached the gateway which admitted us to our new refuge we saw some of our dear teachers standing there to welcome us. There was only time for a smile and now and then a little hand-touch as we hastened in. We had been only a little while in the buildings southwest of the British Legation to which our teachers led us when flames burst out close by. The crackling could be plainly heard; the smoke strangled us so that we could hardly breathe. So we

were led through a little alley into buildings farther away from the fire.

After a few hours the attack on the palace died down. Sir Claude MacDonald decided that that place must be held at any cost, as in the hands of the enemy it would be a terrible vantage-ground for attacks on the British Legation. He promised that henceforth re-enforcements should be sent over whenever the Japanese and Italians were hard pressed. So in the afternoon the women and children recrossed the street to their former quarters. Still a wonderful providence protected them. About five minutes after the last one had passed safely in, a mule was shot dead on that very street.

I never saw the palace again. Two or three days before, Mrs. Kung, who was quite sick, and her two little children, had been taken to the British Legation; and one of the missionary ladies got permission on Sunday for me to go to their strange abiding-place to help take care of the children. Near the center of the British Legation stands a great pavilion, its tiled roof resting on massive pillars. Here a motley crowd had taken refuge. The center of the pavilion was occupied by guests from the French Hotel, men, women, and children, who ate and slept here. On one side was a group of Chinese Catholic nuns, and close beside them I found my three friends. There the roof sheltered them from the sun except in the afternoon, when the fierce heat would drive us to seek the shade of the chapel, only a few feet away. There we saw the seventy missionaries who lived in the chapel, the men always rushing from point to point to superintend work on fortifications or food supply, the women helping to cook their meals over little Chinese

stoves set up in the yard, or sewing on the thousands on thousands of sandbags used in building barricades. The children played about the yard when the bullets were not too numerous. The sound of laughter sometimes greeted us, and the voice of singing, as many of the missionaries rested their busy hands and gathered for morning prayers. There we saw company after company of Chinese men filing to places of danger to work on fortifications. There, time after time, I saw rich or titled people standing in a line with the dirtiest Chinese coolies passing buckets to put out the fires, which more than once beat their way to the houses on the edge of the legations. There, all day long, we could see men digging dirt and filling sandbags. Hardly a day passed when we did not see a stretcher bearing a bloodstained soldier to the hospital just across the tennis-court, and sometimes one would follow another in quick succession, until we wondered how soon our four hundred brave defenders would be reduced to a mere handful. We sat on the brick floor of the pavilion by day. By night we spread our quilts there, and lay down, with the stars shining in our faces. Every night was made hideous by attacks, and in the daytime we would watch the bullets rebound from our pavilion roof or snip off twigs from the trees over our heads.

All day long the group of Catholic sisters sewed on sandbags, and when Mrs. Kung got better we sewed too. The sisters told us of the terrible day when they were taken to the legation. Boxers broke into the cathedral, where about two thousand had taken refuge, some foreign priests and nuns with them. Some escaped into the street, but were overtaken and slain. Hundreds were cut down in the cathedral and surrounding courts, Boxer boys helping to do the children

Ruins of Prince Su's Palace

to death. It seemed as if none could escape. Then friends came to their rescue, foreign soldiers and some foreigners who were not soldiers, among them a plucky little American woman with her rifle. Later a second party went to the streets near the cathedral where many Catholics were still being hunted down like wild beasts, and gathered in more men, women, and children whom flame and sword had not yet devoured. They pointed out their venerable French priest, who nearly lost his reason that awful day and had not entirely recovered since.

One of my nights in this pavilion will never be forgotten. Dark thunderclouds rolled up from the west as the daylight faded. There was an ominous quiet all about us. Then lightning flashes illumined the darkness. Suddenly the roar of the storm broke upon us, and with it the roar of the battle. We could not tell whether we were listening to the artillery of heaven or of earth. The hosts encamped on all sides of the legations poured in their lead, volley after volley. For hours the battle raged, attack following attack. The blast of a bugle summoned to the bell-tower a few rods away from our pavilion every man in the legation who had a weapon. There they stood ready to go to any point where the bloodthirsty hordes seemed likely to break through our lines.

It was a fearsome night; but the danger passed, and the morning dawned fair and beautiful. Soon I learned that all the schoolgirls had been brought over the evening before to the buildings south of the legation, which they had occupied the previous Sunday. I heard them tell their story later. Fire after fire was started in the northern part of the palace, each one creeping nearer, until, the afternoon before their flight, the fierce flames kindled in the great quadrangle just

north of their hall. The smoke was blinding. There was a pandemonium of crackling flames, zipping bullets, screaming shells, and, worst of all, cries of "Good! good!" from their enemies. The Japanese, and the volunteers helping them, were making a stiff fight; but step by step they were being driven southward. So the same night that the girls took their flight, most of the Chinese families in the same quadrangle forsook the palace for small, damp buildings still further south.

Within a few days I was with my schoolmates, and the Kungs found a new home in a small room close by. Rains had driven us out of our pavilion.

I can not tell the story of the long weeks that followed. Twenty-two of us were crowded into small rooms. Our bill of fare consisted of whole-wheat porridge or coarse Graham mush, with musty yellow rice for an occasional luxury, while the sick ones were favored with horse-soup! The afternoon sun beat pitilessly into our rooms, bullets still rattled down among us, and shells sometimes came our way. Still we were no longer in the storm-center, and not one of us was wounded; not one died during the summer. Our friends across the street were not so favorably situated. Several women and girls were killed or wounded. The pestilential air, breeding swarms of flies, the brick floor on which they slept reeking with moisture, the coarse, distasteful food, made life very hard for the little children. Nearly every day a new grave was made, one mother losing two children during the sorrowful months, and there were few homes which death did not visit.

Several times a day our teachers would come to see us, and help us pass the tedious hours as we sewed on the sandbags. The first question would always be, "Is there any news of the relief army?" How glad

we were on the 18th of July when, for the first time in over a month, a message reached us from Tientsin. Afterwards we again knew the heartsickness of hope deferred, as week after week passed and no certain tidings of deliverance came. Again and again our ears deceived us, and we were sure we heard the roar of distant artillery. We heard mines exploding under the French Legation. Were they mining under our place too? Our provisions would last only about two weeks longer. Then word came that a great army was leaving Tientsin, that they were half way to Peking.

The night of August 13th the attacks were terrible. Perhaps ten thousand soldiers and scores of cannon were pouring shot and shell into the legations from all sides except the south. Yet we were so used to the danger, we felt so sure that the One who had kept us through so many terrible perils would keep us still, that most of us slept peacefully while the fierce conflict raged around us. In the early morning hours we heard a new sound, but hardly dared hope it was the artillery of our rescuers until one of our teachers, her face beaming with joy, brought us the good news. For hours we listened to the bombarding of the city gates. Afternoon came, and suddenly from the British Legation we heard cheer after cheer. The relief army was inside the legation. God had delivered us, and our enemies were fleeing.

The week that followed was a strange one. We were between the British and Russian Legations, and the coarse-faced Cossacks had hardly filed into their legation, before some of them appeared in our yard, frightening us more than Boxers would have done. Notices posted on our gate failed to keep out these ruffians, so some of the missionaries staid with us constantly to protect us from these foreign soldiers.

Then the Russians demanded the rooms which we occupied for barracks. The missionaries must find a new home for us. So six days after the siege was relieved, the homeless ones had found new abiding-places. We twenty-two girls of the Bridgman School were back close by the desolate ruins of our former schoolhouse, in the forsaken residence of a Mongol prince. Before our school broke up last June, his place had been a Boxer camp. We saw the great kettles in which their food was cooked. We saw great piles of swords, some of them bloodstained. Was it the blood of our own mission friends?

During those weeks after we left our prison-house, joy and grief came to us hand in hand. One day there would be a touching meeting between parents and daughters who had given one another up as lost; the next a friend would come to tell some one of our number that she was an orphan. We heard of the martyrdom of our beloved Ruth, valedictorian of our last class, who died with our missionaries in Shansi, where she was teaching, far away from home and friends. About twenty of our schoolmates are among those who "out of the great tribulation" have passed to their place beside the great White Throne. We did not hear of one who denied Jesus. Three have come back to us after months of hiding in deserts and mountains and caves.

So often during the two months of the siege we thought of the children of Israel, and of how God led them through the great and terrible wilderness. Was it not like crossing the Red Sea when we went from the Methodist mission to the legations, and God held back our enemies? God provided food and water for us in such a wonderful way; it made us think of the manna and the water from the rock. If it

had not happened that thousands of bushels of wheat were stored in a government granary close by just two weeks before the siege, I am sure we should have starved to death. And when our enemies tried to destroy us by fire, time and time again God sent the wind to fight for us, changing its direction so that the flames blew away from us.

"Blessed be the Lord: for he hath showed me his marvelous kindness in a strong city."

Part II

THE WORK OF THE CHRISTIANS

In the preceding story of the siege is given a picture of that fateful morning, June 20th, when the missionaries of four Boards (Presbyterian, Methodist, American Board, and London Mission) were gathered at the Methodist mission. The night before, the order had come for them to prepare to start toward Tientsin the next day. What would become of the seven hundred Protestant Christians, men, women, and little children, who had taken refuge with them? What would become of the three or four thousand Roman Catholic Christians who were gathered in the north cathedral and within the legation area? This question was asked of the dean of the diplomatic corps, the representative of a Catholic power, and he replied impatiently, "That is nothing to me!" When missionaries sent in impassioned appeals, other ministers were more sympathetic, but all recognized that in this crisis they owed a duty only to their own countrymen. God led his people out of this deep darkness by a strange path. A few hours before the time set for the foreigners to leave Peking, the German minister, when passing through the streets of Peking under the pro-

tection of soldiers appointed by the Chinese Government, was murdered by a military official. This opened the eyes of the diplomats; the decision to intrust themselves to the escort of a Chinese army was revoked, and the order went forth for all to gather in the British Legation. Then arose the question, "Must the missionaries forsake the seven hundred helpless refugees at the Methodist mission, or will they too find a refuge within that area guarded by foreign marines?" The response was not immediate; the ministers felt that in extending their lines of protection, the lives of all would be endangered. Dr. Morrison, of the London *Times,* and Professor James, of the Imperial University, were the agents used by God to open to the native Christians the palace which Prince Su had abandoned that very morning. A wide street, with a moat, separated it from the British Legation, and in its spacious courts the Christians found shelter until flames kindled by the Boxers had devoured all the buildings except the great gateway.

It was part of God's plan that these children of his love should be saved. Without these strong hands and brave hearts, there would not have been salvation for a single foreigner in Peking. In the midday heat, in the drenching night rains, under storm of shot and shell, they worked on the fortifications. They fought fire, they filled sandbags, they built barricades, sometimes amid a hail of brickbats thrown by hundreds of ruthless foes separated from them only by a brick wall. They dug trenches so close to the enemy that they could hear their voices in conversation. Weakened from lack of nourishing food, wearied by unaccustomed labor, the teacher, the student, the doctor, the pastor, the merchant, may sometimes have seemed lazy to his overseer; occasional shirks were

Tsing Ming at Loophole in Prince Su's Palace

not wanting among the hundreds; the Catholics seemed in some cases less ready to incur hardship than the Protestants. Wonderful lessons in patience they learned those days. Sometimes they served under Egyptian taskmasters, and more than one felt the cruel blow or the brutal kick.

The faithful labor of the Chinese Christians was appreciated by others besides the missionaries, as the following will prove. At one time of great peril, when it seemed as if the lines must be narrowed and the foreign guard withdrawn from the palace of Prince Su, Dr. Morrison said, "The native Christians have saved this place, and there is nothing to do but to stand or fall together." A letter from Minister Conger to "the Besieged American Missionaries," written after the relief army reached Peking, began thus:

"To one and all of you, so providentially saved from threatened massacre, I beg in this hour of our deliverance to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of the diplomatic corps, the sincere appreciation of, and gratitude for, the inestimable help which you and the native Christians under your charge have rendered toward our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning, and the uncomplaining execution of the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible."

If Major Conger appreciated the debt which he and his owed to these patient toilers, not less did the Christians love and honor the minister who, more than any other, sought to save them from a horrible death. In the American Legation in Peking hangs a beautiful tablet, a token of their gratitude.

Perhaps it will make the work of the native Christians more real, if two of them tell in their own words some of their siege experiences. The young men,

T'ui Ming and Wang Wen Shun, from whose stories extracts are taken, had just graduated from the North China College and Theological Seminary.

EXTRACTS FROM T'UI MING'S STORY

"From the first I helped on guard duty at night, though not yet a regularly-appointed volunteer. One night, about six o'clock, the Japanese asked me to act as sentry at a street corner outside our regular lines, about three hundred yards from the gate. An attack was expected from the east, and we were to run and give warning if we saw the enemy coming. Reaching my post I crouched by a wall, stretching out my head occasionally to get a view of the street down which our foes might come. It grew dark. A sound like hundreds of bricks falling close by made my heart beat faster. After I had been there about two hours, rifle volleys and a tumult of voices warned me that the enemy was approaching. Not a soul was in sight on the two streets which I was watching, so I knew that they were attacking from the next street south. Could I get to the palace gate ahead of them? It was too dark for the Japanese sentries at the gate to see me wave my white flag; in all that din would they hear the other signal agreed upon, clapping my hands? They did hear, and the gates swung open for me before the Boxer mob was upon us.

"During those first days I also worked on fortifications at the British Legation, first filling sandbags and carrying them on my shoulder to weak points in the wall; then I was set to work to help dig the 'tunnel.' In crossing the street eighty yards wide between the British Legation and the palace, we were exposed to a raking fire from the Imperial City wall, a few hun-

dred yards north of us. For safety in crossing this street a passage was dug, beginning inside the legation, burrowing under its high, strong brick wall, then leading down into the dry bed of the canal which runs lengthwise the street. We had a Russian overseer that day, and he knew no pity. The roughest farmer and the most delicate Chinese pastor or teacher who had never before done a day's manual labor were alike to him. We felt the fatigue especially because of the lack of the nourishing food to which we were accustomed, and the intense heat. We were perfectly safe while working at the end of the tunnel in the legation; but soon it was necessary to start the digging just outside the wall in range of the Chinese soldiers. I assure you we did n't stop digging to rest after the bullets began to rain about us! Soon we had a hole in which we could crouch and continue our work in comparative safety.

"After the British Legation had been in the greatest danger from fires started immediately outside the wall, the order was given to go out and tear down a temple and other adjoining buildings to which we feared the Boxers would set fire. Here our leader was a brave young English clergyman, who always took the hardest work and the most dangerous post himself. The cutting out of the great temple pillars was no easy task. The last stroke of the ax on one of them brought the roof crashing down over the head of a comrade. We feared that he was crushed to death, but soon we heard him calling for help. The timbers had fallen in such a way as to protect him, and a few days of careful nursing in the hospital set him on his feet again.

"To the Japanese and Italian marines was intrusted the task of guarding the palace. They lost heavily during the first fearful days. In fact, during the first

few weeks, of the legation guards of about four hundred marines, forty-one had been killed and sixty-nine wounded. After several of us Chinese young men had helped with our own shotguns for a few days, Colonel Shiba asked us to put ourselves under his command as regular volunteers, and armed us with Mauser rifles obtained from the British Legation. The first ten days I was on guard half the time, night and day, on our northern line of defense, where fierce attacks were constantly made on the palace, and we were gradually driven back by the flames. The Boxers and soldiers prepared missiles of inflammable material soaked in kerosene, and, by firing them from a mortar, succeeded in igniting buildings within our line of defense. After we had lost our three northern quadrangles, with the exception of sentry posts in the western line of buildings, we had one of the ridiculous experiences of this unique, hand-to-hand contest. Several of us Chinese volunteers were on guard in the line of buildings on the west side of the quadrangle first occupied by our women and children, who had fled to another refuge just before the northern line of buildings had been burned. For two or three hours an ominous quiet reigned. About two in the afternoon we saw smoke rising from one of the houses on the opposite side of the quadrangle. Rushing to the rescue with our ever-ready fire-extinguisher, we discovered their new device for burning us out. They had prepared a rod fully thirty or forty feet long; the bamboo stick which formed the end had a sharp point inserted in it and was wrapped with cotton saturated with kerosene. This section was bound to the long rod with strings which soon burned away, leaving the torch fast in the wood of the roof. We had a stiff fight with that fire, but succeeded in extinguishing it.

"The most dangerous sentry post was in the central quadrangle behind a short, loopholed barricade, which we reached by going through the western line of buildings, then making a dash of about twenty yards through the open. This part was important, as it commanded a view of the attacking Chinese, and we volunteers were responsible for it night and day. We could never look through a loophole without danger of receiving a bullet in the face, so a mirror was placed near the loophole in such a position that it would reflect the advancing enemy, and we would sit hour by hour with our eyes fixed on this mirror. On the morning of July 15th the young man on guard there rushed back with the announcement that Chinese soldiers were stealing toward us from the quadrangle north. One of the volunteers named Liu snatched up his rifle and started for the abandoned post. He had taken only two or three steps into the open when he fell, shot through the leg. It was many months before he was able to walk again.

"Soon after this the fierce attacks ceased, and we had our so-called armistice. On the 19th, five eggs were purchased of a Chinese soldier near the French barricade. This created quite a sensation in the British Legation. Children were dying for lack of proper food, and the forty-eight patients in the hospital would feel that they had a fresh lease of life if eggs could be set before them. My duty from that time on was to station myself at some point where I might communicate with Chinese soldiers, and watch for possible egg-sellers. The first day Colonel Shiba and I secured seventy or eighty eggs. The soldiers would slip up, one or two at a time, usually with the eggs in their girdles, and, in the shelter of the barricade, eggs and dollars would exchange hands. A few days later, when

a Chinese Catholic, who was helping me, and a peddler were in the midst of a trade, a sharpshooter wounded both of them. This put a damper on the egg business.

"One day I was sent to another point west of the British Legation to buy eggs. Chinese soldiers were showing themselves freely about their barricades, and carrying away their dead. Inspired with a false confidence in the armistice, I stood head and shoulders above our barricade, beckoning to some possible egg-sellers. A deafening roar burst on my ears, a bullet grazed my hair, and I tumbled back off that barricade in a hurry."

EXTRACTS FROM WANG WEN SHUN'S STORY

"On June 26th I was at the British Legation, when a call came for a large company of Chinese to go to the American Legation to work on barricades. We went by a sheltered way through the Russian Legation. Then, without stopping in the American Legation, our leader marched us to the wide street separating the legation from the city wall, which was sixty feet high and forty feet wide on the top. We were to mount the wall by the 'ramp,' or inclined ascent, to help build the first barricade on its top.

"I had heard of the thrilling scene enacted there the day before. The wall was then occupied by Chinese soldiers. A few tens of marines, most of them Americans, accompanied by about seventy Chinese Christians, made a rush from the shelter of the American Legation, pushing the Colt rapid-firing gun up the ramp. There was a hand-to-hand tussle with the foe at the top, but the bayonets of the marines and the deadly rain of bullets from the Colt gun beat the Chinese soldiers westward step by step. On the gun was

pushed, its four hundred shots a minute mowing down the foe. As soon as the Chinese had begun their retreat, the Christians went to work digging out the immense bricks, each weighing nearly a hundred pounds, which faced the top of the wall, and building them into a barricade crossing the wall. They kept on working under cover of darkness until a barricade about two feet high stretched across perhaps one-third of the width of the city wall. It was to complete this barricade that we had been called to the American Legation.

"The street which we had to cross was swept by shot and shell from two great gate towers, a mile apart, the one on the west being only six hundred yards away. There we could see the banners of the enemy floating proudly. There we knew hundreds of soldiers were standing with their rifles. There were mounted six Krupp cannon, and many small cannon throwing solid shot. But on the wall just above us were the American marines with their Colt gun. If forced to yield that position, the cannon of the Chinese planted there could sweep every legation, and probably not one soul would be left alive to tell the story of the massacre of Peking.

" 'Make a break across the street,' called the missionary who was leading us. 'Go one at a time, and crouch down when you get to the top of the wall.' The bullets sang over our heads as we made the dangerous run, but no one was hit. If they had fired from the east as well as from the west, they could have picked us off as we climbed the ramp; but for some reason the guns from that side were silent. A grewsome sight greeted us as we reached the top of the wall. It was strewn with the bodies of Chinese soldiers mowed down the day before by the Colt gun. There we saw the beginning of the barricade built by our

seventy comrades in the night. Crouching behind this barricade or in the trench beside it, we commenced to dig out the bricks of the wall firmly imbedded in mortar and extend this barricade. But we found it necessary to remove the bodies, already putrefying in the mid-day heat. I shall never forget how, crawling on our hands and knees, we slowly worked them to one side. It was tough work digging those great square bricks out of the mortar when we hardly dared to lift our heads. But we were all working away. I was well outside the half-finished barricade, when the bullets began to sing around our heads like a swarm of locusts. 'Down!' called the officer in command. 'On your faces, every one of you!' When this leaden shower let up a little, we went to work again. We worked in pairs, one carrying bricks to the barricade, the other building them in. In this way we had stretched our low barricade across the entire width of the wall. It lacked just one brick slab which my comrade handed me. It did not fit in easily, and I was working it back and forth when it crumbled in my hands, and I fell backward. A small, solid cannon ball had hit that brick square in the middle. 'See here,' I called to my mate, 'suppose we change work for a while.' I was n't hurt, but I 'll own that I felt a little rattled the rest of the afternoon while we worked to raise the barricade higher, still keeping under its shelter.

"While still at this task, the enemy made a sudden, furious attack from the west, hoping perhaps to capture our gun. 'Run down the wall,' was the command to the barricade builders, 'but do n't cross the street.' We did n't feel inclined to cross that street while the bullets were raining down it like sleet. Neither did we like the looks of the gate tower on the east, which commanded the corner where we were screened from

VIEW ON TOP OF CITY WALL BACK OF AMERICAN LEGATION

(Taken after the siege. Wang Wen Shien is the man at the extreme right.)

the shot and shell coming from the west. But fortunately for us, no shot or shell came from the east that afternoon. The shouts of the Chinese soldiers, 'Kill! kill!' rang in our ears. The Colt gun kept singing its death song just over our heads. We had eaten nothing since our bowl of thin porridge had been given us early in the morning, so we were happy when one of our friends rushed across the street from the American Legation during a lull in the storm and set a big kettle of rice before us. Not until darkness screened us could we cross the street and seek the shelter of the legations.

"The work which fell to my lot during the greater part of the siege was that of a miller. Near the city wall, at a distance of about three hundred and fifty yards from the British Legation, was a store of several thousand bushels of wheat, which a wonderful providence had placed there just in time to keep four thousand besieged foreigners and Christian Chinese from starvation. But this wheat must be ground. There were eleven Chinese mills in the establishment, the 'upper and nether millstones,' with mules for turning them, and several of us young men set to work to learn the miller's trade. The machinery was very rude, and we were green hands at working it, but by dividing into relays, and working night and day under the supervision of the missionaries, we turned out enough coarse flour and cracked wheat to feed that multitude. Though within the guarded area, we were in an exposed position, and to avoid crossing a bridge swept by the enemy's rifles and cannon, we ate and slept in the mill.

"I was on the day relay. One night, soon after I had gone to sleep, I was aroused by the alarm of fire, and awoke to hear flames crackling not far away. One

of the foreign stores close by on the east had been fired by Boxers. The wind blew the flames and suffocating smoke directly toward our mill. There seemed no escape. If we ran into the darkness we would almost surely be shot by the American and German soldiers, who could not distinguish us from the Boxers. Suddenly the direction of the wind changed. A line of fire crept around that precious store of grain upon which so many lives depended; but it was saved, and so were we."

Part III

CHRISTIANS AS MESSENGERS

The siege heroes did not all stand at sentry posts; they did not all build barricades in the face of the enemy. There were those who took their lives in their hands and went out alone into dangers which might well appall the bravest heart. They went to tell of the peril of those besieged in Peking; they returned, some of them, to bring tidings of rescue. Would that you might know them all, the old man of sixty, the boy of fourteen, the heavy-faced ragpicker, the bright-eyed college student, the Chinese soldier, the Catholic of checkered career, and others whose names will never be handed down in history, but whose loyal love and dauntless courage must be recorded in heaven.

TUNG, THE RAGPICKER

His statue will never adorn a public square in Peking. Paul Revere on his foaming steed appeals to our æsthetic sense as well as our love of the heroic, but this coarse-faced ragpicker, whom we have often seen picking nondescript things out of the gutter to

add to the pile in his basket, is better handed down in memory than in marble. It was as a ragpicker that he started out with a letter to Captain McCalla. Missionaries and native Christians were gathered at the Methodist mission, and the Boxers were ravaging both city and country. It was known that Captain McCalla had started from Tientsin with a column to relieve his distressed countrymen. Would he reach Peking in time? Could his steps be hastened if he knew how sorely his help was needed? To the Chinese Christians came this question, "Who is willing to go out into the midst of these Boxer hordes with a letter to Captain McCalla?" and the first one to respond was the ragpicker. To him during the revival had come the question, "Who is willing to give his life for Christ?" and his hand had been raised in response. The second question to him meant the same as the first. With his ragpick in his hand, and his message concealed amid the rags of the baskets balanced on his shoulder, he went out of the Methodist mission. Many were his perils and hairbreadth escapes, but he made his way to the side of the great captain, who, with Admiral Seymour, had fought his way over nearly half of the distance to Peking. He brought back to us a message of cheer in a basket of rags, then collapsed as a result of two days of starvation, fatigue, and danger. Later others tried to communicate with the relief column, but returned, reporting that it was impossible to penetrate the Boxer legions south of Peking. Then Tung said: "I offered my life before, but it was preserved. Now if I die, perhaps I can save many lives." So he started off with a tiny letter concealed in a bandage wrapped around a sore leg. This time he too was unsuccessful, and not until the siege was relieved, two months later, did we know how Admiral

Seymour and Captain McCalla, with sadly depleted ranks, had fought their way back to Tientsin.

WU YUAN, THE BEGGAR BOY

By Nellie N. Russell.

He was not a real beggar, but it was in that disguise that the boy of fourteen started out from the British Legation on his perilous mission. His home was in the province of Shantung, but for three years he had been in Peking, and one year of that time he had spent in Dr. Ament's school for boys. In the spring of 1900 he was in a barber's shop learning the trade.

That June night when nearly every mission in Peking was burned, and hundreds of Christians were slaughtered, Wu Yuan's master commanded him to burn incense. He refused, saying, "I am a Christian," and was turned out into the horrors of the Peking streets. For several days he wandered up and down, but no one recognized the shrewdfaced, fearless lad as a Christian. In the ruins of a shop which had been burned because its owner was a Christian, he found a little money with which he bought food, and at night he lay down in some doorway to sleep. The day before the missionaries took refuge in the British Legation he saw Dr. Ament on the street near the Methodist mission, and told him his story. From that time Wu Yuan was numbered with the Christian refugees.

In the besieged legations men watched day and night for the coming of that relief army upon which the lives of thousands depended. Surely it could not have turned back. During the first days of the siege, more than one devoted man, not counting his life dear unto himself, had started out with a message to the relief army, or to Tientsin. Two weeks of the siege

THE BEGGAR BOY AND THE STUDENT, AS MESSENGERS

(Who went from the British Legation to Tient Sin).

passed, and not one of these messengers returned. Perhaps their lives had been offered up, a vain sacrifice. On every side the legations were closely invested, and every step of the eighty miles to Tientsin was beset with danger.

On July 5th, Dr. Ament and others went among the Christian refugees to ask if any would undertake the dangerous mission to Tientsin. A large reward was offered; but there was no response. As they were returning, Dr. Ament saw Wu Yuan and asked him if he would dare to go. "Yes, I 'm not afraid; I 'll go," was the ready reply.

That night Wu Yuan, dressed as a beggar, stood on the high city wall with some American marines. Concealed under the porridge in the beggar's bowl was a tiny missive wrapped in oiled silk. A rope was fastened about the boy and in the darkness he was quietly let down into the southern city. Three times he pulled the rope as a signal that all was well, and this was the last we knew of Wu Yuan for many a day. Already he had met one mishap; his bowl had been broken in the descent. But feeling carefully in the spilled porridge he found the precious little note, less than an inch square, and made his way to the great gate near by, connecting the northern and southern cities. There he waited, for the outer gates would not be open until morning. In the early morning he followed a porridge-vender along the great street, and out to the ruins of the railway station, five miles away. Everywhere he saw Boxers, but no one noticed the little beggar boy, as he joined group after group, listening eagerly for any word about the foreign army. No one mentioned that subject; all were talking about how they would kill the foreigners, and where they could find the Christians.

Disappointed at not getting news of a relief army he turned toward T'ung Chou, determined to press through to Tientsin. He saw men with guns and swords hunting through the grain fields for fugitive Christians. "We must kill every one, men, women, and children," said one. "They must be found!" exclaimed another group. Then he heard the remark, "We must not leave even a cat or dog that belongs to them." He saw one man cut down. "Were you not afraid?" one asked as he told his story. "No; I just prayed all the time in my heart," the boy replied.

He had to go roundabout ways for fear of being detected, and to hide whenever he saw soldiers coming, so it was dark when he reached T'ung Chou, fourteen miles from Peking. He crouched in a gateway of a shop that night, and in the early morning started on his second day's tramp. He had gone twelve miles when he fell into the hands of a band of Boxers, and was taken to their camp. They asked him where he was going.

"To Tientsin to find some relatives," was the reply.

"Where is your home?" was the next question.

"Shantung," said the boy.

Then they searched him but did not find the letter which he had carefully concealed in the cloth garter bound around his ankle. For eight days the Boxers kept him a prisoner, and made him work for them. His heart was very heavy as the time went on and he saw no hope of making his escape. On the eighth day he was sick with chills and fever, and did not get up. Some of the Boxers said, "The boy is homesick; give him a little money and let him go." So they gave him five cents and set him free.

Sick though he was, he knew that much depended on his getting to Tientsin, so he rose at once and

started on his way. He met no new adventures. Tientsin was in the hands of the allies, and three days after leaving the Boxer camp, he reached the Russian outpost at the north gate of Tientsin. During those three days he did not have one good meal. As he afterwards said, "I was happy in my heart if not in my stomach." The Russians allowed him to pass, and seeing some Japanese soldiers inside the gate, he gave them his letter. They looked at it curiously; then gave it back to him. For three days more he wandered about, finding no one who would answer his questions. At last he came upon three British soldiers cooking their breakfast, and handed them the letter, which they at once gave to their officer. One of the soldiers asked him if he had had his breakfast. "No, I 'm not hungry," he said. "That letter is very important; my foreign friends are shut up in Peking, and are in great danger." Assuring him that everything possible would be done, they gave him a large bowl of rice and meat. "Beef it was, too," he remarked with a smile of satisfaction, as he told his story later to the forlorn horse-eaters in the legation.

The British officers gave him thirty cents, and the next day he was taken to the foreign settlement to see the British consul. He told him that his friends were hard pressed, day and night, adding, "Please hurry troops to Peking."

The next day the British consul gave Wu Yuan a letter, and he started back. He put the letter, which was about half an inch square, in the hem of his loose upper garment, near his pocket. The second day he was searched by Chinese soldiers, but he kept one hand on the hem and with the other hand held open the pocket, so the little letter was not discovered. At Yang Ts'un there were so many soldiers that he did

not dare go into the town; but on the outskirts he found the ruins of an old locomotive, and, creeping into the smokestack, he fell asleep. The fourth night he spent only a few miles from Peking, and his heart refused to believe the rumor that all of the foreigners in Peking had been killed. The next day, from early morning until late in the afternoon, he went hither and thither trying to steal through the Boxer lines. At last he succeeded, and after several narrow escapes as he made his way toward the legations in the darkness, he reached a bridge on Legation Street held by American soldiers. There he waited until light, when he was seen by a soldier. "Do n't shoot; I 'm a messenger," cried the boy. The soldier did not understand his words, but he helped him up the bank of the canal and took him into the American Legation. From there he was taken to the British Legation, where he delivered his precious missive telling of the vast army gathering in Tientsin which would soon march to the relief of Peking.

A glad crowd surrounded the little Chinese hero, and many eyes were dimmed with tears; but he seemed all unconscious of having done a noble deed. He had but done his duty, and was happy in the thought that he had been able to do his foreign friends a service. He was glad, too, that with the $250 which was given him as a reward he could provide his old uncle in Peking with a means of support.

CHIN FANG, THE COLLEGE STUDENT

Perhaps no one person experienced a greater variety of the storm and sunshine, peril and deliverance, of that strange last year of the nineteenth century than Chin Fang. To him the revival brought its maximum

of conflict, victory, and joy. He tasted the dangers of the siege in Peking; then as a messenger to Tientsin, as a dweller for weeks in the rank of the enemy, as a witness of the battles at Tientsin, as a guide to the British army on that memorable march of the allies to relieve the siege of the legations, his experiences almost ran the gamut of that marvelous, sad summer.

Chin Fang was a member of the junior class of the North China College, and the most promising student there, with decided literary ability. In the government examinations he had taken the preliminary examination for the degree of B. A.; but the light thrown on his life by the revival convinced him that he was injuring soul and body alike by the excessive time given to the special line of study then required for this degree, and after an awful struggle he gave up the hopes and ambitions of a lifetime.

Perhaps that conflict told too sorely on his already weakened body. Early in May came a collapse, and for three weeks he lay almost motionless on his bed, the victim of that dread disease, consumption.

The following narrative is a translation, with a few changes and omissions, of Chin Fang's own written account of his experiences in the summer of 1900:

"My steps have been ordered by the Lord, my life has been preserved by him. As I look back now, I know that God has led me to the best place.

"In the month of June the Boxers arose, burning chapels and killing Christians. The T'ungchou mission was in the greatest danger. I had suffered from several severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was prostrate on my bed; but I had the comfort of God, the care of friends, and was very peaceful, for I believed that whether I lived or died it was not in the power of the Boxers to hurt me.

"On June 8th the T'ungchou missionaries took refuge in Peking. I had decided to go to my home about twenty miles away, but I was unable to walk, there was no one to help me, so I could only go with the rest to Peking. I thought that the jolting of the cart would bring on another hemorrhage, but to my surprise I felt better when I reached Peking. This was truly God's miracle. We all took refuge together in the Methodist mission. All worked on fortifications, but because of my sickness I could not work. On June 20th the fighting began, and we went to the British Legation where, in the afternoon, we heard the sound of bullets. All were looking for the relief army, as men dying of thirst long for water. We were cut off from all communications.

"On the evening of our fourth day in the legations I stood with a Christian barber, Mr. Wen, near the stone lions, not far from the pavilion in the British Legation. He had been barbering Sir Robert Hart, and said that Sir Robert was making every effort to find a messenger to go to meet Seymour's relief expedition, or to Tientsin.

"I said, 'I will go.'

"'Will you really go?' he exclaimed.

"'Let me think a minute,' I said. Then I continued, 'I have had this thought for several days. It seemed to me while we were at the Methodist mission that it was not an impossible thing to get through to Tientsin. I don't care for the high reward that is offered, but I am practically a dead man anyway. If I die, it is in a good cause, to save the lives of this great company; if I live, it will be the Lord's special grace. I will go.'

"I charged Mr. Wen that he must tell none of my friends of my purpose, and he led me to Sir Robert

Hart, saying, 'Here is a young man who will go as your messenger.' Soon a letter was handed me, a few words written on a tiny piece of thin paper. We found an old Catholic woman who was living in a retired spot, and she sewed the letter between the two layers of my cloth shoe.

"As I thought of this journey, in spite of all its difficulties and dangers, in spite of my weak body, the conviction grew that I should not die on the way. During all the weeks that followed this conviction never left me, and often I seemed to hear a voice saying, 'Go in peace; thy faith hath saved thee.'

"By ten o'clock I was in bed, sleeping quietly. About one I awoke, and immediately the thought flashed into my mind, 'I must go with that letter.' I went to Mr. Wen to get money for my traveling expenses, but he had failed to get it from Sir Robert. He gave me about twenty cents of his own money, and I started off. I had a permit to pass the lines. I went out of the main gate of the British Legation, walked down Legation Street, crossed the bridge, and went east to the barricade by the French Legation. Several times I had to show my permit to the foreign soldiers. At the barricade by the French Legation I threw away my permit and climbed over. I was outside the lines. No one saw me. The night was dark, but houses on both sides of the street were still burning. The street was full of dead bodies, with snarling dogs gnawing them. I felt as if I were walking through hell.

"Soon I turned north, up an alley; but finding it barricaded, I was obliged to return to Legation Street; then I turned northward on the great Ha Ta Street. I passed a police station where lights were burning, and I heard the soldiers snoring. Near the Single Arch I met two Manchu soldiers with guns. 'Where

are you going?' they asked. 'Outside the Chi Hua Gate.' 'Why do you go at this time of night?' 'Because I was staying behind the French Legation; it is very dangerous there, and I am going to my home. I am fleeing for my life.' They let me pass.

"When I reached the Chi Hua Gate it was beginning to get light; but the gate was not yet open, and the Manchu soldiers on guard were sleeping. I sat down on a stone in the gateway to rest. Peddlers and travelers gradually gathered, waiting for the gate to be opened. Just as the sun rose, over fifty Boxers in battle array, with swords and spears, came to the gate. Among the Boxers in the rear was a man named Chao, an excommunicated Church-member, who knew me well. He passed within a few feet of me. I did not dare try to avoid him, for that would immediately excite suspicion. He did not notice me, for as they approached the Manchu soldiers all sprang to their feet and saluted, their officer kneeling to the Boxers. There was a cannon salute, then the gate was opened, the Boxers went out, and we followed.

"I walked toward T'ungchou, and had just passed a little village near the second canal lock when I heard a cry behind me, 'Kill the erh mao-tzu!' I stood still and looked back. Several farmers working in the fields ran toward the village. I followed them to avoid exciting suspicion, and when the cry 'Kill!' was heard no more, I went again on my way. Soon I came to another village, and heard the shrieks of a mob who were killing some Catholics. Men armed with hoes and spades were climbing the house-roofs to see that none escaped. The village people were doing the slaughtering; there were few Boxers there. When it grew quieter I went on, and soon stopped at a tea-shop. A crowd of Boxers came out of a temple, and

hastened to the village which I had just passed. As I sat drinking tea I heard people saying, 'Those Catholics have met their retribution.'

"As I walked on I kept studying what answer I could give when questions were asked me. I heard the sound of battle in Peking, and all the way to T'ungchou I saw clouds of smoke rising. It was impossible to keep the tears from rolling down my face. My money was not sufficient for my expenses to Tientsin, but in the strength of the Lord I made this resolve, 'If I can't carry this message through, I 'll neither return to my home nor to Peking.'

"I reached a village near the college place, and saw the smoke-blackened ruins, with not a tree left. A swarm of children, like ants, were carrying off the bricks. Though it was very dangerous, I walked on a little path just southeast of the college, and happened to meet no one who knew me. I longed to stop and cry, but it would lead to my discovery. Then I went to the river bank in the east suburb of T'ungchou, found a boatman who said he would take me to Tientsin, and pawned my long garment to pay my boat-fare to Yang Ts'un. I thought that if the relief army had already left Yang Ts'un for Peking, I could follow them up; if not, I could go on to Tientsin.

"I slept that night on a boat by the bank, and close by, on another boat, there was a Boxer altar. A crowd of Boxers, with wrists and ankles bound with red, and with red girdles, went onto the boat to worship their divinity, while others were practicing on the bank. Those practicing would first make obeisance toward the southeast; then, with cries like a hedgehog, they would brandish their weapons, or act dizzy and fall over backward. Others would lift them up and shake them, supporting them for a while; then they would strike

out wildly in the air with their swords, leaping like madmen. When they were exhausted they would lie on the ground until some one came and mumbled over them; then they would get up and act as usual. I stood quietly watching them, not acting the least afraid, so they did not suspect me. They asked questions of all on the boats whom they suspected, but asked me nothing.

"In the morning I and the other passengers who had paid their fare urged the boatman to start; but, instead, he ran away, saying that it was too dangerous in Tientsin. He had never intended to go; it was just a scheme for getting money. There was nothing to do but to start on again afoot, going that day over eighteen miles to An P'ing. I met throngs of Boxers on the great road, all saying they had been summoned to Peking. As I always looked fearless and unconcerned, they paid no attention to me.

"On the fourth day of my journey (June 27th) I crossed the bridge at the West Arsenal, where the ground was strewn with corpses, many of them General Nieh's soldiers. I knew now that the relief army had been driven back to the Foreign Settlement at Tientsin. I had no money, no friends, and was not very familiar with the approaches to the Foreign Settlement. Moreover, the east bank of the river swarmed with Boxers; there were barricades everywhere, and all of the approaches were carefully guarded by soldiers. Lamps were burning in every house, and no one dared venture into a street or alley after dark.

"I staid that night in a shop close to the wall of the native city, over two miles from the Foreign Settlement. The next morning I rose determined to make my way in. All day I wandered here and there, trying to find some unguarded spot, but in vain. Boxers and

soldiers were everywhere. The next day, being in desperate straits for money, I went to one of the camps where I heard that they were employing men, and asked to see the officer in charge. Seeing that I did not look strong, he refused to employ me. I used various persuasions, and finally he laughingly handed me pen and paper, and asked for a specimen of my writing. He then set me to work keeping a register of the camp. Exhausted by my journey, I suffered several days from an attack of dysentery, but managed to keep at my work.

"This camp was at the mud rampart, about two miles from the Foreign Settlement, and cannon near us were constantly bombarding the Settlement. I was greatly distressed because I could get no opportunity to steal into the Settlement with my message; but sad though I was, I never dared to show it. I saw that, even if I succeeded in getting into the Settlement, they were not in a condition to send soldiers to the relief of Peking. The house I lived in was close by the river, and often I stood on the bank, watching corpses floating down, some of the foreign soldiers among them. Rumors would reach us that the Settlement had been taken, and I could see flames bursting up, and wondered what houses were burning. Many men flocked to our camp, elated with victory.

"On July 12th and 13th the fighting was very fierce, and on the 14th the foreign soldiers captured Tientsin, and our camp began to break up. I resolved to take in my letter at once, though I expected no reward, having delayed so long. I went out very early on the morning of the 14th before the others left, crossed the river, and went toward the north gate of Tientsin. All the others on the road were going northward; I alone went toward the city. I found the north gate

open, and an English sentry on guard, who pointed his rifle at me. I got my letter out of my shoe as quickly as possible, calling out, 'English letter,' as Sir Robert Hart had taught me, and the sentry allowed me to enter. My letter was given to General Barrows, who was near at hand. He took the letter, glanced at it, and then, as he was able to talk Chinese, he asked me several questions about the Chinese soldiers, whether they were scattering, and in what direction they were going. He then took me to the British Consulate in the Settlement. Here Mr. Drew, of the Customs, told me that he was ready to give me five hundred taels as a reward for bringing the letter. The British Consul asked me to take a letter to Peking, and I assented, again concealing the tiny missive in my shoe.

"I started on the 15th, spending the night east of the river. The next morning I was obliged to pass through the Russian lines. They commanded me to halt and searched me, refusing to look at my pass, then appropriated four dollars, leaving me only a little change from the five dollars which the consul had given me for my traveling expenses. When I continued my efforts to make the soldiers examine my pass, they picked up bricks to throw at me, so again I had to start on a long journey almost penniless. I went as far as Pei Ts'ang on the great road; but finding the way there blocked by Chinese soldiers, I went around the place. There were crowds of refugees from Tientsin, but not a Boxer was visible. That day I walked about thirty-seven miles, as I could not go by the shortest route, and at night was so exhausted that I threw myself down to sleep without eating. The next day I was held up by robbers. I had only a few cents, and I begged them to let me keep them to buy

food, so they let me go. On the 18th, the third day of my journey, I reached an inn near the Sha Wo Gate of Peking (eastern wall of the southern city). All along the way I had heard the good news that the legations and cathedral were still holding out; so, eager to deliver my letter and see my friends, I started from the inn into the city, trying to make my way toward the Water Gate (this was a sluiceway in that section of the wall which was held by Americans). It was raining, and I could not find my way, so I returned to the inn. I had heard many rumors that day about the legations. It was said that no one was ever seen inside, but whoever went past was struck dead by a noiseless gun, his body showing no mark of injury.

"I was so weary from my hurried journey and lack of food that I did not start out the next morning until ten o'clock. Going to the Ha Ta Gate (between the northern and southern cities) I found it closed, and at the next gate (Ch'ien Men) only soldiers and Boxers were allowed to pass; so I went on, and entered the city by the Shun Chih Gate, which was guarded by red-turbaned Boxers, who compelled all travelers to leave their carts, and searched all others whom they suspected. As usual I walked boldly on without hindrance. I had to go around the Forbidden City to get to the legations, also giving the cathedral a wide berth, as it was still being stormed with shot and shell. At the northwest corner of the Forbidden City I saw men erecting a high gun platform for attacking the cathedral. My wide detour took me to the Ha Ta Street, for my plan was to try to get into the legations by the same path I had taken when I left that Sunday morning, nearly three weeks earlier. Other parts of the city were full of Boxers, but as I approached the legations, I saw only Jung Lu's soldiers. I was weak from lack

of food and dysentery, so I sat down in a shop to rest, and listened to the rumors, and asked questions.

"I made my way to the entrance to Legation Street without trouble; but there I encountered barricades and soldier guards. Seeing melon-peddlers there, I bought half a melon, and started boldly inside the lines, trying to make it appear as if I had been sent by some one inside the lines to buy the melon. No one questioned me, and I made my way through the ruined houses until I was opposite the French Legation. There were barricades everywhere, and the house walls left standing were all loopholed for attacking the legations. Jung Lu's soldiers were watching every foot of space. There seemed to be no point from which I could enter. I retraced my steps, still carrying the melon, and realizing that my position was far more dangerous than when I entered. Still no one stopped me. Back once more on Ha Ta Street I made my way west through ruined houses until I reached an alley running north from the east side of the French Legation. Here I was turned back again by Chinese soldiers. I was in despair. It was nearly six o'clock in the afternoon; I had no money, no place to lodge. Staying a day in Peking meant starving a day. I was heartbroken at the thought of failing to get my message into the legations, but the only course left me seemed to be to pawn my outside garment, and try to get back to Tientsin.* I got about fifteen cents for my garment, and stopped at an inn near the Chi Hua Gate.

"I had no adventures on the return trip, but I kept

*It may be interesting here to note that the first message which the beleaguered legations received from the outside world came on the afternoon of July 18th, and it was the night of that same day when Chin Fang reached the gate of Peking. This messenger, sent by the Japanese, left Tientsin July 15th. Had Chin Fang succeeded in getting in, nothing would have been accomplished by it, while by returning to Tientsin he was able to give valuable aid, as the succeeding pages will show.

my eyes open all the way. I staid two days at Pei Ts'ang, and took note of the trenches, barricades, and fortifications. I also saw on my journey that the Chinese had cut the bank of the Peiho, flooding a large section of country to make the advance of the allies more difficult. I reached the British Consulate July 24th, and gave my report. There I saw a general, whom I will call General A., whom I had met when I was at the Consulate before. He questioned me repeatedly as to the circumstances in Peking, and the state of the country between Tientsin and Peking, and several times he took me with him to headquarters, where they consulted and made maps.*

"General A. asked me to acompany him to Peking when the army started, and as I was eager to get back, I assented. Meanwhile he wanted me to act as scout, especially in the vicinity of Pei Ts'ang. I had previously been furnished with a pass in my own name, which allowed me to move freely about the Settlement; but the first time I wanted to leave the lines on my scouting duties, as he was busy, he handed me a pass which had been made out for another man. I had to pass the Russian lines, at some distance from the Settlement. Two Russian soldiers to whom I gave my pass compelled me to go with them to a place where a number of officers were gathered under the shade of trees. They took my pass, and talked a long time, then searched me carefully, even examining my queue. I kept laughing and trying to convince them that I was

*Some of the facts reported by Ching Fang were cabled all over the world. A London telegram dated August 1st begins: "The following information was brought to Tientsin, Wednesday, July 25th, by a Chinese missionary student, who was sent to the British Legation at Peking. He was unable to deliver the message intrusted to him," etc. His report that the legations were still holding out, and that there was a semi-truce, carried comfort and reassurance all over China, as it was printed in Shanghai papers.

not a spy; but we could not talk to each other. They ordered soldiers to take me to a camp where there were many Russian soldiers. These soldiers kept going through the pantomime of cutting off my head or shooting me. I drew a map of Russia, and managed by signs to let them know that I was a Christian. After that they treated me a little better. Soon I was sent under guard of the two soldiers who had arrested me across the river to a large house where a Russian general lived. An officer with a German interpreter who could talk Chinese then questioned me. My two guards said that I had run when I saw them, and that was their reason for arresting me; this was a lie. I denied running, and told the truth about the passes, asking them to take the two passes to General A., who would confirm my story.

"The next day a Russian interpreter told me that my story was doubted, that they believed I was a spy, and that I must remain in confinement until inquiries were made. Three or four soldiers guarded me night and day; but I was given the same rations as the soldiers and slept peacefully. During those days I recovered from the exhaustion of my journey, and grew much stronger. The interpreter sometimes would seem very friendly, asking me where I had studied and similar questions; then again he would try to frighten me, saying, 'You must die soon; that's a bogus pass.' I would reply: 'I will not talk much. My life is in your hands. But if I am a spy, I want to die at the British Consulate, not here.'

"When three days had passed I began to suspect that they did not want me to help the English, and so had not taken my passes to be verified. So I wrote to General A. myself, and the Russians sent the letter

for me. On the fifth day the interpreter said, 'The general orders that you be taken to the Settlement. You 're all right.' So I went, guarded by two Russians, and, after waiting a long time at the Russian and British Legations, I was set free. General A. still wished to employ me, and at once provided me with a proper pass. I accompanied him on a scouting expedition, from which we returned to Tientsin August 3d.

"August 6th we started on the march to Peking, I mounted on a horse and acting as guide part of the way. General A. charged me that I must on no account fail to keep private all my information. On the way I helped him to examine official records at the yamens, to examine suspicious persons and wounded soldiers, and often I was sent in advance of the troops into dangerous places. (We omit reports of battles on the way.)

"On August 11th, at two in the afternoon, I rode with General A. out from Chang Chia Wan to scout. The Japanese were then fighting in the vicinity of T'ungchou, and we heard a rumor that the place had been taken. The next day I went with General A. to the south gate of T'ungchou. We mounted a wall, and with the aid of a glass I could point out to him the principal yamens, and the different Boxer quarters. We then went to the Boxer quarters and took possession of the records. The night of the 12th we staid in T'ungchou. The next night I slept in a great cemetery four miles from the Sha Wo Gate of Peking. We could plainly hear the furious attacks on the legations; so at one in the morning the cavalry prepared to march, though it had not been planned to start until six o'clock. There was some delay, and we heard the Japanese bombarding the Chi Hua Gate. In scout-

ing near the wall I saw Chinese soldiers running into the tall grain. I also saw American forces fighting at the Tung Pien Gate.

"About noon the British bombarded the Sha Wo Gate, advancing at the same time. They crossed the bridge over the moat, and surged against the great barred gate which soon gave way. General A. had a map of Peking. He and I, with four or five others, went in advance. We passed in sight of the Ha Ta Gate tower. Then we caught some men and made them show us the way to the Water Gate. Soon we could see the American flag waving over the wall. We crossed the moat, and saw American soldiers on the wall waving their handkerchiefs. General A. and another officer asked me to hold their horses, and they, with others, waded the shallow water of the Water Gate, followed by Rajput infantry. Soon I heard loud cheering from the legations, and tears of joy ran down my face as I stood holding the horses. I followed behind the infantry, and as soon as I entered the Water Gate I saw many Chinese friends. Soon I was in the legation, where my missionary friends greeted me as one risen from the dead.

"Now the Lord has saved many out of distress, and has brought me too out of danger. So I took my pen to write this memorial of grace."*

"Blessed be Jehovah,
Who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.
Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:
The snare is broken, and we are escaped."

*Chin Fang lived more than two years after these events. Of the five hundred taels (about $350) received as a reward, he gave two hundred to be used for the relief of students in college who might be stricken with consumption. A medal from the British Government testifying to the value of his services reached the hands of his friends soon after his death, and is now in the museum of the North China College.

CHAPTER III

THE LOYALTY OF THE CHRISTIANS TO THEIR FOREIGN FRIENDS

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The past has handed down to us no more beautiful legends than those which tell of man's loyalty to his friend; history records no more heroic deeds than those which were wrought because one man loved another. We are richer for these legends; these annals of heroism have inspired us to more strenuous manhood, more noble womanhood; and tales of brave endurance often touch our hearts more deeply than tales of dash and daring. An American soldier in the siege of Peking, after standing for hours at a sentry post and not firing one of his precious cartridges, said: "I 'm not afraid to meet the enemy in battle. There 's something there to nerve a fellow up, something to *do*. But this staying week after week like a rat in a hole, and being shot at, is just awful." The heroes whose stories are told in the following pages stood, many of them, long weeks in places where to stay might at any moment mean a horrible death, where to flee was easy and promised safety. Love was the magnet which drew and held them there; love for men and women of an alien race, to whom their hearts were bound by ties of gratitude and of faith in one Father. This devotion, in many cases, passed beyond the realm of reason into that of

romance. Why should these Chinese Christians await massacre in mission compounds when they could not lessen one pang of the death-agony for their beloved missionaries? Because they knew that they could lessen the agony of the death in life of those weeks of waiting; because they loved their friends so much that to die with them seemed better than to live without them. So from not one of our hundred and ninety Protestant missionaries who, in the summer of 1900, followed their Master on the way of the Cross, came his Gethsemane lament, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Of none was it written, "Then all the disciples left him and fled." If any were left alone in that last agony, it was because their own hands had pushed aside those who would fain have died with them. Many of the Christians who left companies of missionaries just as the death-blow fell, had promised that when the end came they would not offer their lives in useless sacrifice. There are instances where Christians who had recanted still offered, at great peril, to try to lead their missionary friends to places of safety, or to shelter them in their own homes.

To appreciate this loyalty we must remember that the Governor of Shansi issued a proclamation stating that any Chinese who sheltered or helped foreigners would be killed with their entire families, and their homes would be burned. These Christians, in defending their friends, were setting themselves against their own government and rulers.

The stories of "Christians as Messengers" in the preceding chapter illustrate this same loyalty. The few that follow are given as representative. Many a man laid down his life for his friend when there was no eye to see. We must wait to hear their stories, but God will not forget. There are others, of whom only

a glimpse like the following is given us. On a lonely mountain in Shansi a Boxer band dragged a Christian with them on a search for fugitive missionaries; he knew their hiding-place; he must reveal it. Their steps drew near the little cave where he knew that his friends were concealed. A loud cry of warning rang over the mountain, "Pastor! Pastor!" There was no time for more; the devoted Christian lay dead at the feet of the Boxers, but the little company in the cave, warned in time, resisted the attack, and not until several days later did they fall into the hands of murderers.

PASTOR MENG OF PAO TING FU

First on the list of those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves should stand the name of this brave hero of Pao Ting Fu. He was a graduate of the North China College and Theological Seminary, and was the first native pastor ordained in the North China Mission of the American Board. Late in May, 1900, he was attending the Annual Conference of that mission at T'ung Chou, near Peking, when word came that the Boxers were tearing up the railway between Peking and Pao Ting Fu. Pastor Meng knew that the long-threatened blow was falling, and that Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill, and Miss Gould, a hundred and twenty miles away in Pao Ting Fu, were in imminent danger. So, without waiting for the end of the meeting he said his farewells. "Mr. Pitkin and the Church members will need me," he said as he hastened away.

During the month of June dangers thickened about the devoted band of missionaries and Christians who lived in the mission compound not far from the city wall of Pao Ting Fu. Still every day Pastor Meng and some college students opened the street chapel in

the city and preached as usual. A prominent man, not himself a Christian, said to the pastor, "Why do you not hide away for a time?" He replied, "I am the shepherd of the flock. Can I leave them?" To another who pointed out how easily he could find a place of safety, he said, "The missionaries have staid by us; I shall stay and live or die with them."

By the 27th of June it was plain that all who remained in that mission compound were doomed soon to meet death. For the Chinese escape was still possible, but for the three Americans there was no place of concealment. Pastor Meng called his oldest boy to his side and said: "Ti-to, I have asked my friend, Mr. T'ien to take you with him and try to find some place of refuge from the Boxers. I can not forsake my missionary friends and the Christians who have no one else to depend upon; but I want one member of my family left to take up the work after I am gone."

"Father," said the boy, "I want to stay here with you; I am not afraid to die."

"No," the father replied, "if we are all killed, who will be left to preach Jesus to these poor people?"

So in the darkness of that night the boy went away. About three o'clock the next afternoon Pastor Meng was in the chapel in one of the great streets of the city, when a company of Boxers suddenly burst into the room and seized him. A companion escaped over the wall, and took the sad tidings to his friends. The Boxers first stabbed the pastor in the head with spears, twisted one arm out of joint, and bound it, then dragged him to the "Temple of the Seven Saints" near the south wall of the city, the same place to which Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were taken three days later. There they tortured him, scorching his shoulders with burning candles, hoping to force him to tell

where his oldest son was concealed, or to make statements which they could turn into accusations against the missionaries and native Christians. We know not what words this devoted man spoke during the night hours when he lay with his life ebbing away. In the early morning scores of cruel knives stabbed him, a sword severed the head from the body, and the face of the Master smiled on this brave soul, "faithful unto death."

PASTOR MENG'S SISTER, MRS. TU

Mrs. Tu was the first Bible woman of Pao Ting Fu, and in the dispensary, in the village and city homes, thousands of women had heard from her earnest, eloquent lips the story of Jesus. Just a few weeks before their martyrdom, she and Mrs. Kao had been appointed as the first deaconesses in the Pao Ting Fu Church, and though the care of three children burdened the heart and the hand of the frail little woman, she still found time and strength for countless ministries.

During the last days of danger, Mrs. Tu and her children left their home and occupied rooms in the same compound with Miss Morrill and Miss Gould. There she cared for her brother's motherless children, and for a girl who had been in the boarding-school, and who could not be sent to her home in far-away Shansi. Chang Ch'ing Hsiang, a college student, whose story is told in the chapter on Pao Ting Fu, relates how he went to Mrs. Tu's room that Thursday afternoon to tell her that her brother was in the hands of the Boxers:

"The brave little woman did not break down, though she said at once that there was no hope for him.

" 'And what of yourself? Are you not afraid?'

" 'No,' she replied; 'death is certain, but I do not

fear it, and I shall stay with the missionaries whom I love.'

"I looked at the six helpless children, and said, 'But can't we do something to save these poor little ones? Perhaps we could hire some heathen family to take them; then, if we escape, we can get them back.'

" 'It would not be easy for the children to escape slaughter anywhere; they had better stay with me.' Then she added: 'At most it will only be two or three days before the end. We women and children are not strong enough to escape by running away. There is no hope for the missionaries either. But why should you young men who are educated for the service of the Lord throw away your lives? You can protect no one by staying here. If all die, who will lay the foundations of the Church again after the storm has passed?' "

Saturday night they watched flames shooting up from the Presbyterian mission in the north suburb. Their turn would come soon, and they waited with calm hearts. One after one the Chinese left, the missionaries fairly pushing out the reluctant ones; but Mrs. Tu, the six children, and the Shansi schoolgirl did not flee. The lips that might tell us the story of the last hours of that night are sealed in death; but we know that when that Sabbath morning dawned and the end came, the Good Shepherd walked with them through the valley of the shadow. Before noon eight had found a common grave in a low hollow by the roadside, just in front of Mr. Pitkin's house. They were Mr. Pitkin, who had been shot down in trying to defend the women, Mrs. Tu and five children, and the schoolgirl. The body of Pastor Meng's second son, mischievous, bright-eyed Peter, was in the ashes of the mission buildings where death had overtaken

the little company. The Boxers laughed as they saw him three times run out of the flames, and each time they tossed him back.

Not far away, almost in the shadow of the city wall, lay the bodies of the two other missionaries whom Mrs. Tu loved, with those of the China Inland Mission. At sunset, when the executioner's knife did its cruel work, was Mrs. Tu among the throng which welcomed Miss Morrill and Miss Gould to the other side?

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

KUO LAO MAN, OF PAO TING FU

To those who knew this faithful old man it will not seem strange that he was the last one to leave the mission compound; that it was his sacred privilege to hear the last messages sent by the martyred dead to loved ones across the sea. Three missions in Pao Ting Fu looked to him as their most trusty messenger. Any one who had important letters to send to Peking or Tientsin wanted to place them in his faithful hand; any who needed the honest service of one who was not an eye-servant tried to engage Mr. Kuo. Mr. Pitkin and little Horace were very dear to his heart, and often he had served them. In the compound of the American Board it was a familiar sight to see Mr. Kuo wheeling the beautiful child up and down the long walk, perfectly indifferent to taunts and the epithet, "Old nurse-woman," which was sometimes thrown at him by those who saw him performing this unusual service. After Mrs. Pitkin and little Horace had gone to America in the spring of 1900, Mr. Kuo continued to serve Mr. Pitkin.

The night of June 30th came. To the north a red glow hung over the place where the Presbyterian mis-

sion had stood, and weeping Christians told how a chariot of fire had borne men, women, and children to their Father's home. The missionaries had persuaded all to leave except Mr. Kuo, Mrs. Tu, and her company of children. They were all waiting quietly and calmly for the attack which could not long be delayed. Mr. Kuo says: "I saw Miss Morrill last in the chapel with Mrs. Tu. She said: 'Now we can only wait; our lives are in God's keeping. He may ask us to lay them down very soon.'" The little company in the chapel separated, and he did not see Miss Morrill and Miss Gould again. In the sadness and the silence of the night hours, Mr. Kuo helped Mr. Pitkin to bury under a dovecote a precious little package containing the last words written by one standing at the gate of death to one whom he loved better than life. Mr. Kuo marked well the place, he listened with tears to the charge to try to escape, and when the storm was over, to come and search for the buried package. Then the young missionary and the old servant talked together until midnight. The last words of Mr. Kuo's story are among the most beautifully pathetic which the world has ever heard: "At last Mr. Pitkin said: 'Do not risk your life any longer, but get over the wall and get into hiding before dawn. My buried letter may be found and destroyed. If you learn that it is, send word to Mrs. Pitkin that God was with me, and his peace was my consolation. Tell her that when Horace is twenty-five years old I hope he will come to China to preach the gospel in my place.' Then we knelt down and prayed together, and he sent me away."

It was early in October when the faithful servant succeeded in reaching Tientsin, and fulfilling his last solemn commission. The message was started across

the sea, and, when the allies reached Pao Ting Fu, careful search was made in the mass of ruins for the precious letter. It has never been found.

MR. CHANG AND MR. HO, OF HSIN CHOU, SHANSI

On June 29th a group of English Baptist missionaries fleeing for their lives from Hsin Chou, were welcomed to the home of Mr. Chang. This noble Christian man did everything possible for their relief, and after resting in his home they sought a safer refuge in a mountain cave. There, a few days later, Mr. Chang went to visit them; but on the way he was captured by villagers who held him until Boxers from Hsin Chou arrived. These Boxers were searching out the hiding-place of the foreigners, and they demanded that Mr. Chang should guide them. Though threatened with death he resolutely refused to give a clue to their whereabouts, and when they set upon him with swords and sticks he endured unto death without betraying his friends.

Mr. Ho, an old man of sixty, with several other Christians, accompanied these missionaries on their flight, and remained with them in their hiding-place for about two weeks, when he was sent by them on a scouting expedition to see if it would be possible to escape eastward. He fell into the hands of Boxers, who delivered him to the magistrate in Hsin Chou. The magistrate at once put him in handcuffs, and the next day he summoned him to the judgment hall and asked him where the missionaries were hiding. The old man refused to tell, and the angry magistrate commanded his underlings to beat him with the bamboo. Repeatedly the cruel strokes were staid for the question, "Where are the foreigners?" but the lips of the sufferer still refused to answer. "Does n't it hurt?"

mocked the underlings and bystanders. "You 'll soon be in heaven." When a thousand heavy strokes had fallen on his bleeding body he was dragged to prison half insensible, still handcuffed, and his feet were placed in wooden stocks. The fourth day his sufferings ended; the taunting prophecy of his enemies was fulfilled, and soon those whom he had tried in vain to save joined him in heaven.

LI PAI, OF SHOU YANG, SHANSI

Five years before the outbreak, Li Pai had been baptized by Mr. Pigott, of Shou Yang, and the last two years, leaving his former occupation of shepherd, he had helped Mr. Pigott in his missionary work. The story of his conversion is most interesting. The reading of a copy of the Gospel of Luke, purchased from Mr. Pigott, led him to give up idol-worship; but he did not hear a word of explanation from a missionary until one day when Mr. and Mrs. Pigott spoke in a village near his home. When Li Pai saw them he took from his bosom the little book, carefully wrapped, saying eagerly: "I have read about Jesus in this book. He was a wonderful man, and did great works. Who was he? Why did they kill him?" Step by step this earnest inquirer was led on, and soon he was rejoicing in Jesus as his Savior.

Through the troubled month of June, 1900, Li Pai staid with Mr. Pigott and his fellow missionaries, supporting them by his brave helpfulness. On June 29th, after they had heard of the burning of a mission in Tai Yuan Fu, and had received a letter from the Shou Yang magistrate ordering them to leave, Li Pai gathered the Christians together, and Mr. Pigott told them the sad news. A Christian woman, who was in the hospital for treatment, and her husband Yen Lai

Pao, at once invited the missionaries to their home in a lowly mountain village, a long day's journey away. At four the next morning they started, Li Pai and a servant with them. Curious hundreds gathered to see them the very day after they reached their retreat, and a day later came word that Boxers were slaughtering native Christians only two miles away. Emboldened by this, the crowds began to carry off the few things which the missionaries had taken with them, and to pillage the Christians in the little village. Then Mr. Pigott took Li Pai aside and urged him to leave at once for the province of Chihli.

Li Pai said: "I do not wish to leave you. Wherever you go, I am quite willing to go." Mr. Pigott still urged his faithful friend to leave, saying he could not help him by remaining. Li Pai protested. Then Mr. Pigott said firmly, "You *must* go." But Li Pai did not leave them at once. They had decided to return to Shou Yang, and he went with them to a point outside the village, where all knelt down and prayed together, weeping as they prayed.

Forbidden to accompany them, Li Pai still followed, watching them from a distance, and knew that they entered the city gate about midnight. Outside the city Li Pai hid in an empty shed by day, and at night he stole out to inquire about his beloved friends. From this hiding-place he saw the mob which led seven Christians out to execution. For several days he had nothing to eat except grass and a little unripe grain which he gathered. Hearing that the missionaries, who had been imprisoned in the yamen in Shou Yang, were about to be sent to Tai Yuan Fu, he stationed himself on the road, that he might get a glimpse of them. Again he traveled in the night to avoid discovery; then, heedless of danger, he joined

travelers on the way to learn the fate of those whom he loved. On July 8th, the second day of their journey, from a hiding-place by the roadside so near that he could hear Mr. Pigott talking, he saw them for the last time as they rode handcuffed, with the hot sun beating down on their uncovered heads, in the midst of their rude soldier escort. Still Li Pai's love drew him on, and reaching the home of a relative near the gate of Tai Yuan Fu, he hid in the straw of his granary, and there, on the night of July 9th, he heard that thirty-three Protestant missionaries had been executed near the governor's yamen under the personal direction of the governor himself. For two days Li Pai wandered aimlessly about, stunned with grief. Not until the 25th of August did he make his way to the city of Hsuan Te Fu in Northern Chihli, to which his martyred pastor had advised him to flee. Many were the wonderful deliverances of those seven weary weeks of journeying.*

October 16th, Li Pai started back on a sad pilgrimage through Shansi, visiting many a mission ruin, hearing heartbreaking tales of the massacre of the Christians, and going to Shou Yang to learn details of the four days which the missionaries had spent there before they were carried to Tai Yuan Fu for execution. Then again he went to Chihli, telling his story in Pao Ting Fu and Peking, and waiting in Tientsin, where, December 18th, he met Dr. Edwards, and told him of the death of his sister, Mrs. Pigott. It was the last pathetic service which he could render to those whom he loved.

* The story of these weeks is given in Chapter VI.

YEN LAI PAO

It was this man and his wife who offered the Pigott party a refuge in their home. They were able to shelter them only three days; then the missionaries returned to the city to escape the Boxers, who were cutting down Christians on every side, and Mr. Yen and his relatives, twenty in number, fled into the mountain ravines. The next day their homes were in ashes; then through every mountain ravine filed the Boxers, searching for the fugitives. Mr. Yen himself was their first victim; then one of his sons was captured. "Tell us where the rest of your family are hiding," the Boxers said to the young man. He refused, and was taken to his village home, where feet and hands were tied together behind his back, and he was suspended by them from a pole. Tortured with pain, he still refused to reveal the hiding-place; then burning incense was placed on his back, and weighted down with a heavy stone. Though he was silent, even unto death, other members of the family were hunted down, until only six were left. No other Christians in Shansi were hunted down with such diligence, murdered with such ferocity. It was their earthly reward for harboring the missionaries.

CHANG CHENG SHENG, OF TAI YUAN FU

When thirty-three Protestants and twelve Roman Catholic missionaries were beheaded by the governor at Tai Yuan Fu, they did not die alone. Several Christians stood with them, and followed them into the homeland. Among them was Mr. Chang, who was acting as servant for Mr. Beynon, of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Saturday night, when the missionaries were compelled to forsake their own

homes and intrust themselves to the protection of the governor, four faithful Christians volunteered to go with them as servants, though they well knew the risk they were running. Sunday they helped the missionaries make themselves as comfortable as possible in their new quarters. Monday afternoon, June 9th, the missionaries and all of the Chinese who happened to be with them at the time, were arrested and led out to execution. It is said that, after the missionaries were killed, the Chinese Christians were given an opportunity to recant, but they replied to the governor, "Don't ask us any more, but quickly do what you mean to do."

WITH FUGITIVE MISSIONARIES

David was once a fugitive, and in his time of fear and flight he had his Jonathan who "loved him as his own soul." When the angry king was pursuing David, "Jonathan, Saul's son, went to David in the wood and strengthened his hand in God." So band after band of missionaries fleeing from the interior of China to the coast were accompanied by Christians who had left home and loved ones behind, who daily faced death, who bore insult and torture and hunger that they might lessen the sufferings of the missionaries, that they might if possible save the lives of those to whom they were indebted for a knowledge of the Savior.

From the many stories which might be chosen we take that given by Mr. Dreyer and Miss French, of the China Inland mission in Central Shansi. Miss French and four other ladies were alone on June 27th when a mob banged open their gates and swarmed into their court. At once they fled to a yamen to claim official protection, and as they passed through the

shouting mob, a servant led the way, and a young boy followed them. When the official had promised to send the ladies a four days' journey to P'ing Yang, where there were other missionaries, the boy came to Miss French, saying: "I have been thinking, teacher, that I would like to go with you to P'ing Yang. I know it may mean I shall be killed, but I would like to go."

Miss French writes of a colporteur who came and offered to accompany them to P'ing Yang: "This was just what I wanted, though I scarcely liked to ask him thus to risk his life. He, however, having offered of his free will, in spite of many warnings from friends in the city, I accepted him gladly. He was so good on the road, and, besides risking his life for us, did all he could for our comfort. Others offered to find hiding-places for us, not thinking for a moment what risks they would be running themselves. My helper, Li-ü-chang, who used always to go to the villages with me, wanted Miss Johnson and myself to go to his home and hide."

On the second day of this dangerous journey the ladies, with their escort, passed through Chao Ch'eng, where old Pastor Sang was stationed. Miss French writes: "This dear old man, whose heart is full of love and whose face shows it, could not resist coming to our cart, drawing our curtain aside and wishing us peace, so little did he think of saving his own life."

For nearly two weeks these five women were with five other women, two men, and two children at P'ing Yang. Fearsome days they were, with wild mobs knocking at the gate, with reports of massacres at other mission stations, yet a noble band of Christians staid by the missionaries day and night. Mr. Dreyer writes:

"In addition to our servants, one can not refrain from mentioning the faithfulness of Mr. Li, to whose wise counsel and untiring help, more than to any other, the success of our negotiations with the P'ing Yang officials is due. We shall never forget that moment when the last low, flickering glimmer of our lamp of hope seemed to have become extinct and all was dark as night, when anxiety and work by day and frequent watchings by night for almost two months, had left their mark upon the frail, human frame, and illness demanded its additional share, it was in response to a note of thanks in deep appreciation of his noble sacrifice that he broke down, and, amid streaming tears, affirmed his purpose to remain faithful to his God and Savior and to us. The scene is too sacred to be described."

Just after midnight, July 15th, these fourteen missionaries were crowded into four springless carts, heavily curtained, and started on the journey to Hankow, which they reached after forty-five days of wearisome travel, after wonderful deliverances from threatened death. Four noble men went with them to their journey's end. One of them, just after they had left the mission compound in the darkness, was mercilessly knocked from the cart to the ground by the escort of soldiers. Two of them had been unable to leave the city with the missionaries. They were captured and maltreated, but escaped, and before daybreak they succeeded in climbing over the city wall, and joined the party ten miles from the city.

Miss French writes: "Sang-si-fu, the well-known courier, undertook in a special way the responsibility of the journey. He fully realized the dangers and difficulties. Foremost in all cases of emergency, not fearing to endanger his life, he labored hard for us,

denying himself food that we might have it, and sitting up late at night to make chicken-broth for those of our party who were too ill to eat other food. It was touching to see the tender sympathy with which these men performed the sad office of laying the bodies of the little children in the grave. These children were very much loved by Wang-teh, who had known them from their birth."

It was on August 3d that little Mary Lutley died of an illness brought on by the hardships of the journey, and was buried outside a city wall in northern Honan. Two weeks later Edith Lutley died when traveling in a wheelbarrow. The childless father wound the little body tenderly in a strip of cloth, then the party went its way while Wang-teh tenderly laid to rest the child he loved in a lonely hillside grave. To these bereaved parents, themselves almost prostrated by illness, the love and sympathy of these loyal servants must have brought a gleam of sunshine.

When they had seen their friends safe in Hankow, these four heroes turned back to their homes, hoping to help other missionaries to escape.

LOYAL CHRISTIANS AT TA MING FU, SHANSI

At this station of the China Inland mission three women faced danger alone, yet not alone, for the Christians there were bound to them by unusual ties of affection. Once before, in a time of danger, they had said, "Before the people touch you, they will have to kill us." When communications were cut off, and the missionaries had no way of getting money, Deacon Wang said, "As long as I have anything, of course, I will share it with you."

On July 8th one of the ladies wrote, "Should anything arise, the native Christians would do all in their

power to help us." Three days later, when they were compelled to leave their homes and flee to the hills, it was proved that this trust was not misplaced. They moved from village to village, living with Christians, whose doors were never closed to them. When later they were compelled to hide in caves for greater security, one man, Yang Ta Ch'uan, still followed them. He arranged that food should be prepared in a neighboring village and taken to them by a little boy. A man who suspected that foreigners were hiding in the caves followed this boy, then collected people in a neighboring village and led them to the cave. The faithful Yang was killed on the spot; then those whom he died to defend were carried to their martyrdom in Ta Ming Fu.

DEVOTION TO A CHILD

On a river bank in Shansi several China Inland missionaries, fleeing for their lives, were attacked by the soldiers who had been sent nominally to protect them. With them was a faithful Christian who had shared all of their perils. Little Kenneth McConnell, after his parents had been cut down before his eyes, called piteously to his Chinese friend. The devoted man walked into the midst of the circle of murderers, clasped the little child in his arms, and died with him.

FAY CHI HO

[Fay Chi Ho, a T'ungchou boy, graduated from the North China College in 1898 at the age of nineteen, then taught for two years in schools of the American Board in Tai Ku and Fen Chou Fu, Shansi. He was at the latter place during the terrible summer of 1900. The following account, which is given largely in his own words, is condensed from "Two Heroes of

Fay Chi Ho and Five of His Tai Ku Pupils

Cathay."* The Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren and Miss Eldred referred to were members of the China Inland Mission, and Mr. Fay's sister was the wife of the teacher, Liu Ch'eng Lung, at Tai Ku. The story of her martyrdom is given in the chapter on Shansi.]

THE STORY OF FEN CHOU FU, SHANSI

About the middle of June I heard that the college at T'ungchou had been destroyed. I went to my room overwhelmed with grief for my dear college home, and with fear for my parents and beloved teachers and friends, for I did not know whether they were living or dead. During the long two months that followed, not a word reached us from beyond the mountains. The Church in Shansi walked in darkness.

Crowds of people kept passing our mission gate to see what might be happening; for the city was full of rumors. The magistrate issued a proclamation prohibiting Boxer drill; but, alas! only a few days later the proclamation of the governor, Yü Hsien, ordering that the Church be exterminated, was received, and the magistrate was obliged to take down his own proclamations and post that of the governor. Gathered with the misionaries were about twenty Christians, whom we helped to patrol the compound by day and night.

Mr. Atwater's two oldest girls, ten and eight years of age, were studying in a little school in Mr. Pigott's mission in Shou Yang. Before the middle of July, rumors began to reach us that all the missionaries there had been carried to Tai Yuan Fu, and that later there had been a terrible massacre of all the missionaries gathered in Tai Yuan Fu. But the reports were so conflicting that we still hoped against hope, until the

* "Two Heroes of Cathay," published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, $1.00.

terrible news was confirmed. There was not one of our little company who did not weep with Mr. and Mrs. Atwater that sad night when we heard of the Tai Yuan Fu massacre.

Not long after, one evening just before sunset, a man hurried in to tell us that several hundred soldiers had come from Tai Yuan Fu, and were now outside the city ready to kill us that very night. This word greatly alarmed us; but the missionaries had no way to turn; they could only await death. Mr. Price urged all of the Chinese to leave at once, and flee for their lives. After all the rest had gone, I paced up and down the school court, irresolute. It was already dark, and clouds were gathering for a storm. The court was silent as I walked there alone. Then Mr. Price came searching for me, and asked:

"Where are you going?"

"I am not thinking of going anywhere," was my reply.

"You must escape now," said Mr. Price. "We foreigners would be recognized wherever we might go, so it is useless for us to flee. There is hope that you might escape, and you can not save us by staying here."

When he had finished speaking he gave me a cash bill amounting to several dollars, and urged me to leave at once. Still irresolute, I took the money with bowed head and tears streaming from my eyes. Again Mr. Price tried to hasten my steps, saying,

"I know that you love us, but you can not help us by dying with us."

Picking up a quilt, I grasped Mr. Price's hand in farewell, and left. As I passed out through the gate I saw the yamen soldiers with lighted lanterns guarding it, and feared that they would stop me; but one

simply remarked, "Are you leaving too?" and with a groan I went on my way.

While I was talking with Mr. Price, rain began to fall from the darkening clouds, and it poured down when I left the gate. As I walked out into the night I knew not where to go. I could only pray that God would lead me, and guide me into the right path. Suddenly I thought of a man named Wang, who had been Mr. Atwater's cook, and who lived not far from the mission. I found Mr. Wang, his wife, and children, preparing for immediate flight, and the signs of their fear increased my own unrest. A wealthy neighbor followed me in, and seeing our pitiable plight said:

"I do not think you ought to stay here. Go to some other place about a hundred miles away, and set up idols. By no means worship their Jesus any more." Then addressing me alone he said: "Go back to the mission at once, and steal the gold watches and all other articles of value which you can find. Then, wherever you go, you can get food and drink. If you don't take these things they 'll soon fall into the hands of outsiders. Quick! quick! Don't hesitate about it. I 'll go with you."

My heart was filled with grief as the man poured out this evil talk, but it was no time to answer him. At once the thought came to me, "Since the people outside are so wicked, and cause me such sorrow, wouldn't it be better to go back to the mission, to those whom I love, and trust my life to God's protection?"

Immediately I bade them good-bye, and started to retrace my steps. It was about nine o'clock. The mission gate was not locked, and, pushing it open, I went to my own room in the school court. The lamp

was still burning as I had left it on my hasty departure. After resting a few moments, I went to Mr. Price's court. He and Mr. Lundgren stood there, each holding a gun. Seeing me, Mr. Price was both startled and pleased, and stepping forward he took my hand, asking, "Why have you come back?"

I told him my story, adding, "I truly have no place to go. I want to stay with you."

Midnight passed; still all was quiet. Mr. Price and I were left alone. He urged me to go and rest; but there was so much in my heart that I knew I could not sleep. Then he said, "If you do not wish to sleep, come, let us take a walk."

Carrying our guns, we paced back and forth for and hour, talking confidentially. Mr. Price first said:

"It is past midnight. I do not think any one is coming to harm us to-night."

After we had conversed a long time he said: "Though I know that we are now in the greatest danger, I am glad that God has used me in his holy work here. I am not sorry that I came as a missionary to China."

Joy and grief mingled in my heart that night; grief, that the friends whom I loved were in such extremity and I was powerless to help them; joy, that Mr. Price could love me so much and tell me the secret thoughts of his heart. Gladly would I die with him.

On July 20th a new proclamation ordering Christians to recant was posted in our gateway. Then the four yamen men who had several weeks before been stationed at our gate by the magistrate, were ordered to prevent the missionaries from passing out and in, also to shut out all Chinese. The next day all of the Christians left the compound except myself and five others. Several Christians were taken to the

yamen and beaten, and this persecution was followed by many recantations. This brought to the missionaries keener sorrow than all the danger and trouble of the Boxer persecution.

In this time of desertion and sorrow the devotion of Li Yü was a great comfort. He had joined us July 6th, coming from Tai Ku because he felt that he was more needed in Fen Chou Fu. He had been Dr. Atwater's medical assistant, and was well known in the city, where he had made friends with officials and men of business, so that in this time of stress his aid was invaluable to the missionaries.

Late in July a proclamation of the governor's was posted in the city, in which occurred the words, "Exterminate foreigners. Native Christians must leave the Church or pay the penalty with their lives." Li Yü and I talked long and earnestly of plans for saving the lives of our beloved missionaries. Eastward, toward the coast, all was in tumult; perhaps the provinces of the south were just as bad. Our best way would be to find a place of concealment in the mountains. Li Yü said to me, "If you can escape with Mr. and Mrs. Price to the mountains, I will try to take the Atwaters, Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren, and Miss Eldred to another place."

When I spoke to the Prices about going, they said, "Thank you for your love, but we do not want to desert the other missionaries."

"You will not be deserting them," I pleaded. "If you decide to flee with me, Mr. Li will do his best to escape with the others."

Then I brought forward all of my arguments to persuade them. All consulted together, and decided to go. A covered cart was hired to wait secretly at ten o'clock in the evening at the gate of an old temple

north of the mission. We were to walk to the cart. We could not leave by the front gate, for the four yamen men were guarding it. I went alone to the back of the compound, and unlocked an unused gate, removing also a stone which helped to keep it shut. By accident this open gate was discovered, and two soldiers were set to guard it. A subsequent attempt to send bedding and food to the mountains failed also. Then we gave up all hope of escape, especially as we were told that bad men in the city had heard of our intention, and were hiding outside the city day and night, ready to kill and rob the foreigners. So we talked no more of fleeing, but committed our lives into the hands of our Heavenly Father, to do as seemed to him best. We had little hope that we would be saved; still we kept guard every night, Mr. Atwater and Mr. Lundgren being on duty the first half of the night, and Mr. Price and I the last half. At that time all of the servants had left us, and Mrs. Price did all the cooking, Mrs. Lundgren and Miss Eldred helping her. It was the hottest time in summer, and Mrs. Price stood over the stove with flushed face, wet with perspiration, yet I never heard a word of complaint. Her face was always peaceful, and often she sang as she went about her work. Li Yü and I did all we could for her, washing dishes and helping her about the washing and other work.

August had come, and we were still alive. Could it be that God, wishing to show his mighty power, would, out of that whole province of Shansi, save the missions at Fen Chou Fu and Tai Ku?

The second day of August, a little after noon, a man came into our court with the saddest story that our ears had heard during those sad summer days. Two days before, in the afternoon, he had fled from

the Tai Ku Compound when flame and sword and rifle were doing their murderous work. Several native Christians, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, had gone with the martyr band. Eagerly I asked about my sister, her husband and child. The messenger did not know their fate. Two days later, full accounts of the massacre reached us, and I knew that they were among the slain.

Bitter were the tears which we shed together that afternoon. It seemed as if my heart were breaking as I thought of the cruel death of the missionaries whom I loved so much, and whom I should never again see on earth. "My dear ones," I cried, "my dear ones, who loved and helped me as if I were your very flesh and blood, who brought so much joy and peace to the lonely one far from his home, would that I could have died for you!" I wept for my sister, my gentle, lovely sister, looking up into the heaven to which she had gone, crying, "My loved sister, my own sister, would that I could have died for you! God grant that I may join you in a few days!"

The Tai Ku missionaries were gone, the Christians were killed or scattered, the buildings were all burned. We of Fen Chou Fu alone were left. We all thought that our day was at hand, but God still kept us for nearly two weeks.

The next day, after we heard of the Tai Ku tragedy, a man ran in to tell us that seven hundred Boxers were coming from the east. They were those who had killed the missionaries at Tai Ku, and now they were resting in a village outside the east gate, prepared to attack our mission after noon. We all believed this report, for we were hourly expecting death. Mr. Price urged me to leave them at once. Several gave me letters to home friends. All shook

hands with me at parting, and Mrs. Atwater said, with tears in her eyes, "May the Lord preserve your life, and enable you to tell our story to others!"

Miss Eldred had prepared for herself a belt into which were stitched forty taels of silver. She thought that she was standing at the gate of death, so she gave it to me for my traveling expenses. Before I went out of the gate I saw Mrs. Price holding her little daughter to her heart, kissing her through her tears, and heard her say, "If the Boxers come to-day, I want my little Florence to go before I do."

It was two o'clock. I saw several hundred men standing outside the gate. Most of these were loafers, who had come as to a show; some were ruffians, hoping for a chance to loot the mission. My heart was fearful; but I kept a calm exterior, and so passed through the crowd unharmed.

I was determined not to start for home until I knew what fate befell my foreign friends. Where should I hide? I knew no one outside the Church, so I decided to look for my former friend, Mr. Han, who had recanted. When I reached his home I saw an expression of fear on his face. He was just preparing to leave, and said, "You can go with me."

I did not know where he was taking me, but followed him silently through crooks and turns until we reached an inn inside the south gate. Entering the inn yard, we went to a small, two-story building in the rear, and, going into the upper room, shut the door. Then we dared to speak.

Mr. Han said, "This is a very retired spot, and the Boxers will not easily find us here."

It seemed to me a very quiet, peaceful refuge; but when I thought that my foreign friends would soon leave this earth, my heart burned with unrest,

and I paced to and fro, listening intently to every sound. But there was no sound of tumult in the city all that afternoon.

Mr. Han said to me: "Brother, I am very glad that you have left the mission, but I think you are still in great danger. I exhort you to go at once to the yamen and beseech the magistrate to permit you to recant, and also to give you a card of proof that you have left the Church, such as I have. This will insure your life."

I replied: "Thank you for your interest, but this plan does not commend itself to me. From a little child I have been with the missionaries; for about fifteen years I have been in the mission schools. I have had more instruction than you have. I shall certainly not give up my religion; were I to do it, my heart would never again be at peace."

[We must omit Mr. Fay's detailed account of the two days that followed. Again and again came temptations to recant, but his final answer was: "Please do not tempt me any more. To me it seems better not to recant and die than to recant and live." He was prostrated by severe illness the day after his flight from the mission, and writes:

"That night I was left alone in the inn. My sickness was no better, and a heavy burden was on me. My heart went out most toward my parents, far away in T'ungchou. If they should hear of the cruel murder of my sister, they would be overwhelmed with anguish. God seemed very near to me that night, even at my very side, comforting my heart-sorrow, and I prayed that he would do for me according to his own sweet will."

The third day saw him back in the mission compound, and glad indeed were the missionaries to see

him. Li Yü had been imprisoned and cruelly beaten, and during their few remaining days on earth Mr. Fay was the only one who could go to the yamen. Daily he went there to see his imprisoned friend, and often to intercede with the officials for the missionaries. He writes, "I really do not know whence my courage came these days."

Mr. Fay pictures life in the mission compound that last week: "The sufferings of the missionaries were indeed sore. Their patience and perfect trust in God greatly moved my heart." He describes the heart-to-heart talks with Mr. Price as the last half of every night they patrolled the courts in the moonlight, and the twilight romps with Florence Price and Celia and Bertha Atwater, the good-night kiss, and their words: "Good-night, Mr. Fay. Good-night. Pleasant dreams."

On August 12th a new official arrived at Fen Chou Fu. He was the tool of the governor, who had sent him expressly to murder the foreigners. Only two days later, at noon, came a message from the yamen to the missionaries. They must be ready the next morning to start for Tientsin under a guard of Chinese soldiers. Sad indeed were the hearts of the doomed band; for they suspected treachery, and dreaded the hardships of the journey, especially for Mrs. Atwater, who was not well. Moreover, they lacked money for necessities by the way. Twice Mr. Fay, at great personal risk, went to the yamen to plead that the missionaries be allowed to remain, but the answer was: "There is no help for it. The prefect says that if you do n't go yourselves, you will be driven out of the city with whips."

Later that day Mr. Fay went to bid his imprisoned friend farewell. Li Yü said: "A myriad times I be-

seech you not to go with the missionaries, for I have been told that all are to be killed before they reach P'ing Yao (twenty-seven miles away). If you go, you can not help them, and you will probably lose your life."

Mr. Fay replied: "If I do not go with them I am afraid their difficulties on the journey will be still greater. Perhaps I can help them a little."

That evening Mr. Price said to him: "We must go to-morrow, though I know that we shall meet danger on the way. We can only intrust ourselves to the care of the Almighty Lord, to do as he wills. If you want to go with us, you will be of great assistance on the journey, but you will share our danger. If you wish to flee alone, I will give you a little money for your traveling expenses."

Mr. Fay answered, "I have already decided, no matter what comes, to go with you."

Then came a sleepless night, filled with preparations for the journey, and with apprehensions as they saw soldiers both within and without the mission walls. At eight in the morning four carts were waiting, two with awnings for passengers, two for their baggage. Before they started Mr. Price drew Mr. Fay aside, saying, "Although we are glad that you have decided to go with us, still I want you to promise that, when danger comes, if there is a chance for you to escape, you will make every effort to save your life, so that afterward you can tell our story to others." Mr. Price then gave him seven or eight taels of silver, saying, "Carry this on your person, so that if you escape you will have it for traveling expenses." He also gave him a piece of blue cloth about three inches long, on which he had written, "This is a trustworthy man; he will tell you of our fate. C. W. Price."

Mr. Fay rode in the first cart with the Atwater family and Mrs. Lundgren. Let him tell his own story now:]

It was after nine o'clock when we left the mission. It was a clear, beautiful day, with a gentle wind blowing, a bright sun shining down, and not a cloud within ten thousand miles. As we drove out of the gate we saw the streets thronged with a dense crowd of spectators. There were tens of thousands, and when we left the city gate behind, many flocked after us and stood watching until we were out of sight. So we left Fen Chou Fu on that fateful morning, August 15th.

On both sides of the carts, before and behind, walked twenty soldiers. We passed through several villages, and every man, woman, and child was out to stare at us. A young soldier walked close behind my cart, never taking his eyes off me. Several times he spoke to me, giving dark hints, of which I did not catch the meaning. Finally he heaved a great sigh, saying,

"Alas for you—so very young!"

The soldier walking at the side looked sternly at the speaker, and said something to him which I did not hear, but I heard the reply,

"This is our own countryman, and not a foreigner."

When I saw the expression on their faces, and heard these words, suddenly it flashed across me that they had some deep meaning, and I asked the young soldier what was up.

"I do n't know," he replied.

"If anything is going to happen," I said, "please tell me."

He hung his head and said nothing, but followed

still closer to the cart, and after a while said to me plainly:

"You ought to escape at once, for only a short distance ahead we are to kill the foreigners."

I jumped down from the cart, but another soldier came up, saying, "Do n't go away."

The soldier who had first talked with me said, "You can't go yet; you must first leave your money with us."

I said, "I have only a little, barely enough for my journey."

But I knew that they would not let me off without money, so I gave my watch to the last soldier. Another demanded money, saying, "If you have no money, you may give me your boots."

So I took off my newly-purchased boots, and gave them to him, putting on the well-worn shoes which he gave me in exchange. Another soldier took away my straw hat and the whip which I carried in my hand. It happened that just at this point a little path branched off from the main road through a sorghum-field. I started off on the path. While I had been talking with the soldiers Mr. Atwater had conversed with the two ladies, and had not noticed our words. As I left my friends I took a last look at them, saying in my heart, "I fear that I shall never again on earth see your faces."

I had no chance to speak to them, for the village where they were to be killed was only a quarter of a mile away, the carts had not stopped, and many people were following close behind. A crowd was also coming out from the village which they were approaching.

I had walked only a short distance on the little path when I heard footsteps following, and looking back

I saw that it was the two soldiers hastening after me. My heart stood still, for I thought they were coming to kill me. I did not dare to run, for they had rifles in their hands. Soon they overtook me, one seizing my queue and the other my arm, saying, "You must have some money; we 'll only let you escape with your life." Before I had time to answer, the soldier snatched from my purse all the money which Mr. Price had given me. I entreated them to leave me a little, for I had many hundred miles to travel before I would reach my home. They had a little conscience; for dividing the silver between them, they took out a small piece amounting to about a tael and gave it to me. Then they hurried back.

When I had gone on a little farther I heard a loud rifle report. I was almost convinced that they were indeed going to kill the foreigners. I ran with all my might. It was about one o'clock, and the sun beat down fiercely. After I had gone several miles my mouth was dry, blood flowed from my nose, my feet ached. After a little rest I pressed on with fearful, doubting heart, exhausted and thirsty. I looked up to the sky with a sigh, and asked myself: "Can the great Lord who rules heaven and earth permit evil men under this bright heaven, in this clear light of day, to murder these innocent men and women, these little children? It can not be. Perhaps I can still reach P'ing Yao, and look into the faces of those whom I love."

[But Mr. Fay could get no trace of his friends at P'ing Yao, where they were to have spent the night, and the certainty that they had been killed oppressed his heart as he threw his jaded body on a hard brick bed, and, supperless, fell into the deep sleep of ex-

haustion. The next day he started back, determined at any risk to learn the fate of the missionaries. Let him tell the story of his stopping at an inn about noon for the first meal in over twenty-four hours:]

Sitting down I heard loud talking and laughter among the guests.

One said, "There were ten ocean men killed, three men, four women, and three little devils."

Another added: "Lü Chang San yesterday morning came ahead with twenty soldiers, and waited in the village. When the foreigners, with their soldier escort, arrived, a gun was fired for a signal, and all the soldiers set to work at once."

Then one after another added grewsome details, ending with a description of the flinging of the poor bodies into a wayside pit.

Just then a waiter set my food before me. Had the emperor sent me the choicest viands from his table, I could not have swallowed a morsel. Unable to control my emotion, I left the inn at once, and walked back and forth outside the yard, weeping as I walked.

[We can give only in bare outline the story of Mr. Fay's return to Fen Chou Fu and his visit to Tai Ku to get further details of the massacres and to beg a little money for the long journey to Tientsin; then of the long days and longer nights, when he made his way over mountain and plain to tell the sad story of Shansi. Death and desolation were behind him, and what awaited him when he reached home? Would father and mother, teachers and friends be there to welcome him? He writes:]

I wonder whence my wonderful strength came those days when I walked thirty or forty miles,

scorched in the daytime by the summer heat, chilled at night by the mountain air. I had no bedding, no extra clothing, and could not lie down to sleep at night. I would double up on a k'ang with my hands clasping my legs, my tired head resting on my knees, and get all the rest I could while my body shivered with cold. Two nights, when inns refused to harbor me, I crouched on the street under projecting eaves until day broke. I could buy only the poorest food, and even of that I dared not eat enough to satisfy my hunger, for my money was almost gone. This unusual strength was surely given me by my Heavenly Father.

After I had passed through the mountains, day after day I met hundreds of thousands of refugees, soldiers, and others. The soldiers were looting right and left as they went, sweeping the country like a scourge of locusts, and the frightened inhabitants fled before their coming. This stream of life swept westward. I alone was going eastward.

[A strange incident of the journey was finding at Cheng Ting Fu, near the western border of the province of Chihli, three English missionaries who had taken refuge with Catholic missionaries in the great cathedral, and had been protected by good officials who had kept the city gates closed against both Boxers and pillaging soldiers. Now there was an added motive for hastening to Tientsin—that succor might be brought as soon as possible to this band so strangely saved from that devastating storm. Another exciting episode was stealing a ride on a train which carried him swiftly over the fifty miles west of Pao Ting Fu. In a shop at Pao Ting Fu he asked the proprietor:

"Are the foreigners in Pao Ting Fu still living?"

"They were all killed long ago, and their houses burned. How is it with the foreigners of Shansi?"

"They also were killed and their houses burned."

"Truly it was the will of heaven!" he ejaculated.

"It was indeed the will of heaven," Mr. Fay replied, but with a very different feeling in his heart.

Mr. Fay spent his last cent in hiring a boat to take him as near Tientsin as the boatmen would venture, and buying a little food for the journey. The last day he had not a morsel to eat, and very glad was he at sunset to see before him the west gate of Tientsin. Near it he saw some Japanese. It was his first sight of foreign soldiers. He continues:]

I walked east on the great street through the ruined, deserted city, not a house standing on either side, not a human being to be seen until I reached the drum tower. Soon I saw a large building with many lanterns in front of it, and American soldiers standing on guard. I asked if there was an officer there, and immediately they led me into the presence of a captain. I was ragged and dirty, my face was thin and sunburnt, yet he asked me to be seated. From the belt where it had been so carefully concealed I took the tiny piece of blue cloth which Mr. Price had given me a few hours before his death, and handed it to him; then I told him briefly the story of Shansi. He listened with a sad face, then said with a sigh:

"What you say grieves me deeply. Now I want to send some one with you to the yamen of the Provisional Government."

Before sending me away he asked if I was hungry. Not a morsel had passed my lips that day, and I replied:

"I am not simply hungry; I am famished."

The captain commanded a soldier to bring me rice and bread, and I ate until my hunger was satisfied.

The next day the British consul sent for me and made particular inquiries about Cheng Ting Fu. How I hoped that he would soon be able to send soldiers to the relief of the foreigners there!

A few days later I was on my way to T'ungchou and Peking to try to get some trace of my parents. It was impossible to make the journey alone, for foreign soldiers were camped all along the road, and they often shot down Chinese without the least provocation. Through the influence of an officer I traveled with a British convoy going by boat, occupying quarters on a major's boat with his Sikh soldiers and cook. I know that the major was not a Christian man, for he smoked and drank all day long, and was constantly cursing, striking, and kicking his men, especially his cook. Every day at noon the major would go with four Sikhs to villages several miles from the river for loot, always compelling me to accompany him as interpreter. He would catch the first man whom he saw in a village and compel him to act as guide to the homes of the rich. So successful was he on these raids that by the time he reached T'ungchou he had three new carts, three donkeys, five or six sheep, and much clothing and bric-a-brac.

Though it is only eighty miles from Tientsin to T'ungchou we were over a week on the way, for the current was against us, the boats were heavily loaded, and it was necessary to go several miles back from the river every day to find men who could be impressed to drag the boats. At last we were near my village home, which was about eight miles from T'ungchou and half a mile from the river. Here I got permission from the major to leave the boat, and

walked toward my home, my heart bounding with the hope that I might soon look into the faces of parents and other loved ones.

Our village was near the highway between Tientsin and T'ungchou. As soon as I reached the edge of the village I saw the highway thronged with foreign soldiers, but when I entered the village a deathly silence brooded over all, and there was not even the shadow of a living thing. A feeling of deep depression swept over me; still I reasoned that all of the villagers would be fearful during this time of anarchy, and must have sought a refuge from the soldiers long ago. As I walked toward my home I thought, "Perhaps I will find some one who has the courage to stay here." My steps drew near the spot where the houses of my parents, of my oldest brother, and of my uncle had stood close together. My father's house was gone! The other houses stood as before, so the destruction must have been the work of the Boxers. With my heart in a tumult I walked on, and suddenly saw a man leaving my oldest brother's back yard. As soon as he saw me, he turned to run. At once the thought came to me that it might be my second brother, and I called, "Brother! brother!" He turned and stood a moment, as if unable to believe that it was my voice, and running nearer I saw that it was indeed my brother. Neither of us could speak, but clasped in each other's arms we burst into uncontrollable weeping. As soon as I could get my voice, I asked:

"Where are father and mother?"

"They are both dead," he replied between his sobs.

Strength left my limbs, and lying on the ruins of our house I cried: "My loved parents, would that I could have died with you! O, that I might go now and see your faces!"

From a tumbledown room in my brother's yard there crawled out a woman with disheveled hair and face black with ashes, barefooted, with stained and ragged garments. In this crippled woman, more forlorn than a beggar, I could hardly recognize my second brother's wife. She wailed as she came toward me, and behind her came the nephew whom I loved, Ch'ang So, grown tall during our two years of separation, but now thin, ragged, sunburnt, and sad.

Then my brother asked, "What about our two sisters?"

"I know not whether our sister in Shantung is living or dead. Our sister in Shansi, her husband and child, were killed by the Boxers."

Tears flowed afresh, for to all four of us had come tidings of the death of dearly-loved ones. My sister-in-law first forced back her tears, saying:

"We must be careful to let no one hear our crying, and carry word of it to the Boxers, for they commanded that not one of us shed a tear for the dead."

Although the allies were occupying Peking and all the surrounding region, the Boxers were still practicing, and in the town of Niu Mu T'un, only a few miles away, there was still a camp of over a thousand. My brother urged me to take refuge in Peking as speedily as possible; for in our village I was in danger both of being killed by the Boxers and of being impressed as a laborer by the foreign soldiers. He accompanied me to T'ungchou that night, fearing that I would meet danger on the way. Before we started, a neighbor had hastened to take word to the Boxers, and two of them seized their weapons and started in pursuit. Fortunately they took a different road, so my Heavenly Father saved me from this unseen danger.

During that walk to T'ungchou my brother told

me the sad details of my parents' last days on earth.* As I listened to this story, bitter grief filled my heart. Though I knew that my parents had died for the truth, and that they were happy in heaven, I could not think of that, but only of the sufferings of those days on earth.

My brother and I did not make our journey in peace. Several times we met foreign soldiers, who pointed their guns at us, then searched us for money or valuables. Fortunately we had little that they wanted.

We spent much time the following day walking through the ruined streets of T'ungchou. There was not a woman or child to be seen, and hardly a man. Corpses floated on the river; everywhere were seen the effects of cruelty and lust. The Russians had been worst in their atrocities; then came the French and the Germans. The city was desolate. To this had her incense-burning, her worship of the gods, her efforts to exterminate the foreigners, brought her. We stood also by the ruins of our own mission. There was nothing to be seen but broken brick and tile. Not even the foundations of the buildings could be distinguished.

About noon that day, September 17th, I reached Peking, and soon I saw one of my college teachers. My heart bounded with joy, and I called his name with a loud cry. Leaping from the cart, he ran forward and grasped my hand. The T'ungchou missionaries and the native Christians who had passed through the siege with them were then living at Yü Wang Fu, in Peking. When I entered the gate that afternoon I saw men, women, and children whom I had known from a little child. Many friends gathered about me, weeping. The joy of meeting these friends struggled

* This story is given among the T'ungchou narratives.

with grief in my heart; for as I glanced from one to another I did not see the faces of my father and mother.

That evening many gathered together to hear me tell of Shansi, and of my long journey to Peking, and many wept as they listened. Since then I have told many times of God's deliverance and grace, witnessing to his protection and guidance. When I look back over my past, I see many places where God stretched out his hand for special support and protection; so, though body and heart have passed through sore trials, I am filled with thankfulness because God by his holy hand has led me through all distresses to a place of peace and safety.*

LOYAL CHRISTIANS AT TAI KU, SHANSI

If loving sympathy could sweeten the cup of death, the six missionaries of the American Board whose lives were offered in sacrifice on the last day of July, did not drink a bitter cup. Through the long weeks of agonizing suspense, about thirty Christians waited with them. When the end came, eight died with them in that mission compound, and a larger number escaped over the wall, some to meet martyrdom almost immediately. The stories of only three of these faithful ones is told here.

CHANG CHEN YU

When the Boxers were swarming into the mission compound, and the missionaries had fled to their last refuge, the tiny back court where they met martyrdom, a faithful servant, running into the little court, passed at the gateway a boy of eighteen armed with a huge

* Mr. Fay is now in America, and hopes, by several years of study in Oberlin College, to fit himself to do better work for China's redemption.

Chen Yü's Older Brother Chang Chen Yü
Kung Hsiang Hsi

knife, who stood guarding the entrance. His face was smiling; his mien was fearless.

"Run quick, Chen Yü," gasped the servant; "the Boxers are inside."

"I shall not go," said the boy, calmly.

Inside the gate were the missionaries and Ruth. For them there was no escape. "Go, go quickly," said Miss Bird to the servant; "you can not help us;" and soon he was over the wall. The next day he told his sad story to the doomed band of missionaries at Fen Chou Fu.

Who was the boy that, even after hope was lost, sacrificed his life in guarding that gateway to the missionaries' last retreat? He was a student in the mission school. Long weeks before, when the dark cloud was first casting its shadow over Tai Ku, the school had closed. Then Chang Chen Yü's mother, who had long been a servant with the missionaries, went to her own home; but Chen Yü and his brother, Chen Fu, two years older, determined to stay with their teachers. During those long weeks of horror, no face was brighter than Chen Yü's. His brother would sometimes start up from sleep with tearful eyes, and tell of seeing his father and mother tortured by Boxers. But neither sleeping nor waking dreams troubled the bright lad of eighteen. No one was more helpful to the missionaries than he, always ready for any work, in the kitchen or on the fortifications, unwearied by labor, undaunted by danger. Two weeks before the end, when two helpers with their families and Ruth were making preparations to flee to the mountains, Chen Yü came to his brother to see if they should go too.

"I shall not go," said the younger boy, firmly.

The two brothers knelt in prayer, then Chen Yü

said, "Our father and mother are old, and one of us should be left to care for them. You go now; I've determined that, come what may, I'll stay to the end with the teachers whom I so dearly love."

The brother went that night, but in a few days he was back in the mission compound. When the Boxers broke in, he ran about the buildings, calling for his younger brother. No answer came, and remembering the agreement that one of them should die with the missionaries and one should try to escape for the old mother's sake, he made a dash for life. Over the compound wall, up the high city wall, a perilous climb, down on the outside, with the help of an outgrowing tree, days of wandering and peril, then Chen Fu stood again in the mission compound, and as he looked over its pathetic ruins, neighbors told him of those last moments after he had fled. Later he found the remains of the brave boy who faced death so joyfully because he loved his teachers and his God.

KUO WEI HUA

Another schoolboy of eighteen was in that loyal band of heroes. He was the only child of a man of over sixty, who worked for Miss Bird. His mother, who was not a Church member, lived in a village twelve miles from Tai Ku. When the school closed, June 23d, he remained still with the missionaries and their Chinese friends. His strong hands and willing heart made him one of the most helpful of those who worked on the defenses by day and watched by night, during that first week of rumor and alarm. When the danger increased, he said to his old father, "Don't stay here; you go home, and I will work for Miss Bird in your place." So the father went. Once after that, Wei Hua made a hurried visit to allay the fears

of his parents, going and returning the same day. Vainly his mother, prompted by her fearful, loving heart, pleaded with her son not to go back to that place of danger. Once, later, she devised a ruse to entice him back home, sending a messenger to tell Wei Hua that she was very ill. The ruse failed. The boy said to a friend, "Though it is so dangerous here, I can not think of leaving. How these teachers have loved us! Can I leave them now in their extremity? This is our opportunity for showing them that they have not loved us in vain."

In his love, Wei Hua went with the missionaries to the very gate of death. In those last moments, Miss Bird gave him a little money and urged him to escape. Still his heart was in that little court where his teachers waited for the gate into the Homeland to swing open, and his feet only carried him into a neighboring court, outside the mission compound. There he climbed up on a great beam in the temple ceiling, and lay down flat. Perhaps he might at least learn the fate of his friends, if he lingered near and was not discovered. But some one saw him, and ran to tell the Boxers. A soldier stepped into the temple with his rifle, and slowly aiming at the boy, brought him crashing, wounded, to the floor. The Boxers gathered around. "Where do you live?" "At Chi Wang." "Are you a Christian?" "Yes." A dozen swords hacked the wounded body, and Wei Hua followed the teachers whom he loved through the gates which had just swung open for them.

LIN CHEN

Another of those who consecrated that mission compound with their blood was a man named Lin Chen. He had been a well-to-do merchant before his con-

version; but such was his strong desire to know more of Christ that afterward he committed his business to other hands, and took up his abode at the mission, that he might attend all of the meetings and classes. He was self-supporting, and a most eager student of the Bible and all Christian books. So earnest was he in preaching in his shop and other places that his friends called him crazy. When he had grown in knowledge and in grace, he was sent to have charge of the outstation of Ch'ing Yuan, twenty miles away. There he was most successful in his work. His father, an opium-smoker, was brought to Christ through his efforts, and two grandsons were sent to the mission school. He came to Tai Ku early in the summer for his usual vacation. Soon the missionaries whom he loved were in danger, and he would not leave them, though he had a home in the mountains where he would have been in comparative safety. During the last weeks, when all in that compound were brought into heart-to-heart communion by the ever-brooding sense of danger, he said to a comrade:

"Our enemies can kill the body, but they can not kill the soul. Why should we fear them? Why have we followed Jesus? Was it not to bear the cross and suffer with him? Then see these missionaries; they have loved ones across the sea, whom they left for our sakes, and now they are suffering because they came to save us. They trust in God, and are not afraid. And I am not afraid."

Lin Chen was often with his Lord in prayer those days, and if there were any fearful, troubled ones, he comforted them with the comfort wherewith he was comforted of God. He often urged others to leave, saying, "There is no need that so many lives be sacrificed." To a bright young man who had nearly

finished his preparation for his life work he said: "I think that, now that death is inevitable here, you ought to go away. Some should be left to work for the Master here. If we all die, who will it be?"

We do not know the story of Lin Chen's last moments on earth, but the angels have written it in heaven.

Here we close our narrative of loyal allegiance. But the most touching one of all will be found in the story of K'ung Hsiang Hsi, in the chapter on Shansi, recorded in that place because it is important as the framework of the story. If any one is embittered toward China's people because of their indescribable cruelty during that summer of horror, let him read Mr. K'ung's pathetic story, and know that the Chinese heart can be tender and loving.

Scores of these loyal ones have already heard the Master's "Come, ye blessed of my Father." Scores of others will hear it when they meet again those for whom they would gladly have sacrificed their lives.

"For I was hungry, and ye gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me."

CHAPTER IV.

CHINA'S ELEVENTH CHAPTER OF HEBREWS.

"These all died in faith; . . . choosing rather to share ill treatment with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; accounting the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; . . . endured as seeing him who is invisible."

THE story of that awful summer of 1900 in China is written in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. We may read the wonderful martyr chapter; not with the mists of centuries half veiling its pictures; not with visions of the patriarchs and prophets rising before us; not with memories of the martyr saints of Nero's time thrilling our hearts,—but in the full light of the last year of the nineteenth century, thanking God that to our Chinese brothers and sisters were given the same sublime heroism, the same triumphant faith, which, all through the ages, have crowned the Church.

WHO THROUGH FAITH . . . STOPPED THE MOUTHS OF LIONS

Mrs. Chang had been a bright pupil in the London Mission boarding-school in Peking, and at the time the trouble began her husband was preaching in the London Mission in the west city. His old blind mother lived with them, and a baby girl had come to bless the home. Mr. Chang found a temporary hiding-place for them when it was no longer safe to stay in

their home, and he himself went out into the country to find a safer refuge to which he might take them. Before he returned, Peking had become a scene of carnage, and during the night of June 13th, Mrs. Chang, with her mother and child, was driven out into the street. When morning broke, as she wandered on, her baby on one arm, the blind, feeble mother clinging to the other, a Boxer seized her by the sleeve, saying, "Follow me." Pushed and dragged by a hooting crowd, she lost sight of her mother. Soon the Boxer was seized by one of the strange fits to which these demon-possessed murderers were subject. Throwing himself on the ground in a paroxysm of rage, he fumed and raved, then rising and pointing a stiff finger at his captive, he shrieked, "You *erh mao-tzu,* I am going to kill you." He took her to one of the city gates, where savage troops of Tung Fu Hsiang stood in battle array. There a man wearing a yellow cap was seated at a table, for the gateway had been turned into a hall of judgment. Here the Boxer delivered up his captive, saying that he would return to find others. The place where the young mother stood was slippery with blood; a pile of dead bodies, sadly mutilated, lay beside her. She clasped her baby to her breast and looked into its face, thinking, "This is one of the places where the Christians are murdered, and here they are going to kill me and my precious baby. O Lord," she prayed, "give me courage to witness bravely for thee until the end." The man wearing the yellow cap asked:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," she replied, without faltering.

"Of what Church?"

"I am a Protestant."

The Boxer chief then placed a stick of incense in

her hand, saying, "Burn this, and your life will be spared."

"Never!" she replied, firmly.

The crowd surrounding her began to jeer and laugh, saying, "Kill her, kill her, and we shall see her body rise again and go to this Jesus who she says can save her."

Turning to the crowd, she said: "My body, cut in pieces, will remain scattered on the ground, like these," pointing to the remains near her, "but my soul will escape you, and go to be with Jesus."

"How bold these Christians are!" murmured a soldier; "they are not a bit afraid to die."

The Boxer then started to get his knife, and a soldier called out to Mrs. Chang, "You hateful thing, you deserve to die; but it is a shame that the baby should be killed; and if you die who will care for it? Quick! run for your life!" A way was opened for her between the soldiers. Trembling so that she could not run, she was pushed on by them; then she heard cries behind her, strength came, and she ran on, not knowing whither. Gently reasoning with the mob which followed her, she persuaded them to let her go in peace. All day she wandered through the streets with not a cent of money to buy food. She was faint and exhausted, and the baby cried with thirst, so she stopped at a well, begging for a drink of water for her child, but was driven away. As night came on she found a hiding-place in a filthy little hole which she knew no one else would enter, and here, pressed close against the wall, she crouched all night, trying to stifle the baby's piteous wails. Just before dawn she saw a flickering light approaching; some one seemed to be searching in every crack and cranny. Nearer and nearer came the light. and she hardly dared to breathe. Then—O

unspeakable joy!—the dim light showed her the face of her devoted husband, who had wandered all over the city seeking her, heedless of his own danger. The joy of the reunion was clouded by the thought of the blind mother, helpless and alone. Was she still living? Mr. Chang succeeded in hiring a cart and finding a refuge outside the city for his wife and child; then every day he went into the city on a fruitless search for his mother. Soon danger threatened them in the village; the villagers turned them out, and they started on a journey of three or four days to Mr. Chang's childhood home. No inns would receive them; villagers drove them from the wells. The baby girl developed scarlet fever, her tongue was parched and dry, the skin cracked all over her face. Then merciful death came, and the little body was left by the wayside.

Mr. Chang's relatives redeemed the lives of the two refugees by paying a large sum of money to the Boxers. Then Mr. Chang went back to Peking, haunted by the thought of his old mother, friendless in the midst of dangers. He met death in Prince Chuang's palace with Liu Pao Ch'ing, whose story is told in the chapter on Peking.

For six long months Mrs. Chang waited in her country refuge for tidings of her husband. Then she was brought back to Peking, and knew that husband, child, father, mother, younger sister, and the blind old mother-in-law were all numbered with the dead. She alone had been saved. Not more wonderful was the deliverance of Daniel than her escape at the gate from the savages who hated her, yet whose hands were held by an Unseen Power.

QUENCHED THE POWER OF FIRE

At no other times during the siege of Peking did death seem so near as when flames were sweeping toward the buildings which formed the outer line of defense. On one side of the devouring flames gathered thousands of Boxers, sword in hand, crying, "Kill! kill!" as they waited for the fire to open the way to their victims. On the other side hundreds were fighting the flames, hundreds more were praying that God would stretch out his hand and stay the flames. God heard and answered. Once in the British Legation, once in the place where the Christians were sheltered, the wind changed suddenly, the power of fire was quenched.

Many a Christian, during those months of massacre in North China, gave his body to be burned. Even here the power of fire was quenched by the faith which robbed the grave of its victory.

In a station of the China Inland Mission in Shansi lived Mr. Jen, to whom a fellow-believer had given the prophetic name "Faithful" (Chin Chung). He and his wife were taken by the Boxers, their hands were bound behind their backs; then they were suspended by their bound hands from a beam in a temple, and beaten with rods. Not satisfied with this torture, the Boxers kindled a slow fire under the sufferers, and not until their feet had been almost roasted were they taken down. Then the woman was set free, but the man was placed in the midst of a wide circle of fire to die by slow torture. Maddened by the pain, he threw himself into the midst of the flames. Soldiers who were standing by, indignant at the revolting cruelty, set upon the Boxers and drove them away, took the poor man from the smoldering cinders, and finding him still alive, car-

ried him to the yamen, where the magistrate thrust him into a dark prison. So by the hands of his enemies he was saved from death by burning.

Escaped the Edge of The Sword

THE STORY OF KUNG TE TS'ANG

Kung Te Ts'ang was for many years a student in the American Presbyterian Boys' School in Peking, and during his course engaged actively in various forms of Christian work. After graduation, contemplating a theological course, he first undertook a year of evangelistic work in the country. After the massacres began, he fled with his parents to a village in the mountains. He narrates his experiences as follows:]

Each day I carried my mother on my back to the top of a mountain, and hid her under a tree grown over with grapevines, thinking that the Lord would certainly open a way of escape for those who trusted in him. All day long there was no ceasing of our voice of prayer under that tree. On June 30th there came men to chase and seize us in order to kill us. Early the next morning my parents insisted upon my escaping alone. I asked them:

"If I should do so, would you be able, no matter what happened, to confess Jesus?" They replied:

"We are able. If it comes to that, although we may not see each other again in this world, at last, at our Heavenly Father's feet, we shall certainly dwell together forever."

Tears filled our eyes at these words. Then we together climbed over a mountain and to the top of another. The two old people went west, and I went northeast alone, but with my face turned to the west, sad of heart and weeping incessantly. I prayed, "O

Lord, keep us until we meet again." Having left my parents and crossed several ridges, I asked everywhere for work, but secured none, obtaining only a few bowls of cooked millet. Going on northeast, I met a farmer named Li, and arranged with him to begin work. When I laid down my hoe and went to the house to retire for the night, I suddenly met a number of men face to face. One of them asked me, "Are you an erh mao-tzu?" In his hand he held a long scythe ready to strike me. I said, "I am a seeker for work. If you do not believe me, ask the farmer in yonder house." As if he had not heard, he kept saying, "I 'll knock you over and take your money and your life." Among the men were some who said, "Let him go," but the one named Chang was unwilling to release me, and exchanging his long scythe for a large knife, kept flourishing it right and left about my head, all the time reviling me with his tongue. Then one said, "Kill him here, and be done with it." Another said, "Better yet, use that old dry tree yonder beyond the grave-mound and burn him to death." Another said, "Drag him to the magistrate." When we were half way there, one said, "Let 's take a rope and bind him, put him in the house and guard him until morning, then proceed with him." Meanwhile Chang's knife did not leave my head. Some one cried: "The best thing to do is to kill him instantly, lest he run away in the night." Another said to me, "You come out to spread poison, smear blood [on houses] and hurt men, so we propose to hurt you." He went on to speak of the railroad, and how it had killed countless people. Suddenly a stroke of the knife on my head felled me to the earth. Some of them dragged me to my feet, and stuffed a piece of burning floss into the wound, but the blood continued to flow. All the time I was quite

at peace in my heart, and had no fear, just as if I were in the Lord's bosom.

Not far from the suburb at the Yen Gate, one asked me, "Are you an erh mao-tzu?" I said, "I am not." Then he asked the man who was with me, "Are you one?" He said, "I am not." Asked to tell whether I was one or not, he said, "He is one. The only thing I have done is occasionally to sell the foreigners bean curd." They then asked me if this man was an erh mao-tzu. I said, "You will have to ask him." Before and behind, on the right, the left, were knives and spears, sticks and clubs, like a field of sorghum; before and behind were torches and lanterns. Thus we came to the Yen Gate suburb, and the magistrate took his seat and said:

"So you are an erh mao-tzu, are you?"

"I am not."

"Tell me truly, then, of what religion are you."

I said, "I am of the Christian religion."

As soon as those below the desk heard these words they cried, "If that is not an erh mao-tzu, what is it?"

I said: "I beg your honor for permisson to speak a few words. The Jesus Church (Protestant) and the Heavenly Lord Church (Roman Catholic) are far from being the same thing. This disturbance was originated with the Roman Catholics. Moreover, in Pao Ting Fu they only seize Roman Catholics and do not molest the Protestants. [True at first, and so far as this young man knew.] The village of Tuan is Roman Catholic, as is also Ta K'ou T'un. There are no Protestant Churches in this prefecture. The central thought of the doctrine which our Church preaches is to enable men to escape sorrow and obtain happiness, and it does not consist in the following of any one. I am also one who has studied books. If you do not be-

lieve, pray examine my hands, and you will see that I have not been accustomed to doing rough work."

The magistrate had us bound hand and foot, and locked up, appointing a guard, and declaring that the next day he would burn us to death. At this juncture my companion began repeating the name of Buddha, and they said:

"This man can not be one of them, but that man is an erh mao-tzu because his eyes are constantly looking toward the heavens, and his mouth is speaking of heaven."

My companion said, "Give me some incense to burn, or some paper to offer."

I sought opportunity and said to him: "If you do so, not only can you not preserve your body, but you will find it difficult to save your soul from destruction."

The next day, the people being many, their mind changed, and they proposed to take us to the district city, Chi Chou, and turn us over to the district magistrate to be killed. When I heard this, I was still more troubled, and said, "Better kill us outside the gate, and save those forty miles of travel." Though I did not pray audibly, yet in my heart I felt very near to the Lord. We had gone only part way when they said:

"Give us your money and your clothing and we will release you and let you escape for your life."

I said, "If we do so, please leave me have a little road money, lest I starve to death."

So they untied the ropes which bound me, and we sat down and talked. I bought some cakes, and ate as we talked. I told them how I had studied in Peking, how in the hospital they cured diseases and dispensed medicine. All these things were to save men. While

we were talking it grew late, so we lay down together and slept.

Early the next morning one of the company led me by a roundabout way among the mountains back to the place where I had met with the trouble, the home of the Mr. Li, for whom I had agreed to work as a farmer. In the afternoon of the fourth of July came an officer from the Yen Gate guard-house. As soon as he saw me, he said, "You are keeping an erh mao-tzu here, whom I wish to bind." Then he narrated what had taken place at the Yen Gate guard-house. All day long I fled, and finally secured a night's rest. In the morning, keeping to the sides of grave-mounds, I fled northward, and the next day I crossed over a stretch of the Great Wall. The following day I re-crossed the wall. On the road which skirted along it, I met men, who said: "At every gate in the wall there are Boxers on guard. You can't get past." I said, "God will surely open a way of escape for one who has faith in him. If the Lord had not led, how could I have lived until this time?" Then I fled outside the wall, and on the 12th of July I came to the village of Ta Ya Tai.

Although there were no Boxers there, yet it was a year of dearth. Most fortunately there was a man named Wang there, of whom I had often heard. He was from T'ungchou. I asked him for work, whether hoeing or pulling vegetables. According to the custom of the land, if a workman stops to rest, he is given only his food and no wages. Though I had no calendar with me, I remembered that the 10th day of June had been the Sabbath. So week by week as the Sabbaths came around, I had climbed a mountain, or gone into a field among tall hemp, and knelt in prayer.

A few days after I had begun to work for Mr.

Wang, there came men from the Lama temple, ordering all, family by family, to burn incense toward the southeast, kotow, and scatter cold water. My employer said, "After we have finished eating, if any one does not go and do this, he is an erh mao-tzu." I hurried through my meal and threw myself on the brick bed, pretending to sleep. They shouted to me several times; but I made no answer, so they paid no further attention to me. The next day at evening, I finished eating first, went out and kept out of sight. The third day, I said to the shepherd Chao, "The bedbugs over here bite me ferociously; let me sleep with you in the house where you watch the sheep." So every night when I had eaten, I went there to sleep. After some days I told the two shepherds the truth, as we had become good friends.

As this region is very cold, we had frost in August. I had no shoes, yet I must go out to work while the stars were still shining, to cut oats and buckwheat. My eyes were often full of tears, and, closing them, I prayed silently. Though I had heard it said that all the foreigners in Peking had been killed, and the imperial troops had fought victoriously, yet I kept thinking, "It can not be that the Lord has permitted all those in Peking who believed in him to perish." From the beginning to the end this was my thought. When any travelers came from the South, I eagerly went to inquire of them. They all said, "The foreigners and their followers are utterly exterminated." Because the place was over three hundred miles from Peking it was the 6th of October before I heard of the relief of Peking. I gave thanks to the Lord, saying, "My days of tribulation are over."

As soon as I could get my pay from my employer I started toward Peking. October 24th, when seven

miles from the city, I met three men with sharp spears, who knocked me down, kept my leather boots, and let me go. When I had entered the city, I went first to Second Street (the location of the Presbyterian mission). When I saw the desolation I was overwhelmed with sorrow. On inquiring, I learned that the missionaries were living west of the Chi'en Gate, in Mill Street, where I arrived in the evening, and greeted my old friends. David said, "Yea, thou I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." I have received God's unparalleled mercies, have been at peace in my heart, and have believed that God would protect his children at Peking from utter destruction. His greatest goodness is in keeping me, in the hour of pain and peril, from denying him by kotowing, burning incense, or sacrificing.

Even more wonderful was the escape of an old bookseller in Manchuria belonging to the United Free Church of Scotland. He was brought to a temple where many Roman Catholics had been killed and where there stood two hundred Boxers, their swords covered with blood. He was forced to kneel, then was asked, "Do you follow the foreigners?" "No," he said, "but I follow Jesus." "Will you worship Buddha now?" was the next question. "I will worship the true Buddha; I believe in one true God," was his answer.

The sword was placed on his neck, and he thought that it was his last moment on earth; but for some reason his life was spared. Scourging and insult still awaited him; but he was finally liberated, and still lives, full of praises to God for his deliverance.

FROM WEAKNESS WERE MADE STRONG

Mrs. Keng, of the American Board Mission at T'ungchou, was a timid, shrinking woman who had become a Christian after her marriage to a worthless man who cared nothing for good things. She had few advantages; she could only read simple Bible verses, and she was so quiet that we never knew how brave a soul dwelt in that timid body until the time of her great trial came.

The Kengs lived in a little room in the yard belonging to one of the mission day-schools; but when the massacres began they moved secretly to a place in the city where they hoped to remain unknown. Soon after they had taken refuge there, one dark evening after Mr. Keng had gone out on his beat as night watchman, the cry, "Kill! kill!" was heard at the gate. Mrs. Keng's little daughter, Anna, sat in an inner room; her little nephew, whose father had been tortured to death a few hours before, braced his hands against the door, and when it was burst open he still stood behind it. Boxers carrying lanterns entered, and a crowd gathered outside. Mrs. Keng stood facing them, calm and fearless. Rude hands dragged her towards the door. "You need not drag me," she said; "I will go wherever you want me to go." So she walked with them half a mile through the streets of the city, the lanterns carried by her captors lighting up a face which wore a smile of triumphant joy. They halted at the temple of the god of war, not far from the ruins of the city mission. There Mrs. Keng was commanded to go in and burn incense. "I can't burn incense," she said, "if you kill me for refusing, I 'll not burn incense." As she repeatedly refused to enter the temple, the Boxers consulted together and decided

to take her to their headquarters in another temple. "There is no use in your taking me anywhere else; I shall not worship any of your gods. If you want to kill me, kill me here."

They took her at her word, and the poor body soon lay in shapeless fragments in front of the temple, but the brave soul was with Him whose strength had been made perfect in her weakness.

WAXED MIGHTY IN WAR, TURNED TO FLIGHT ARMIES OF ALIENS

It was during the siege of Peking. On the 1st of July a sad company filed back from the city wall into the legations. In the company were two North China College boys, bearing between them a member of the Congregational Church in Peking, who had been shot through the foot. Four other Christians had just been killed, they said, and still another wounded. Let one of the boys tell his own story:

"This morning a hot shower of shell drove the German marines down from the position which they were holding on the city wall east of the Americans, and soon the Americans followed them down, Colt gun and all. The Chinese immediately took possession of the abandoned German barricade, but from fear of mines, or for some other mysterious reason, the American position remained deserted. When the call came for sixty or seventy of us to go to the American Legation we did not know what work awaited us. Soon we had several hundred sandbags filled, then the order came to shoulder them and start for the city wall. Barricades had just been finished between the American Legation and the city wall, so that one could reach the foot of the ramp in comparative safety. But in ascending that ramp (then without barricades), we

were exposed to a fire at close range from the old German barricade. But up went American and British marines, and we followed them, each bearing a sandbag. Once at the top we dropped our bags for the marines to build into the new eastern barricade, on which side they were now absolutely unprotected. Up and down we filed, the enemy seeming to take no notice of the move. Then came a rifle volley from the abandoned German barricade, and half way up the ramp a Catholic fell dead with his sandbag. The files of men below saw it, and shrank back for a moment. 'Come, boys,' I said to several of my college mates near, 'those American soldiers up there are fighting to protect us; we must finish that barricade to protect them.' So up we went twice more under the galling fire, until the last one of the sandbags was landed at the top. Some were taken from the side of comrades who had fallen on the ramp, and on the last trip down we carried another burden, our wounded friend."

WOMEN RECEIVED THEIR DEAD BY A RESURRECTION

How often those who for months had been separated from father, mother, wife, husband, child, who had thought of their loved ones as slain, quieted one another with the words, "Dead, and alive again!" The following narrative is of such a "resurrection."

KUO MING, OF CHO CHOU

[Cho Chou is a large city on the railroad between Peking and Pao Ting Fu, and is an important station of the American Board.]

Late in May I saw over twenty thousand Boxers destroying the railroad and cars, and went at once to Peking with the news, then returned home. After destroying the railroad, the Boxers came to Cho Chou.

A Boxer named Ho, who knew that I was a man of good character, sent word to me to fly at once. I fled the same day, leaving my wife with my father and mother, who were not Christians. Passing Ma T'ou, I met a man named Miao Ch'ang Ch'ing, who was a leader in his village. He knew that I would pass through South Ts'ai Ts'un on my way to Tientsin, so he gathered over three hundred Boxers in a grove north of that village, and his son, Miao Cha'ng Che'ng went into the house of Ch'en Mao. When I saw this Miao I was afraid, and Ch'en Mao said to me, "You often come to my home, but never have acted fearful like this? Why is it? Do n't be afraid. The Boxers will have regard for me, and will not harm you."

At this time Miao left the house, and in half an hour the Boxers approached from four sides and surrounded the yard, then came inside, asking, "Is Kuo Ming here?" I saw a forest of spears and swords. Even if I had wings, it would not be easy to escape. Some Boxers entered the house and shut the doors. A man named Lu San Kou, a second-rank leader, held a long spear in his hand and thrust it through the window, inflicting several wounds. A leader of the first rank, Pao Tu Kuei, broke down the door, shivering his spear in the act, then gave me a severe thrust with the splintered spear handle. They then dragged me into the yard, giving me several cuts. Some one said, "Do n't kill him in the court and bring pollution on the house," so they dragged me outside the village. All hope of life left me, and I thought of my children whom I should never see again. Suddenly the death of Stephen came into my mind, and his prayer, and I cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." The Boxers exclaimed, "He is a living rebel, and there is no repentance in his heart for his

rebellion. He is still quoting his sacred book." So their hatred was increased, and they dragged me on, placing a knife on my neck. My whole body seemed paralyzed. As in a dream I heard the words, "Do n't kill him; take him to the altar to offer as a sacrifice." The crowd dragged me to North Ts'ai Ts'un, to the north altar of the village. A few feet from the altar was a post about six feet high. Fastening my queue to the top of this they bound my arms backward around the post, making me take a kneeling posture with my breast outward. My abdomen was all swollen from the wounds which I had received; my mouth was parched with thirst; a dry, hot wind was blowing. They wanted to cut my breast open and offer my life as a sacrifice. I prayed that some one might come and plead for me. Four men entered the court just as the Boxers called out, "There is the breath of a stranger here, let us all take up our weapons." One of the four men said: "What do you mean by 'the breath of a stranger?' He is an *erh mao-tzu;* are we also erh mao-tzu? Has your doctrine to do with men or gods? If with men, we also can learn your altar rites; if with gods, and the gods do not descend, we can do nothing. You can burn your paper charms and see whether he should live or die."

So before the god Yang Tsu the Boxers burned three pieces of paper, and the burned paper did not rise. Then they burned a piece before the god Hung Chun, and the paper rose. All the Boxers, when they saw the ashes rise, laid down their weapons, took the red scarfs from their heads and placed them on benches. They were not to kill me. I asked for water, and they gave me some. Then the four men unbound me. I was too weak to walk, so they hired a man to carry me in a basket back to the house of Ch'en Mao.

I sent a man to Cho Chou to tell my wife all this. When she heard it, she fainted, and did not revive for a long time. My father said to her contemptuously. "You need not act like a cat weeping over a mouse in your feigned pity. If you had not studied in the mission schools, my son would never have come to this." My wife knelt before him, begging for pity, but he only reviled her. Then my wife started to go to me, wanting to comfort me, and die with me, but she got only as far as the east gate of the city, then was dragged back home.

A great many of my friends united and made a contribution of a hundred and sixty strings of cash to redeem my life from the Boxers. But the man named Miao had a poison heart of hatred. The people of the village, knowing that I was an honest, faithful man, could not bear the thought of my being cruelly put to death, so they told me of Miao's determination to kill me, and I escaped by night to the Methodist Mission in Peking. I passed safely through the siege; then, as soon as possible, returned to my wife in Cho Chou.

AND OTHERS WERE TORTURED, NOT ACCEPTING THEIR DELIVERANCE, THAT THEY MIGHT OBTAIN A BETTER RESURRECTION

Mr. Li was a young preacher in the mission in Manchuria supported by the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ireland. Dr. Ross, of Mo'kden writes of his seizure by the Boxers, and how he endured to the end:

"The brutes were eager for his recantation,—perhaps unwilling to take his life. On the execution-ground he was bound as men are bound who are to be beheaded. He was then asked, 'Will you preach the Jesus religion?' 'As long as I live,' was the reply.

Then an eyebrow was cut off with the sword, and the same question was repeated; and so was his answer. Then another eyebrow was cut off, an ear, then the other ear. Then his lips were cut off; and still, after each cut, he was questioned, and still answered that while he lived he could not but preach the way of salvation to sinners. When he felt that he was getting weak, he said, 'I may be unable to speak, but I shall never cease to believe.' Then with a terrific crosscut his heart was cut out and taken away. He sat on the ground, and remained as if sitting naturally. His heart was exhibited at a theatrical performance for several days. The Boxers themselves are now loud in praise of the man who was so unnaturally brave and true to his beliefs."

Dr. Ross writes also: "Mr. Li's only child, a bright girl of fourteen years of age, fled after her father's death, taking with her a New Testament. Some relatives wished to save her, but she must burn her book. She refused. She ran with the book under her arm into the millet. She was not known by any of the Boxers. She was discovered in the millet. Her book was testimony, and the only testimony, against her. She was brought to the place of execution and asked if she were a believer. She replied that she was. The child fearlessly stood before the tormentors, who asked her if she was not afraid. 'Afraid or not afraid, it is all one,' she replied. But with a smile she met the sword which cut her down."

Dr. Peill, of the London Mission, has recorded how one Christian was tortured, not accepting deliverance:

"Our courier, a fine little man, called Fan, who has carried our letters between Yen Shan, Ts'ang Chow, and Tientsin for a long time back, and who was the soul of thoroughness, loyalty, and honesty, was one

of the heroes. He was remarkable for his freedom from the national characteristic of money-loving, and has often refused extra pay and "tips" on the score that he had done nothing to deserve them, and did not need them,—in his case a final refusal, and not merely politeness. He was caught, and placed in a deep hole, dug for the purpose, standing upright, but with his head below the level of the surrounding field. Earth was filled in up to his knees, and he was asked to recant, but refused; then to his hips, but he still refused; then to his chin, and a last offer made of life and liberty if he would deny his Master. The brave fellow again refused, and was thereupon buried alive."

AND OTHERS HAD TRIAL OF MOCKINGS

Dr. Edwards writes: "Tsai Ching Yang was an object of special hatred by the Boxers, and suffered severely in consequence. He was a house-painter by trade, and also at times painted idols. While a patient in the hospital at Tai Yuan Fu he was converted, and then gave up that part of his trade. On returning to his home he used part of his house as a village chapel, and was quite fearless in preaching, venturing even into the temples or wherever he could get an audience. When caught by the Boxers, he was at first beaten and wounded, then bound and taken before the tribunal at Shou Yang. While lying there bound and bruised, he was ridiculed by the bystanders. Some asked, 'Does it hurt, teacher?' After a so-called trial he was condemned to death, and beheaded outside the city, his head being hung on a neighboring tree."

Mr. Kao, a member of the English Baptist Church in the Hsin Chou region, Shansi, was caught on the street, beaten until nearly dead, and then thrown on the smoldering ruins of the chapel. He was still con-

scious, and after a time begged the bystanders to give him some water. "Do you want it hot or cold?" asked one man, "See, I will give you some lukewarm," he continued; then he offered him wine to drink, saying, "Others would not even give you that." The tortured man lingered on until the next day, not one of the scoffing crowd taking pity on him.

AND SCOURGINGS

In the Pin Chou District, in Shantung, Mr. Sun, of the English Baptist Mission, with his two sons, escaped from the Boxers, and took refuge in an inn in the city, which belonged to a Church member. Soon the Boxers captured father and sons, and, binding them, sent them to the yamen of the magistrate to be examined. When questioned, Mr. Sun said, "I study the doctrine, worship God, and obey the laws of the empire, why should I be killed?" To please the Boxers, the magistrate had Mr. Sun beaten three hundred heavy strokes, and shut up with his sons in a dungeon. The next day the Boxers took the three from the dungeon, and dragged them outside the city. When the swords were lifted to hack them to pieces, Mr. Sun knelt down and prayed, saying, "Heavenly Father, receive my spirit."

Li Shu Chih, of the English Methodist Mission, in Yung Ping Fu, Chihli, was captured by Boxers, bound, and carried to the chapel in the city. He had a mock trial, but steadfastly refused to recant. He was then severely beaten five hundred stripes, and committed to the city prison, where he soon died from the effects of the cruel scourging.

YEA, MOREOVER, OF BONDS AND IMPRISONMENTS

An elder in the English Methodist Church in Yung Ping Fu, named Wang Pao, had seen his seventeen-year-old son beaten to death. Repeated blows fell on his own body, as, bruised and bleeding, he was appealed to three times, "Will you recant now?" "*No!* no! no! not if you kill me!" was his reply. Thrust into prison, he languished there three months until Russian troops, led by a Roman Catholic priest, took possession of the city.

Almost incredible were the sufferings of Li Fu, who belonged to this same K'ai P'ing Circuit. Captured in June in his village home with his wife and four children, he was stabbed in the stomach, his shoulders and back were burned in several places, the backs of his heels were cut so severely that he was crippled for life. Lying helpless, he was compelled to witness the torture of his wife and little children. Mrs. Li's clothes were torn from her; one child received a shot in the back; another, four years old, was caught by the feet and hurled across the yard like a log of wood. Then Li Fu was placed on a cart and bound to it so tightly that months afterward the marks of the ropes showed upon his breast. His family were also placed in open carts, and all were driven thirty miles to Lan Chou. As the sun blazed down upon their heads they pleaded for water to quench their thirst, but none was given them. Their tormentors begged the Lan Chou magistrate to put them to death; but, instead, he thrust them into prison, and not until September were they released.

THEY WERE STONED

Mr. Wang was a member of the English Baptist mission in Shansi. He was well known as a Christian;

so, when the trouble broke out, he had to flee with his wife and children. He took them to a waste place in the open country; then, thinking that they would be safer if he were not there, he left them, intending to flee to some distant place. But he had not gone far when he was recognized by some men of a neighboring village, who immediately set upon him with stones, and beat him until he was insensible. Finding that he was not dead, they then beat out his brains with their reaping-hooks. All of the members of his family escaped.

Mr. T'ien, of the K'ai P'ing Circuit, was stoned to death, and his body was thrown into the river.

THEY WERE SAWN ASUNDER

Liu Li, of the K'ai P'ing Circuit, was captured by the Boxers, stabbed with knives and swords, then actually chopped into small pieces. Not content with this, the murderers were proposing to burn the remains, but they were restrained by some old neighbors of Liu Li who were neither Boxers nor Christians, who dared to gather together the poor remains and bury them reverently.

Chang Yu Wen, seventeen years of age, an only child, was cut in several pieces; then the fragments were nailed on a wall.

THEY WERE TEMPTED

In a village in the Pin Chou District, Mr. Cheng, sixty-four years of age, a member of the English Baptist Church, was captured by ten or more Boxers, who at twilight were returning from their worship. Seizing him, they asked, "Do you still worship every seven days?" He replied, "I still worship." The Boxers pointed their swords at him, saying, "If you will

promise not to study the doctrine, we will not kill you." He answered: "Though you threaten to kill me, yet it is my purpose to study the doctrine. If I say that I will not study, I can not face God with a good conscience." The Boxers dragged him some distance, then set upon him with their swords. To the end he would not recant, and he was chopped to fragments by the roadside.

In Manchuria there was a Christian called Old Blind Chang, who, having been seized by the Boxers, was taken to the temple and commanded to worship idols. He said to his persecutors, "I can only worship the one living and true God." When commanded to repent, he said, "I have repented already." When asked if he would believe in Buddha, he answered, "No, I believe in Jesus Christ." "Then you must die," they said, and as the sword came down to behead him, Old Chang was singing a hymn.

A woman belonging to a Church of the American Board in Peking stood with her child in her arms, and was given two chances to recant. "I can not do that, sir," was her reply to her tempter, "but I can die for my Lord." Soon she heard from her Master's lips the blessing promised to those who endure temptation, and received the crown of life which he had promised to them that love him.

THEY WERE SLAIN WITH THE SWORD

In the Pin Chou District of the English Baptist mission, Mrs. Chao left her home, and hid in the house of a relative in a neighboring village. The Boxers heard of it, and sought her out. When she knew that there was no escape, she fearlessly followed the Boxers outside the village. There they ordered her to kneel, facing the southeast, that she might worship

their gods. She refused to turn her face in that direction, saying, "Since I have learned the doctrine I do not worship devils, but only the true God." So she knelt in a different direction, and the enraged Boxers set upon her with their swords, and then burned the remains to ashes.

In the Hsin Chou region, in Shansi, two brothers met with other faithful ones in a little Christian chapel on the 1st of July. The Boxers broke in on the company, but the two brothers managed to escape to their own village. Immediately they were attacked by local Boxers, their house was set on fire, and the elder brother was burned in his own home. The younger was taken to the temple of the God of War in the city, to be tried before a Boxer tribunal. It was at first decided that if he would provide fifty swords for the Boxers he would be liberated; but when this decision was announced, two Boxers knelt before the chief and begged that he might be killed at once, "because he had done much mischief." Their request was granted, and he was handed over to their tender mercies. As he was being led along, he said, "This is the happiest day of my life." This angered his persecutors all the more, and as soon as they were outside the city gate they set upon him with their swords and killed him.

THEY WENT ABOUT IN SHEEPSKINS, IN GOATSKINS, BEING DESTITUTE

On the 9th of June, Mrs. Li, with her husband, her four-year-old girl, her baby, and several friends, left her home at Ts'ao Fang, near the mission of the American Board at T'ungchou, and took refuge in the Eastern Mountains, eighty miles away. Two days and nights they walked, not stopping to sleep; then, ex-

hausted, they lay down behind a temple for a night. Mr. Li left his wife and children to beg through the little mountain villages, and started back home; for his feeble old mother and oldest daughter had been left behind.* For five and a half months the little mother, with one child on her breast, and leading the other by the hand, climbed the steep, stony mountains, sometimes sleeping in caves, sometimes begging for food, sometimes getting a little work to do in some hamlet home. Her husband could get no trace of her, and mourned her as dead. Late in November there appeared at the mission in Peking, where her husband was living, a thin, ragged beggar woman, her face blackened by exposure. She carried a half-starved baby, and led a forlorn little girl by the hand. It was Mrs. Li. She was nearly dead from cold and hunger and the long journey on foot. Only a thin cotton garment had protected her from mountain winds and snows. It was weeks before she could rise from her bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Chao, an aged couple belonging to this same T'ungchou mission, fled to Kalgan, then over the mountains into Shansi, traveling on foot not less than a thousand miles. How Mrs. Chao had clambered up the mountain steeps on her poor, crippled feet, how she had endured the famine and nakedness and sword, only those can understand who have tried God's grace in their time of weakness, and found it sufficient.

AFFLICTED, EVIL ENTREATED

Mr. Hobart, of the American Methodist Episcopal mission, writes: "I have visited Ch'ien An (province of Chihli), where about a hundred were killed with

*See story entitled "An Orphan Girl," in Chapter VIII.

every cruelty. Many were first tied up to posts in a temple, and their faces burned with lighted incense until the oil dropped on the ground. Then they were taken outside and chopped to pieces, beginning at the fingers, and hacking off a joint at a time, and then from the toes in the same way. One man exhorted them, and they slit his mouth from ear to ear. One man was buried alive."

The Boxers cut off the hands and feet of Mrs. Li, a member of the English Methodist mission in the K'ai P'ing Circuit, and before life had ebbed away they buried her.

Li Kai, an old man of over sixty, in Shansi, was arrested by the people of his own village, and handed over to the Boxers, who took him to the city. When brought before the official, he was too dazed to answer any questions, and the official in anger ordered him to be beaten. When nearly insensible he was dragged out to undergo one of the most cruel forms of torture known. He was placed in a tall, wooden cage, with only his head protruding from an aperture in the top, his toes barely reaching the ground. Here he remained several hours; then he was taken out, and executed with others outside the city wall.

An old man in the T'ungchou field was buried in the ground up to his waist, then kerosene was poured over the upper part of his body, and he was set on fire.

Why continue this sickening rehearsal of barbarities? It would not be given, even in this brief form, but for the fact that the wondrous fidelity of these Christians can not stand out in its true light except against this dark background. With tortures like these awaiting them, frail women said, "I can not deny my

Lord;" then babes were torn from their arms and dismembered, but the agonized mother hearts were comforted when heaven's gates opened, and they saw their little ones in the arms of the Good Shepherd.

WANDERING IN DESERTS AND MOUNTAINS AND CAVES, AND THE HOLES OF THE EARTH

Such was the life of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of those who escaped. Whole families, feeble women and little children, lived for weeks in mountain ravines, now scorched by heat, now drenched by rain, now chilled by mountain winds. They knew the pangs of hunger; they almost perished of thirst; for they did not dare go to the village wells, and most of the mountain springs were dry. Hunted like wild beasts, they pleaded the promise, "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night," then lay down in mountain caves, hearing now the howling of wolves, now the howling of men worse than beasts. A girl from a boarding-school in Peking fled in June with her parents and brothers to the Eastern Mountains. Her feet had never been bound; but now, to avoid recognition as a Christian, it was necessary to bind them into little shoes. Up precipitous mountains they climbed, and down the stony ravines, now begging for food, now buying coarse grain to cook in their own kettle. Some nights a kind-hearted family would shelter them; some nights they slept with the calm stars looking down on them. Their wanderings took them hundreds of miles over the mountains and beyond the Great Wall, often in the trackless wilderness, and not until October did they reach a haven of rest.

OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY.

"Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God."

CHAPTER V.

THE FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

LI TE KUEI

EIGHTEEN miles south of T'ungchou lies the market-town of Yung Le Tien. Here Mr. Li, a graduate of the theological seminary at T'ungchou, had for many years shepherded a flock in the town and the surrounding villages. His three oldest children were in boarding-school in T'ungchou and Peking; but three little boys, the youngest a wee laddie who came into the home late in April, were with their parents in the little village which formed a suburb of the walled town. It was a troubled world into which the little one had come. For weeks amateur Boxers had been practicing their strange rites in the village, and rumors and threats daily reached the ears of Mr. Li and his little wife. The atmosphere of respect and confidence in which they had lived, had changed to one of suspicion. Wild superstition had been enthroned in the hearts of the people, and some of its strangest fancies were connected with the little life which had come to be a blessing.

"Have you seen Mrs. Li's baby?" was the question which flew from lip to lip. "It has black wings. That 's what comes of associating with the foreign devils. Soon this child will be flying about on the devil's own business."

It was Thursday, the last day of May. Still the fields were bare, and the idle people in nearly every village in that populous region were banded together as Boxers. In a temple, only a few yards from Mr. Li's home, they set up their altar that day. The earnest efforts of the missionaries, the half-hearted efforts of native officials, had scattered the Boxer bands several times; but now they dared any one to thwart them. From all the surrounding regions they came that day, until thousands swarmed near Mr. Li's house, and the cruel cry, "Kill! kill!" rang again and again through the air.

The shadows were deepening over Mr. Li's happy home and his little Church. Still about thirty men, women, and children gathered for their Sunday meetings, and every evening some knelt in the little chapel with Mr. Li and his family as they told their fears and cares to their Heavenly Father. In the next yard lived Mr. Yang with his wife, his sixteen-year-old daughter, and his eight-year-old son. Many times he had been sent by Mr. Li to carry word of the impending danger to the missionaries.

The next day after the Boxer altar was openly set up in the temple close by, the Li's were startled by hearing two rifle-shots near the chapel in front of their house. Another day hundreds of Boxers in battle array, passed their door and pointed to the place. "First we will burn Niu Mu T'un; then this will come next."

"It is only a matter of a few days now," said Mr. Li to his brave little wife. "Would you like to go to your mother's home in Fu Ho, or to the missionaries in T'ungchou?"

"Would you go, too?"

"No; I can not leave my church and people."

Li Te Kuei, His Wife, Two Youngest Boys, and Shu Ch'eng

"Then I will not go either; if we must die, let us die together. Besides, there are Boxers everywhere; there is no refuge where we would be safe. God grant that at least one of the older children may be spared to do the work which we may soon lay down."

"I shall not let Li Jui come home," said the father. "He is still with your brother in Fu Ho. They are young, and may escape by hiding in the mountains. And perhaps our girls will be safe in Peking."*

The night of June 6th came. Mr. Yang went to collect rent due on a house which he owned in the town. "Do you think I am such a fool as to pay you that rent when you are as good as a dead man?" exclaimed the tenant, and a crowd of rowdies near joined in the laugh. "None of your erh mao-tzu can collect any more rent."

From other hints dropped by the crowd, Mr. Yang was convinced that there was a definite plan to attack the Christians immediately. He hastened home, and about midnight stole secretly into Mr. Li's yard.

After hearing his story Mr. Li said, "I want you to go to T'ungchou again to tell the missionaries."

"And you will not flee?"

"No, how can I? God bless you. We may never meet again in this world."

Tears were running down the faces of the two men as they parted, and Mr. Li's words proved prophetic; they have not met again. Even while they were talking, in Niu Mu T'un, six miles away hungry flames were devouring the chapel and Christian homes, and men and women, old and young, were being slaughtered like sheep.

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*Li Jui (see "Kao Hsin's Story" in Chapter VIII) was a student in the academy in T'ungchou, and when the school closed late in May he went to his uncle's home. Two girls were in the Bridgman School in Peking. (See "An Orphan Girl's Story" in Chapter VIII.)

Thursday morning dawned bright and beautiful. The Boxer temple seemed almost deserted, for all of the Yung Le Tien Boxers were helping in the massacre at Niu Mu T'un and the surrounding villages. About nine in the morning a blind woman belonging to the Church came in, greatly excited:

"A neighbor has just come to me privately, and warned me to flee at once. He says that the Boxers have already killed the Christians at Niu Mu T'un."

"Then our turn will come soon," said Mr. Li; "let us be ready."

"But would it not be well to send some one to Niu Mu T'un to see whether the report is true?"

"Certainly. Yuan Liu, you are a swift runner. Will you go on this dangerous errand?"

The young man to whom Mr. Li had turned was off in a few moments. It was eleven or later when he returned, saying:

"I saw only the smoking ruins of our buildings, and heard that all of the Christians had been killed except one or two who escaped in the darkness."

"Did you see no Boxers?"

"They had left Niu Mu T'un, and were hunting down Christians in other villages. A band started after me once, but I soon ran out of their sight."

There were twenty-two people gathered in Mr. Li's room when this report was given, all of the Christians in the town except one family named Wu, though as many more lived in neighboring villages.

"Let us all start for T'ungchou," said Mr. Li. "It is our only chance for life. We can protect the church property here no longer."

They all knelt together, and Mr. Li's voice rose in prayer: "Father, if it is thy will that we perish on this journey, we will rejoice to go home to thee. If

it is thy will that we reach T'ungchou in safety, we will thank thee." Others tried to add a word of prayer; but nearly all were weeping, and the strong crying and tears went up as a petition.

Soon they were on their feet again, Mr. Li saying: "We must start at once; a moment's delay may mean death. We twenty people must not all go together. We must break up into little groups to avoid attracting attention."

It was a strange company which went out into the noonday heat of that June day. In the first group walked a young man named Chang, with five children,—his six-year-old sister, Mr. Li's two little boys, and Mrs. Yang's two children. Only a short distance behind were Mrs. Yang and Mr. and Mrs. Li, with their baby, now forty days old. Still further behind were ten others, most of them women. All moved slowly; for some were ill, some were feeble with old age, and some were treading that path to martyrdom with a child's unsteady step.

They had gone three miles on their journey when they saw smoke rising from the village of Lu Ts'un, just a little to the left of the road. "They are burning the Wangs' home!" some one exclaimed. Mr. Chang, still walking in front with the children, saw on the edge of the village tables and benches arranged for feasting the Boxers, and, just as he had passed unnoticed, the Boxers caught sight of the next group, and hundreds of them rushed out, armed with swords and spears, followed by crowds of villagers. Looking back, Mr. Chang saw a stalwart Boxer leader seize Mrs. Yang by her collar.

"Mamma! mamma!" cried her two children, and ran back sobbing. The little Li boys and Mr. Chang's little sister also ran back into the grasp of the wild

beasts. The young man fled, and late that afternoon the missionaries in T'ungchou heard his sad story.

The leader who had caught Mrs. Yang was a well-known neighbor. "Where are you going?" he asked roughly.

"To T'ungchou."

"This is your place," he said, laughing triumphantly, as he pointed to the hundreds of Boxers who had closed in on the little group, brandishing knives and spears.

"What do you want?" asked Mr. Li. "We will give you all we are carrying."

"We want your life."

Mr. Li knelt with both hands outstretched to heaven: "Father, if you want us to go"—but before the prayer was finished a rough hook fastened to a long pole dragged him over backward.

"Why do you hate us?" cried Mrs. Li, looking into the faces of neighbors whom she knew. "Have not many of you been healed with our medicine?"

We are describing the events of a few moments. Mrs. Yang had been dragged to one side; Mr. and Mrs. Li, with the six children, were surrounded by the Boxer ruffians. The distracted mother, Mrs. Yang, saw her boy and girl lying there. Some of the Boxers seemed reluctant to do the fiendish work which awaited them. Again and again they circled around their prisoners, waving their swords and uttering wild cries, until a devilish frenzy seized them, and with frothing mouths and fixed, staring eyes, they plunged knives and spears into their helpless victims. Mrs. Li pleaded for her tiny baby, and they answered by taking it from her arms and offering it as their first sacrifice. Mr. Li was the last one of the family to close his eyes to earth's horrors. When the mad crowd had scattered

a little, Mrs. Yang saw that her boy was still breathing. Breaking away from her captor she bent over the child, begging him to speak to her; but he was too weak for words, and the "Teacher-brother" was upon Mrs. Yang in a minute.

"If you speak to him, I 'll kill you. Listen! You are not to cry for three days. No, I shall not kill you now. We are keeping you alive for a purpose. For weeks your husband has been running back and forth as a spy for the foreigners. We 'll keep you for a decoy. When he comes back, we 'll have you both."

So Mrs. Yang was compelled to leave the bodies of her children by the roadside, was placed on a donkey, and escorted by Boxers back to Yung Le Tien, whither several of those in the last group had fled when the Boxers attacked the Li family.

We have spoken of the Mr. Chang who escaped, and whose sister lay with seven others by the roadside. His widowed mother and younger brother, who had been near the end of the caravan, came to that sad pile of mangled bodies soon after Mrs. Yang had left. There she found her little girl. Somewhere in that mass, she thought, lay her oldest son.

"Kill me too!" she cried in anguish as she knelt down in the dust. "You have killed my son and daughter; kill me too."

But the Boxers, for some strange reason, did not heed her prayer.*

One who passed over this road a few hours later saw that two pits had been dug into which the eight bodies had been thrown and roughly buried. It will ever be a sacred spot, that wayside grave, where man

*More than a year after that sad day she and her little son were found in the province of Shantung, and a few months later she joined the son whom she had mourned as lost.

and wife, "faithful unto death," lay with the lambs of their flock whom they had shepherded so tenderly. In the spring, when the grave was opened that the martyrs might be placed in coffins, Mr. Li's body was found still in an attitude of prayer. So it will lie until the great day.

During those first months that Mr. and Mrs. Li spent in the "many mansions," their oldest son wandered over lonely mountains, weary, hungry, hunted. Their oldest daughter was besieged with shot and shell in the Peking legations, and their eleven-year-old daughter wandered by night from village to village, hiding in cemeteries, kept through danger after danger by Omnipotent love. After a few days, Mr. Li welcomed to his haven of rest his old mother and his youngest sister; and Mrs. Li's mother and many others, near and dear, were soon with the white-robed multitude. One by one members of the Yung Le Tien Church joined their pastor, as the Boxers hunted them down in their homes, or in the hiding-places where they had taken refuge. There was eighty-year-old Mrs. Yuan, with her snowy hair and bowed back, and lips that mumbled as she walked. Some Boxers met her one day as she crawled slowly down a bank to go to a shop for food, and heard her murmuring to herself. "Wherever you go, you still pray to Jesus!" they exclaimed angrily. "You will never repent," and their swords cut her down on the spot.

That same day another dear woman, who had learned in her old age to read all of the New Testament, was slashed on the back by Boxer knives as she bent over her little stove, baking, and with the blood streaming from her wounds she was dragged to the Boxer temple and slowly sliced to pieces.

The flock now rest peacefully in the fold of the

Temple at Yung Le Tien, Where Boxers Drilled

Good Shepherd. Perhaps to the faithful evangelist who, like Jesus, "loved them unto the end," is given the joy of ministering to them.

A GIRL'S TESTIMONY

This girl, who had studied many years in the Bridgman school, was betrothed to Li Jui, oldest son of the noble evangelist whose death has just been recorded. After the school disbanded, her father took her to her home in a village near T'ungchou, and when danger became imminent, he started with her for the Eastern Mountains, the girl riding on a donkey, her father walking by her side. Before they had found a refuge, a band of Boxers saw them, and knowing by the girl's unbound feet that she was a Christian, they pursued her and dragged her from her donkey to a Boxer altar in a neighboring village. Here, surrounded by cruel foes, she was commanded to burn incense to the gods.

"No," she said, "I can not burn incense, for I believe in Jesus. I am not afraid, even though you kill me, for I shall go straight to my Heavenly Father."

Hardly had she ceased speaking when she heard his "Welcome home."

A DEACON'S DEVOTION

One of the missionaries at Peking writes thus of a deacon in a Congregational Church in one of the Peking out-stations:

"I saw him in April at the time when the Boxers were just commencing their work. He said, 'I shall not run; I want to die in the Lord's house.' The neighbors sent word that the Boxers were coming a certain night to kill him, and he should hide. He said, 'I could not if I would, and I would not if I could.' He made the family all leave him, and he

waited alone. They came, a large band, set fire first to the other houses in his yard, then to the room he was in. When they opened the door they found the old man standing leaning up against the wall, with his arms outstretched to form a cross, and as these men rushed at him with drawn swords he said, 'I die on the cross with my Lord.' "

SHOWING HIS COLORS

For many years Mr. Chang, of Ting Chou, had been a member of the Congregational Church at Pao Ting Fu. When he heard that Pastor Meng had been killed by the Boxers, he thought of some Christians near him who might be tempted to recant, and decided to go to their homes and try to strengthen them. He found all of their houses deserted; but going into one, he knelt down and prayed; then he sang a hymn and went back to his own home. Writing the words, "I am a member of the Jesus Church," on a piece of paper, he posted it up on his door. A few days later, just as he was sitting down to eat, the warning was given, "The Boxers are coming." "They must wait until I have asked the blessing," he said quietly, and as he sat with his head bowed in prayer the Boxers rushed in and cut him down.

A HEROIC MOTHER AND SON

In Chapter IV have been recorded touching instances of the loyalty of the Christians at Tai Ku to the martyred missionaries of the American Board. No less conspicuous was their loyalty to their Lord, for nowhere were the temptations to recant more trying than in Shansi.

Mrs. Wang's home was at Tung Fang, five miles from Tai Ku. During the three or four years that

Mrs. Wang had been in the Church she had shown herself a veritable Dorcas. All loved her, and willingly she gave of her abundant substance to help both the poor and the cause which she loved.

Her son, Chih Pao, had studied in a Confucian school before he and his mother became Christians; then he went to the school in Tai Ku. When he went home after school closed in June, and his mother knew the danger threatening the missionaries, she said: "My son, don't stay at home with me. Go to Tai Ku. I am a woman, and I can't do anything to help the missionaries. You know how much we owe to them. Since they love us so, and are in danger for our sakes, we ought to help them. Don't let your heart be burdened for me. You are young; go and help them to the extent of your ability, and it will be as if I were helping them."

So the boy went. When the end seemed near he went once to see his widowed mother, then turned his face toward Tai Ku again.

"Why do you go back?" asked a neighbor.

"My mother doesn't want me to stay here," he said. So he went back into the danger which had not lost its horror through that sad familiarity of weeks.

When he had watched with the missionaries, not "one hour," but long weeks, and that great multitude broke in to slay them, Chih Pao escaped, and told the sad story to his weeping mother. She mourned her loved ones only three or four days. Then began that carnage at Tung Fang which claimed over thirty victims! When the Boxers entered Mrs. Wang's home, she said to them, "Wait a moment. I am going to see my Lord, and I want to change my garments." Perhaps her calmness awed the rough men, for they waited quietly until she came out of an inner room, her face

uplifted as if in prayer, and knelt before her murderers.

As the Boxers were about to kill the boy, they said, "Kneel down; we will send you to heaven." He knelt, and their promise was fulfilled.

LIANG HSI TAI

Liang Hsi Tai was a member of this same Church at Tai Ku. After the truth had won his heart, he had given up personal oversight of a profitable business that he might live at the mission compound and learn more of the truth which had freed him from the opium habit, and brought such peace to body and mind. After a course of study entirely at his own expense, he went to have charge of an out-station at his home sixty-seven miles away.

When the trouble came, he was urged to obey the imperial orders to renounce his faith. He steadfastly refused. When he was seized by the Boxers he said: "I am a disciple of Jesus; I can not worship your gods. If you want to kill me, do it, for you can only kill my body; you can not hurt my soul, and I do not fear you."

RESPECT FOR THE CROSS

Wang Tien Jen had been converted through the influence of China Inland missionaries, and at the time of his death he had been for several years the confidential helper of Mr. Pigott, of Shou Yang. Into his hands Mr. Pigott committed his letter of farewell to friends in the homeland. Soon after his beloved pastor had been sent handcuffed to Tai Yuan Fu, Mr. Wang also was arrested by Boxers and taken before a mandarin, with whom were seated a military official and a Boxer chief. A circle was drawn on the floor,

and within it a cross was inscribed. Mr. Wang was then ordered to show his contempt for the cross by polluting it. He refused. "It is only to show that you leave the Church," said his judges. Again he refused to show contempt for the sacred emblem, so he was led away for execution.

Faithful Witnesses of the English Baptist Mission, Shansi

The facts given in the five stories which follow were gleaned from an article by Dr. Edwards published in the Shanghai *Mercury:*

A MARTYR FAMILY

Chao Hsi Mao was so well known as a Christian that his friends urged him to leave his home and seek a hiding-place; but he refused to flee. In July the Boxers seized him, with his nineteen-year-old wife, his mother, and his sister, bound them, and placed them on a cart, while their home was going up in smoke. They were taken to Hsin Chou; but when they were led before the Boxer chief he exclaimed, "I don't want to see them; take them back and kill them where you arrested them." As the four were being driven back in a cart, they sang together the hymn, "He Leadeth Me," and their hearts were strengthened as they sang,

> "E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
> Since God through Jordan leadeth me."

When they reached a vacant spot outside their own village they were taken from the cart. The man was first beheaded with a huge knife used for cutting straw. Still the faith of the women failed not; they would not recant. The old mother said, "You have killed my

son, you can now kill me," and she too was beheaded. The sister and wife were still steadfast, and the sister said, "My brother and mother are dead; kill me too." When only the young wife was left, she pointed to the three bodies saying, "You have killed my husband, mother, and sister; what have I to live for?" She too is numbered with the sixteen on the martyr roll of Hsin Chou.

"I WILL NOT KNEEL TO DEVILS"

Mr. Hsi was a marked man in this district, for he had been conspicuous for his earnestness in preaching Christ to his neighbors; so Boxers from several villages banded together to seize him. He was bound and taken to a temple, where he was commanded to kotow to the Boxer leader. "I am a child of God; I will not kneel to devils," was his daring reply. In a rage the leader ordered his followers to beat him. Prone on the ground, with the blows falling on his body, he still refused to kneel. Hands and feet were bound together behind him, and slung on a pole he was carried to the boundary-line between two villages to meet death by the sword. Soon two other martyrs lay by his side. Chang Lao and Hsi Hua Yu had been tried in the village temple, and the Boxers had decreed that they must die unless they would recant. They at once refused to do this. Carried to the spot where Mr. Hsi's body lay, they were given a last chance to leave the Church, but, loyal to their Master, they chose to die.

A FAITHFUL EVANGELIST

In another district in this mission, Mr. Chou was in charge of a little village chapel. Only four or five years had passed since the truth had been proclaimed

here; yet a little band of inquirers met as usual with Mr. Chou on the first Sunday in July, undaunted by the drilling of the Boxers and the alarming rumors. Repeatedly had Mr. Chou been urged to return to his home, but he refused, saying, "I have been appointed to this station, and I shall not desert my post." He had even sent a petition to the magistrate stating that, if the Christians were at fault, he was responsible, as he had taught them the doctrine, and asking that he might be punished to appease the anger of the people so that the others might go unmolested. The magistrate paid no heed to this touching request, and the Boxers knew that they could work out their own will. Very suddenly the storm broke over the little company in the chapel, just at the close of the service. Some escaped while the mob were breaking in the doors and windows and setting fire to the chapel; others were captured and killed on the spot. The evangelist was the first one whom the Boxers sought. Dragging him to the main street, they beat him until he lay unconscious. Regaining consciousness, he tried to rise, and was kneeling when a voice cried out, "See! he is praying even now! Drag him to the fire!" Immediately hands were outstretched to drag him to the burning chapel, but he said, "You need not drag me; I will go myself." Quietly he walked to the burning building, and as soon as he had entered the roof fell in.

ANOTHER BURNT OFFERING

When Kao Lien T'eng's house was in flames, he was arrested and taken to the city for trial. "Why did you enter the Church?" asked the Boxer chief. "Because it is good." "Why, then, do you injure people?" "I do harm to no one." "Well," said the chief, "if you will leave this foreign sect and worship Buddha,

we will not harm you." As he made no reply the Boxers cried out, "This man is not willing to repent; throw him into the fire." The ruins of the city chapel were still smoldering, and on that altar he was offered up. Soon his wife's ashes lay with his, and three other members of the family were numbered with the martyrs, only two surviving the storm.

A BRAVE WOMAN

When the Boxers set fire to a Christian home in Fan Hsi, one of the women was not strong enough to run far. She was caught in a neighboring village, bound to a tree in a temple court, and beaten, while her little boy stood witnessing her sufferings. The next day she was carried as a prisoner to the temple in her own village. There she gave birth to a child; but it was torn from the poor mother's arms, and the little life went back to the God who gave it. Then the usual mock trial was held.

"What poison have you with which to do mischief?"

The woman bravely replied: "We have left the false and turned to the true; we have forsaken the evil for the good. How have we done any mischief?"

"She is not telling the truth!" screamed the Boxer leader, "and she will not leave the foreign sect. She ought to be burned!"

At once a part of her home which had not been burned was set on fire, and at the point of the sword she and her six-year-old boy were driven into the flames. "One like the Son of God" walked by her side; but the eyes of the Boxers were holden, that they could not see him.

WITNESSING TO THE END

In this same city lived Mr. Wang, formerly of unsavory reputation as a gambler and opium-smoker, now well known for the remarkable change which had taken place in his life at his conversion. Although he had not yet been baptized, the missionaries had intrusted him with books to sell, and in all that region he was known as a Christian. He happened to be in a village, when the Boxers laid hands on him, searched him for poison, and burned the Christian books which he was carrying. Bleeding from sword-cuts, he was carried bound into the city for a so-called trial in front of the military yamen.

A man in the crowd surrounding him said: "We know that formerly you were a bad character, but that you have reformed. Only leave the foreign sect, and you will not be killed." Other voices joined in urging him to escape death by leaving the "foreign sect."

He said: "I have already left the foreign sect [Buddhism], and now follow the heavenly doctrine, reverence the Supreme Ruler, and believe in Jesus. How can you say that I belong to a foreign sect?"

Many more words he spoke, witnessing to the one true God, before the Boxer leader cried impatiently: "This man has evidently been bewitched by the foreigners. What is this that he is talking about? If we do not kill him, he will certainly do mischief."

Outside the west gate of the city, with barbarous cruelty he was put to death, one of the twenty-one in Fan Hsi who counted not their lives dear unto themselves.

TWO SHANTUNG MARTYRS

At a village in the Pin Chou District lived a man named Tuan, a member of the English Baptist Church.

It was at his hour of morning prayer that forty-five Boxers, all flourishing swords, rushed in upon him, crying, "Kill! kill!"

"Do you still worship?" asked one of the Boxers.

"I can not do otherwise," was the reply.

Forty-five swords vied with each other to end his life, and even as he prayed for speedy entrance into heaven, his petition was answered.

Mrs. Yu, a young Christian woman, was discovered in the home of relatives with whom she had taken refuge.

"Come out of the village at once and be killed!" cried the Boxers.

"Wait until I have combed my hair," said the woman, calmly. After combing her hair and changing her clothing she asked her captors, "Where do you wish to kill me?"

"We are going to kill you west of the village."

Mrs. Yu followed them to a place where five roads met. There they tried to force her to kneel with her face toward the southeast; but she resolutely refused, saying, "I can not worship the false gods whom you reverence." She lifted up her soul in prayer; but the Boxers did not wait until the prayer was ended.

LOYAL SOULS IN MANCHURIA

The six whose heroic faith is recorded here were Presbyterians:

A preacher stood in the midst of his tormentors. His ears were cut off, his eyes were gouged out, and he was asked:

"Do you still believe in Jesus?"

"Yes, I believe in Jesus," he replied.

"This will stop you," said the Boxers, as they cut his lips.

Death was long in coming to the brave soul; but at last he heard heavenly music, he saw a glory beyond that of the sun, his lips praised the Redeemer who had given him the victory.

An old man whose Christian faith had not been considered very strong, was bound by the Boxers. A crowd of spectators begged him not to throw away his life.

"Why should you continue in the Jesus religion? Bend the knee to them, and crave their forgiveness."

"No," he replied, "I can not. The Jesus religion is true. What of my life? The religion which I possess is an everlasting inheritance." Only death cut short his testimony for the God he loved.

A man was brought before the Boxers, and asked whether he was a Roman Catholic or a "Jesus Church" man. At once he began to preach the truth which he believed, and was beheaded for his "impertinence." Twelve other members of his family died with him for their faith, which they would not renounce.

A woman, of whom a missionary speaks as "one of the ablest women I have seen in Manchuria," refused to renounce her faith. She asked time to pray according to the customs of her religion. Kneeling down, she prayed for some time; then she rose and sang the hymn, "At the Gate of Heaven." Even as she sang with all her heart, the executioner's knife fell on her neck, and heaven's gate opened.

It is reported of a mother that, when her son knelt before her to say farewell, she said: "If you have faith, God will take care of us. Do not trouble about me or your children. If you deny your faith, I will no longer recognize you as my son."

Another Christian said to his assailants: "You may not only behead me, but cut my body in fragments.

Every portion, if you should ask it, would answer that it was a Christian."

THREE PRESBYTERIAN HEROES

Tou Wei Ch'eng was a young man of about twenty-four years; a genial, pleasant fellow, but a rather indifferent student. After some years in the Presbyterian school it had been thought best that he should not try to complete the course, and he had accepted an appointment under the American Bible Society as a colporteur. On foot, or on the back of donkey or mule, his saddle-bags full of copies of the Scriptures, Testaments, and portions, he had traveled up and down, back and forth, in the eastern region between Peking and the sea, selling many thousands of the Gospels and other books, and preaching on the market-places the unsearchable riches of Christ. He was in the city of Peking on the 13th of June, that day of bloody slaughter, and in a place of safety. But when the Boxers and soldiers started on their awful nocturnal round, burning, pillaging, massacring, this young man thought at once of the Presbyterian Christians in the northern city who had had no warning, but might yet escape if one should take to them the word of what was taking place. He hastened at the top of his speed across the city, gave the alarm, and snatching up some of the little ones, helped a considerable number of Christians to escape the threatened destruction. Still he was not satisfied. He at once thought of the Christians scattered in twoscore villages to the east of the city, who would certainly be the next object of Boxer attack. Making his way out through one of the gates of the city, he hurried along the roads, thirty, forty, fifty miles from the city, reporting to the

Christians what he had seen in the city and warning all to flee for their lives. Many reached the mountains and hid in caves, or found their way to distant parts until the storm was overpast. Tou Wei Ch'eng, however, as he went on his way, was caught and taken to P'ing Ku Hsien. He was asked if he was a Christian. He replied, "I am," and immediately began to preach Jesus. They beat him over the head, but he continued to preach. They cut out his tongue, but he still mumbled of Jesus. They disemboweled him, but to his last breath he preached Jesus and prayed for his murderers.*

Another boy, Kan T'ang, was brought bound to Ma Fang, but would not recant, saying, "My pastor has taught us never to deny the Master: I can not deny him." He was accordingly taken home, and, with his Christian father and mother, was put to death.

Wei Kung Chin, a Christian north of the city of P'ing Ku, said to his daughter on the day before he died: "Under no circumstances avenge my death. I die for my Lord and Master."

A METHODIST HERO

Tou Lien Ming was a student in the Peking University. One of his teachers writes in her report of the revival in the spring of 1900: "Of all the boys in the Peking University, no one received a greater blessing than Lien Ming. His face never lost the light that came into it at that time, and through the months that followed before school closed he was instant in season and out of season."

Lien Ming was seized by Boxers at his home near Tsun Hua and taken to a temple, where he was re-

* See page 507.

quired to burn incense, and kotow. He refused with great firmness, and the cry arose, "He is an erh mao-tzu! He is an erh mao-tzu!"

"I am not an erh mao-tzu," he said.

"What are you, then?"

The boy lifted his head, and said with slow impressiveness, "I am a Christian, a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ." Then with glowing face he began to tell of the love of God.

"Kill him! kill him!" shrieked the mob, but some objected, "It is not fitting to kill him before the temple. Take him to the Kill-Foreigner Street." So they led him forth to the street which had just received its new and horrible name, and as he walked he still testified to his faith, and entreated them to listen to the voice of the true God. Their swords alone could silence his pleadings with his foes to be reconciled to God.

A METHODIST HEROINE

Mrs. Yang was a delicate, timid woman, living far north of Peking. She fled with her two little girls to relatives in the mountains, but was captured and carried to a temple. Would she renounce her faith and worship the idols? No. Would she marry one of the Boxers and thus save her life? No. They died together, mother and daughters.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM"

Mr. Chiang, sixty-seven years of age, was a member of a little village Church under the care of the London mission in Peking. He sought refuge from the Boxers at the Methodist mission in Peking, where all of the missionaries had gathered; but his heart was restless, for his youngest, best-loved daughter was still

in the country, and he feared for her safety. At last he decided that he must search for her, and, heedless of protestations, he went out into the midst of danger. Before he had reached home a neighbor pointed him out to a party of Boxers as an "erh mao-tzu," and at once he was made a prisoner. "We are about to kill you; have you anything to say?" "No," the old man replied, "but give me a few minutes to pray," and falling on his knees he began, "Father, forgive them." The prayer was never ended, for the cruel knives descended in quick succession on the kneeling figure.

OTHER LONDON MISSION MARTYRS

Dr. Piell relates the following incidents: "Our young Ts'ang Chou preacher was another victim. He was seized in a distant city by men who had heard that he was a preacher of the gospel. This he did not attempt to deny, but stood boldly for his faith. They cut off his ear, and said mockingly, 'Are you still a preacher?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I am. I 'll preach to you if you 'll listen.' But they would not wait for more, and killed him on the spot.

"Another man in Yen Shan, a colporter, also preached boldly to the end, even to the very men who were slashing him with their swords.

"A young and pretty schoolgirl, her mother, and others, were seized by the Boxers. While negotiations were going on for ransoming some members of the family, the mother and daughter got away a little, but were soon noticed and pursued. The mother was speedily overtaken and killed, but the girl got on a bit further before she, too, was overtaken. Facing her pursuers boldly she said, 'You can kill me if you like, but first let me sing and pray.' In this, for some

strange reason, they humored her, and she sang a hymn, which is only recorded in heaven, and then knelt down to pray.

"Our old Yen Shan gatekeeper was another whose death story has been ascertained. The Boxers told him to sing, and let them hear his skill at it. There, with the Boxers, swords in hand, standing round, he started cheerily in his none too tuneful voice—though surely tuneful in heaven's ear—to sing, 'He Leadeth Me.' They applauded, and told him to go ahead again. So he sang, 'Heaven is my Home.' Just think of the wonderful strangeness of it all, the nearness at that moment of the sweetness of heaven and the boundless darkness and cruelty of hell! He sang brightly to the end, and, after a round of applause, they did their worst; but they simply sent him into the presence of his waiting Lord to receive the 'Well done' that would gladden his soul forever."

WITNESSING BEFORE OFFICIALS

From the *Presbyterian Record* we take the following account of a London mission martyr:

"After the allied troops had captured Peking and the city of T'ungchou, a few miles distant, the deserted yamens of the latter place were searched for evidence of Boxer intrigues. A paper discovered among those of the city magistrate gave the official record of the trial of a Mr. Chang. This Christian business man had been seized at Peking, stripped of his clothing, bound with ropes upon a cart, and taken to the yamen in T'ungchou. The rough jolting of the cart had caused the cords to cut into his flesh so that he was already covered with bleeding wounds when brought up for trial. In answer to the questions of his accusers he calmly and plainly stated his faith, explained how

he had first heard the gospel, gradually became convinced of its truth, and finally accepted baptism. Then he said: 'This is my faith. I am ready to die. I am not afraid of death, and I shall not give up my religion.' The court writer wrote out his statement, and Mr. Chang affixed his mark—the impress of his second finger. Then he knelt down and began to pray, and in a few minutes more his spirit had forsaken the mangled body and was with God. With full knowledge that the highest human authority known to him demanded a forsaking of his faith in Jesus Christ, he yet calmly refused, and as calmly accepted the awful penalty."

Dr. Smith, in "China in Convulsion," writes: "At the T'ungchou north gate two boys of thirteen and fourteen years of age were making their escape into the country when the Boxers seized them to question them. These nameless young confessors said boldly, 'We are of the Jesus Church.' When about to be bound they said: 'You need not bind us. We will not try to get away. Every step we take to your altar is one step nearer heaven.' And they soon joined the victors above."

Miss Liu, a girls' schoolteacher, and her widowed mother were seized. All were surprised that she showed no sign of fear. When given her chance either to recant or die, she said: "I can never deny my precious Savior. You can kill me, but you can not compel me to deny Jesus and worship false gods." Her body was hacked to pieces in a shocking manner, and then thrown into a dry well.

Some one had told of a little child who lifted a fearless face to the murderers who were about to cut her down, saying, "Yes, I believe in Jesus."

The faithful unto death! There are many more whose stories men might write; there are thousands

more whose dying words were heard by no sympathetic friend, by no conscience-stricken Boxer. But He for love of whom they died knows all of his loyal servants, and the crown of life has been given them.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!"

CHAPTER VI

THE LIVING WITNESSES

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned: neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

THE STORY OF MISS LI WEN CHENG

[Miss Li was for many years a student in the girls' boarding-school connected with the Presbyterian mission in Peking, where later she did most efficient work as teacher. Late in May, when trouble seemed imminent, she took a five days' journey from Peking to her home in the village of Ho Chien. Ten days after her arrival she heard of the murder of two English missionaries not far away. Two days later came the report that the Christians in the place where the massacre occurred were recanting, and the Christians at Ho Chien, who, with the exception of Miss Li, belonged to the Church of England mission, were urged to follow their example before it was too late. From this point we give a translation, with abridgments, of Miss Li's quaint letter to a teacher:]

Those who wished to recant, as soon as they heard this report, strengthened their resolution to do so. They therefore commissioned men to make peace by arranging for recantation. They also sent money to

the Boxer ruffians. At that time we were still worshiping together, and frequently singing hymns. There was an old man who taught school in our village, and conducted services every Sabbath. Although he knew very well that it was not right to recant, yet because his courage was small he wished to follow the others in recanting. When he was about to follow them, his wife and his fourth son went far away from him. We constantly exhorted him, but he was still terribly afraid. Once he struck himself, saying, "Surely I ought not to love this physical body." Once I prayed with him, and just as we had finished prayer his face exhibited an appearance of increased strength. As he walked along the road he had more energy. He took a solemn resolution that he would not follow those who had recanted. But when he reached his home, his oldest son cried and raged, and would not hear of his not recanting. Then his love for his children and his love for his own life overcame his love for his Savior. After this, those who urged us to recant had still stronger arguments to use. They all said, "Even those who wear the holy clothing have all recanted, have listened to advice; and are you still unchangeable?"

At this time the number of those fleeing from home was very great, and of the female Church members my mother and myself were the only ones left. When in the evening we met together for worship the Church members were not more than five or six, the rest, aside from those who had recanted, having all fled. The outlook at that time was about as bad as it could be. If special comfort had not been granted, it would have been almost unendurable. I must testify that I myself obtained peace beyond expectation, and had in my heart unspeakable joy, because there was in that cup of bitterness much sweetness mingled. Moreover, it seemed

Mrs. Li Penken Miss Li

Mrs. Li Shu Jen

as though the gate of heaven would certainly open for us.

On the 14th or 15th of June came word that, within three days, Pai Shu Ch'un, the great leader of the Boxers, was coming with followers to kill our two families, who refused to recant. At that time many of the refugees were returning home because their relatives and friends had not dared to receive them. When we had heard this threatening word, we did not fear in the least, but determined that the men should flee while the women all gathered in the shed.

Therefore, on the 16th day of the month, I, with my younger brother and sister, prepared graves. They brought kindling, and prepared to arrange it. We were all at the back of the shed. If the Lord wished to receive us back to Paradise, the Boxer ruffians would certainly go to the rear looking for us. If he wished us still to live, then they would not go to the rear to look. In the afternoon, our graves were all satisfactorily prepared, and my sister and I sat inside the graves talking of the happiness of dying for the truth. Our hearts were filled with the light from above, and we felt great joy. We resolved that when the Boxer ruffians started the fire to burn us, we would sing together the hymn, "Where, O Where are the Hebrew Children?"

Just at this time a man of our own clan came to see us. When he saw that we were not afraid, but used the peaceful and cheerful expressions of our faces as a witness, he was amazed and said, "Well, it 's perfectly evident that you 're not afraid." It was not very long before Pai Shu Ch'un came, but he brought no others with him. We all greeted him pleasantly, and prepared food for him, entertaining him as of old, because he was a relative of ours. His appearance was

the personification of pride. A number of men of our village came to see him. Although they were of an older generation, he did not first show respect, but those who went to see him evidently greatly reverenced him. No one dared to dispute anything that he said. Their treatment of him was like the treatment of a divine being. He boasted of the Boxer ruffians' power and wondrous deeds. I requested him to explain clearly the principle of the movement; but he was not able to do so, simply saying that at this time it was not necessary to search for the truth.

I said, "I think we ought still to search for the truth."

He said, "Wait until we have utterly destroyed all the foreigners in China; we will then go and destroy all foreign countries."

I laughed at him, saying, "I am afraid the road is rather long, and will not be very easy to go."

He was not the least bit ashamed, and without a sign of a smile said, "There is no difficulty whatever."

We said, "Since it is your purpose to uphold China by exterminating foreigners, why do you also kill your own countrymen?"

He said: "We have not shown you any enmity. Originally our contention was only with the Roman Catholic Church."

We told him that, even should we die for it, we would not recant.

Although at that time no one disputed with us as to whether that which we believed was true or false, yet we knew very well they did not regard what we believed as true, because at that time the great Lord in whom we believed seemed to be hiding his face and not caring for his holy Church, restraining his hand from saving believers, and allowing the devil to work

his own evil will; and it seemed as if those bitter trials would never have an end. For this reason those who were outside of the Church profoundly believed in the god of the Boxers, and those who were in the Church forgot the Lord in whom they had trusted. This truly was "the power of darkness." Nevertheless, the Lord was still, for his name's sake, bestowing true light upon a few disciples, causing their faith steadily to increase. We were, as it seemed, prisoners condemned to death, but in reality we felt that we were sons and daughters of the King. Men thought that the believers' lives were in the hands of the Boxer ruffians; but in reality man's life and death were long ago determined of God, and no man can change them. Although Pai Shu Ch'un's purpose in coming was to exhort us to recant, yet he did not get to the point of even mentioning it. Moreover, he told us that he would protect us, and not allow Boxers from other places to come and hurt us. As his word was accepted by others, we thought that there would certainly be no trouble, because he had great authority among the Boxers. Our hearts felt very joyful in the thought that we had come to the end of our trial. I said: "We have tasted of that which Abraham felt when he came back from Mount Moriah. Although we have not laid down our lives for the Lord, yet in his sight it is the same thing, because we have certainly been willing to do so."

After two or three days we heard that another leader was not pleased with Pai Shu Ch'un, and if we still would not recant he was determined to come and kill us. Then the stream of those who exhorted us was continuous. My father answered them with very appropriate words, saying: "You think that you come to get us to recant because you love us. In truth, according to the purest reason, you may be reckoned

as more cruel than the Boxers, because they, if they come, can do no more than kill the body, but your coming is to injure our souls." The men of our clan were not at all pleased. My father also said : "If I tell you of the way in which our Savior died for us, you will not understand it, but that the missionaries died for us, you will know. Moreover, at this time the Savior, with these missionaries, is gazing steadfastly at us to see how it will be with us at the end. How can we do this evil deed? If we do it, how can we face them hereafter?"

On the 24th day of June came men to tell us to escape quickly, as men were coming to kill us. Although I did not wish to go out, yet, as they urged us to go, we went into the outside cellar, but still were at peace in our hearts. Even the children were not afraid. Afterward when we heard that the men were not coming to kill us, we came out and went back home. We slept until midnight, when my mother awoke us, saying: "Several tens of men have just come from the south. It must be that they are going to destroy the chapel." We arose and prayed and were comforted in our hearts. Afterward when we learned that they had not come to destroy the chapel, we went to sleep again. The next day, early in the morning, we heard the sound of a gun, and men came saying, "Escape as quickly as you can." Although I did not want to go out, they would not permit me to remain, so we all went. My father went toward the west into uncultivated land. On that occasion I carried my most precious "Daily Light." We had not gone far from the village when I stopped under a little clump of thick trees. I did not wish to go to a distant place. My father kept on toward the west; but I sat down under the trees to read my book, and made up my mind that

I would not lift my head, lest seeing the cruel faces of the Boxer ruffians, I might lose the peace that was in my mind. It was not very long before I heard the sound of footsteps. I thought that surely the Boxers had come, but my heart was still perfectly at peace. It neither throbbed nor was confused, but I did not lift up my head to see who it was. In truth, it was my father, who came to urge me to avoid that place, because several men had seen me hiding there. So I went on to the west, and again found a little clump of trees, and there met my brother Yung Tsai. We two sat there, and each declared the thought that was in his heart, feeling greatly comforted. We looked carefully in the direction of our home to see whether there was smoke or not. We saw no smoke, but there was still the sound of guns. Afterward we heard that the men were not seeking to kill us, but were simply passing our village on the road; so we returned home. As soon as we entered the village, some one purposely asked me where I had been. I answered in the most natural way, "We have been to the west," and looking at the place where the rushes and trees were growing, I said, "That is a beautiful place," and as I spoke I went on. They probably thought that our position was a sad one, or a shameful one, but in fact we counted it as glory which we were not worthy to receive.

That same day, in the evening, some one said again, "They are coming, they are coming; escape quickly!" So we went; but, after all, they were not coming to kill us. With reference to this running away, it was not a matter of any consequence. It was only that, day after day, we heard the words of those who tempted us, which made life hard to endure. Some of them wept as they exhorted us, and some were almost violent as they exhorted us, continually saying, "If you two

families die, how shall we be able to endure it?" There was also one who said to my father: "Older brother, there is no such thing as heaven. You can not go to that place." When my father heard this he was almost beside himself, and said, "If you use this kind of talk to urge us, it is worse than useless." There were also some who said: "You do n't need to spend any money in making offerings. All we ask is that you go once to the temple, and that will end the whole trouble." We said: "If we die for it, we will not recant. We do not fear death at all; the only thing we fear is recanting." When they saw that we absolutely would not heed them, they all went away.

On June 26th it was reported, "They are surely coming to-day;" so we thought we certainly could not live until evening. Nevertheless we all rejoiced and were in good spirits. We gave away to friends and relatives a number of valuable articles. I had always especially loved my watch and my spectacles and all my photographs; but at this time I did not regard them as treasures, and gave them all away. In the afternoon we were told that the Boxers were certainly coming. This news as compared with previous reports seemed certain, so my mother and the rest of them prepared to flee. I said: "I will not go, because every time they destroy a chapel they must kill somebody. If they do n't get a chance to kill anybody they will not be satisfied, because they know that we certainly will not recant, and perhaps if they kill me, one person, they will not be so anxious to kill our whole family, because the people everywhere say that our family's not recanting is my doing." At that time my younger brother Yung Tsai, and my younger sister Ts'un En, were also in the room. As soon as they heard me speak, they both said with one voice, "I am not going either,"

so all the rest went out. We three each took a copy of the Bible, and sat in the door of the room to wait. It was not long before I heard my father calling me from the top of the house. I asked him what he was doing. He said, "You three must go to the shed in the west court." When I thought about it, I concluded that his advice was wise, because there were the graves which we had prepared ten days before; so we three went together. As we were going, we heard the sound of the Boxer ruffians pounding on the gate; so we knew that they really had come. Nevertheless, our hearts were not in the least disturbed or throbbing. We got into the graves and first prayed, because that day the wind was very strong and our mother and the children out in the open field would certainly find it hard to get along. Afterward we talked about how we would act when the wicked men came to kill us. We made up our minds that as soon as they saw us, I should stand up and say as clearly as possible, "I gladly die for my Lord." As soon as I had finished speaking I would lay my head on the wood behind me and wait for the knife. At that time we were perfectly happy, but my little sister did not say a word. Part of the time we read the Bible and part of the time we talked of the truth, almost as if we hoped that they would come quickly, only every time I thought of that sweet rest I felt that I had not yet come to the time when I ought to receive it. The time that we spent there was not short. Then came a female Church member, and said: "The men who have come to destroy the church were not appointed by their leader to come, but came of their own accord in the hope of getting the things in the church. The people of the village, when they saw that the men were not come from the gathering-place of the Boxers, im-

mediately sent word to the Boxer leader, who has now come and cut two of the men with his sword." We had often said: "If we do not recant, when they come to destroy the chapel it may be that they will not kill us; for if the Lord does not want us to die he is able, when they are destroying the church, to cause them to quarrel over something, and have no time to kill us." So now, when we heard this report, we had greater faith than ever in God's marvelous power. Therefore we prayed together, and gave thanks for this great grace.

People again came urging us to recant. This time they were exceedingly urgent, and constantly said: "You do n't need really to give up the truth; only have one man follow us to the temple just once, when we all kotow. You know that it is simply because you will not recant that they are not satisfied, and Pai Shu Ch'un has ordered us to come and plead with you." That day my mother and my aunt became somewhat unsettled in their minds, and wanted to persuade my father and the rest to follow them. When I heard their words I could scarcely keep from crying. They thought that if they should go and neither burn incense nor kotow, it would not mean anything. I said, "If we go one step in that direction, it is just as if we cried with a loud voice, 'From this time I am not a disciple.'" Yung Tsai, Ts'un En, and Jen Tz'u were all of one mind with me; the rest had a different mind. Our two companies became separated in heart. From the beginning of the troubles we had none of us felt very sad; but that evening we all began to cry. Those adults had one heart and we children had another. They were utterly unwilling to follow us four, thinking that our hearts were too stubborn, and we were very unwilling to follow them, because it was evidently not

according to the Scripture. So it was determined that if the people again urged us to kotow, or offer sacrifice, or do anything of the kind, we positively would not follow them, but would only go with them to the temple once. As I was utterly unable to stop them, I, weeping, agreed to this. If the others wished to yield and do a single other thing contrary to the doctrine, we four would go to the chapel to stay, and there await our death. At that time the chapel had not been totally destroyed. So the old people said, "Let it be so; if there is anything further asked, let us be regarded as treating you unfairly." It was just time for evening worship, and we prayed with great earnestness, saying, "If that which we propose to do is a sin which can not be forgiven, we pray the Lord to keep us from doing it by causing those who have been urging us to change their minds." The next day they had, indeed, changed their minds, and required us to kneel in the temple and kotow. My father and the rest of them said, "If you put it in that way, we will not do anything at all." There was not one of our clan who did not get angry. Heretofore there had been those who had knelt before us to implore us to recant, but after this they did not even come to see us.

To our surprise, in the course of two or three days, we heard that my elder brother, with his whole family, was on the way to us. As soon as this word came, all the family were distressed beyond measure, as they knew that there was great danger on the road. That evening we prayed earnestly that if my brother's return home would not be a help to the family, the Lord would not permit him to come. I was thinking in my heart of all that had happened and all the grace that we had received during those more than twenty days, and was very resolute, but I still feared that if

my brother should come, he would change the condition of things at home. So when I was praying alone, I often said, "If my brother's return home will really cause our family to change their determination not to recant, I dearly wish that he may die on the road." My teacher knows how I love my whole family. On July 5th my brother's family reached home. As soon as the people of our clan heard that he had arrived, they all came again, and after this our custom of worshiping three times a day ceased. My father said to me, "You need n't say anything more; as your elder brother wants it, so it shall be." I had said at the beginning to my uncle, "If my brother comes home and wants to recant, we will die together for a witness to the truth." My uncle had agreed to this. I never dreamed that the two families would all follow him in yielding to a fellow clansman's temptation. When it came to this point, I had only one thought, and it was, "How can I get away and leave my home?" Afterwards I hoped that the Boxer ruffians would insist upon the women also going to worship in the temple. In that case, there certainly would be those who would be faithful unto death. The more I thought the more I did not want to leave, because I felt that they were using sinful means to save the lives of the two families. Moreover, at that time, I supposed that all the dear friends whom I knew in Peking were already in heaven enjoying happiness. There were several times when I thought, "Alas! if I seek death for myself, it will be reckoned as sin. If it were not so, I should already have gone to heaven."

There is also another matter which I wish my teacher to know. In December, when the Church members were all gathered together to observe the Sabbath, my older brother conducted the service. This

day was the first time we had not met together for worship. When the whole company was reciting the Confession of Sin, I knew that there were a number who were weeping. My brother compelled himself with difficulty to lead the others in continuing the recitation. Since that time I have felt a little comfort in my heart, because since they have repented in shame of what they did, they will certainly still be able to obtain mercy.

A vagueness will be noted in the last pages of Miss Li's narrative. She could not bear to state plainly, even to her dear teacher, that she and two children, too young to be especially noticed by their Boxer clansman, were the only ones who did not follow the crowd to the temple. Alone the brave girl resisted, not days or weeks, but months of temptation. Not until December did relief come to her. Then a brother made his way to Peking to tell of the dangers which still surrounded her in the remote village, and the difficulty which attended a journey to Peking. At one end of the journey she would be at the mercy of Chinese foes, at the other she might be beset by the foreign soldiers. A missionary friend obtained from Minister Conger a passport for Miss Li, typewritten and stamped with the United States seal. Chinese officials, when they saw this passport, guarded her safely through their territory. Twice during the journey she was obliged to show it to foreign soldiers, who, when they saw the seal of the United States, quickly jumped down from her cart. So about Christmas-time she reached a haven in Peking, and the storms which for seven months had been beating about her were ended.

LI PEN YUAN AND DORCAS

Mr. Li is a bright young man who graduated in May, 1900, from the theological seminary at T'ung-chou. For several years his vacations had been spent in evangelistic work in the Peking mission of the American Board and its outstations. His wife, Dorcas, was one of the best students of the Bridgman School, and those who have seen her sweet, attractive face, and the winsomeness of her tiny two-year-old daughter, will understand better her wonderful deliverances from death. Mr. Li's older brother was a preacher in the Presbyterian mission in Peking, and his sister, who was a Bible-woman, is numbered with the martyrs.

STORY TOLD BY LI PEN YUAN

When the Boxer trouble broke out in June, 1900, I was in charge of the Christians who for several days guarded the property of the American Board in Peking. But I took my wife and little girl to my brother's home. The day I took them over I found my brother moving from his home into rooms belonging to the Presbyterian mission. I exclaimed, "Why do you do this? You are moving into a firehole." He replied, "We can not stay in our home; Boxers are just at the mouth of the alley, and our neighbors keep calling to them, 'There are erh mao-tzu here; come and kill them.'"

On the night of June 13th I was with them at the Presbyterian mission, and we saw flames rising from other missions about three miles south and east of us. The women and children staid in the house; my brother and I, with one or two others, climbed the roof, and soon saw that a fire had been started in the Second Street Presbyterian mission, less than a mile away. "They will soon burn this place," we said. Just as

we were speaking we heard a knock at the gate, and when my brother opened it a student from the Second Street mission cried, "You must run at once; regular soldiers are helping the Boxers." We knew then that there was no hope of repelling an attack with the few weapons in our hands; but my brother was very loath to flee, saying that he preferred to stay and be burned to death in the church. I said to him, "This opportunity to escape has been given to us by God; if this scholar had not brought this message, we should all have perished here." We then all ran out from the mission, and had only gone as far as the Lotus Lake when the chapel was set on fire. Had we delayed five minutes we could not have saved our lives. At the Lotus Lake my brother and I consulted, and decided that it was better to separate, as we would be less noticeable in smaller companies, so I went off with my wife and child. We had no place of refuge, and could only wander from street to street. Later in the night I hid Dorcas and the child in a little alley, and I stood guard at the mouth of the alley. I had said to the child, "Jung En, the Boxers want to kill us, so you must keep very quiet," and she did not make a sound. Just then a company of Boxers came along, and some of them started toward me. Not daring to retreat into the alley where my wife was hidden, I mingled with the crowd on the street, and followed on for a time, then slipping away from them and avoiding the great streets, I went from alley to alley, and at daybreak I went outside the city by the Te Sheng gate. After several hours of wandering outside the city I said to myself: "I must go back into the city and find my wife and child. If I find them, I will try to think of some way to save them; if I can not find them, I do not want to live."

So I went back into the city, to the alley where I had left them. They were not there; but neither did I see any trace of their dead bodies, nor hear any evil tidings about them. So I set out to look for them. I had supposed that the Methodist mission was burned with the others; but, going to that part of the city, I found it still standing. There I found my brother and his family; but he knew nothing of Dorcas and Jung En, nor of our sister and her family.

Again I went out into the city streets; north, east, south, and west I searched for two days. Then, to my great joy, I heard that my wife and child were with other Christians hiding in the Southern City. There I found them, and took them to the Methodist mission.

STORY OF DORCAS

When I saw my husband swept along with the crowd of Boxers, and, after long waiting, he did not return to me, I thought he must be dead. At daylight I asked a passer-by the way to the Presbyterian mission, and he told me to go west. I believed him, and walked in that direction with Jung En. He had sent me directly to the Boxer altar in the palace of the Sixth Prince. I saw the empty space, then a man called out, "Erh mao-tzu, why are you going to our altar?" and immediately he seized and bound me. Another Boxer standing by said, "We have n't our knives with us; let her first suffer a day," so the ropes were loosened and I walked away. As I went north toward the Lotus Lake, an old lady came to her door. I was suffering greatly from thirst, and taking off a ring and giving it to the old lady, I begged her for a drink of water. While I was standing there, a woman passed and screamed out to the old lady, "Why do you

take her to your home? There are Boxers on both sides of us; make her go quickly!" I said, "Don't be anxious; I will not involve you; I will go." Then I went on the street where the Presbyterian mission had stood; it was all in ruins. I rested a few moments by the gate, then asked the way to the American Board mission. Going out into the great street I saw a man selling a drink made of sour plums, and my little girl, who was very thirsty, asked for some. As I had no money, I took off my child's pretty outside garment and offered it to the peddler, but he gave it back, saying kindly, "Put it on your child; I don't want any money."

We walked until noon; then we were so tired that we sat down to rest on a bench in a large gateway. While we were there a great crowd of Boxers approached from the east, and cried out,"This is an erh mao-tzu! cut her down!" Just as they were coming up the steps the owner of the place where I was resting, a very respectable-looking man, came out of his gate, and taking in the situation at a glance, he said: "Teacher-brothers, be slow about moving your hands. This is a neighbor of ours. She has just come back from a temple, and is resting here." Believing his words, the Boxers passed on. Turning to me, the stranger said, "I see that you are a Christian. If you have any relatives, I will escort you to them." I replied, "My relatives and friends are all Christians." He then led us into his home. When his wife heard the story, she was very unwilling to receive the refugees, and the kind-hearted man exclaimed: "Whenever I try to do a good deed, you hinder me. Perhaps there is some reason why grown people should be killed, but would it not be a pity for this little one to be slain by Boxers?" Still his wife insisted, "It won't do; you

must make them go." Then the man said to me, "I will escort you out to the great street; it is all that I can do for you." Before I left, he insisted that I should paint and powder my face, so that I would not be so easily recognized as a Christian.

On the street I wandered hither and thither until we were surrounded by a crowd, reviling us in horrible language. Just then an old man came along and said, "What are you making a fuss about? Scatter!" Then he asked me, kindly, "Where do you want to go?" "To Teng Shih K'ou," I said, naming the street on which the American Board mission stood. He said, "I 'll get a cart to take you there, and pay the fare." He also bought some apricots for Jung En. At Teng Shih K'ou I dismissed the cart and looked around. The mission buildings were all burned; there was no place to go. I went to a police station near by, but they drove me away with rude words. I went to Deacon Wan's home, and neighbors told me that they had fled.

By sunset little Jung En and I had wandered to the Ch'ien Gate, about a mile away, and going through into the Southern City, we sat down again, surrounded by an insulting crowd of men and boys. In this dire extremity, God sent a friend. Soon I heard a cart rumbling by, and a cheery voice said: "Is n't this my third sister? Get into my cart, quick." It was Mr. Chang, a member of our Church, driving his own cart. Once inside the cart I felt safer. Still I had no place to go. So Mr. Chang drove back and forth through the streets all night, trying to keep out of the way of the Boxers. Near morning he drove into the court of a fodder shop, but the cart curtain was dropped, and for a long time no one knew that we were in the cart. When we were compelled to leave, Mr. Chang took

me to a place in the Southern City, where a Christian family had rented a house and were living, unknown to their neighbors. The next day my husband found me there. It was a joyful reunion, after three days of separation.

DEACON HENG

A Peking missionary in the spring of 1901 wrote thus of one who for many years had been a pillar in the Congregational Church:

"Our dear Deacon Heng has returned. Last Wednesday morning, in the midst of a terrible dust-storm, there came a knock at the door, and there stood the blessed man. I said something,—I do n't know what,—and then, with tears running down his cheeks, he lifted his hand to heaven, and said, 'The clouds are passing away; the light is in sight; praise God, you are living.' He came in, and was so overcome that he could not say a word. He was so covered with dust that he looked like a beggar, but he was our true-hearted deacon. He was so disappointed not to see his pastor.

"The night our place was burned he went to the northwest part of the city, near the palace of the Seventh Prince. Later he went to the official board which had charge of his government work. There he was told that he must get away, as the situation was growing more dangerous, and the government was back of the Boxers. He started to leave the city by the An Ting Gate, and found it piled with the dead bodies of Christians, as it was near the Presbyterian missions.

"He then went to the home of an uncle in the city, who is an official. He remained there overnight, and the next day, very early in the morning, his uncle put

on his official robes, gave Deacon Heng an official hat and garment, and rode with him four miles outside the city. As they went through the Ch'i Hua Gate a man pointed him out, calling, 'Here is a Christian.' But just at that time there were no Boxers at the gate, and they hurried through.

"He had a fortune-teller's box, and after his uncle left him he slung it over his shoulder and made his way to Mi Yun Hsien. There he staid a few days, then came back to the city to see if he could get any news of us. The city was surrounded by Boxers, and he could hear the firing. Sick at heart, he went back, and made his way to the old home of his family in Manchuria. He was sick when he reached there, and it was over a month before he recovered. There he staid until he heard that foreign soldiers had captured Peking. But it was cold, and he decided to remain with his relatives until spring. He did not know that he would find any one alive, as he had heard that we were all killed. He was quite overcome as he asked after this one and that one."

Deacon Heng closed his own written account of his return to Peking, thus: "I saw a notice in foreign letters on the gate, came inside, and found myself in the presence of those whom I had thought dead. The Lord has brought me back. I am far from perfect. The Lord has not done teaching me; so he has let me live on, that he may finish his work in me."

"TIENTSIN LI"

The traveler crossing the famous bridge Lu Kou Ch'iao, fourteen miles west of Peking on the great highway, might for several years have noticed a sturdy, kindly-faced old man standing guard over a strange assortment of wares spread out on the broad way lead-

TIENTSIN LI

ing to the bridge. Old pieces of iron or leather, second-hand shoes, dust-goggles, pipes, and other "junk," covered about ten square feet of pavement. Close by was a tiny house of two rooms, which sheltered the old man and his adopted son with his wife and child. If you passed on Sunday, you would see the notice: "This is Sunday, and is kept as a holy day. No business done." All the junk would be gathered into the little house, and the old man might be found sitting there with his Bible, or outside the door explaining to a crowd why he was not doing business that day. Often he would walk the long distance to Peking, that he might meet with others of God's people in the church.

"Tientsin Lo" was forty-seven when the gospel transformed his life. After his baptism in Tientsin, his wife and sons made life in his village home near Tientsin so unbearable that he decided to leave them. The sons were strong, and could support their mother. In parting he said to his wife, "If you become a Christian, come to me or send for me." Christian friends gave him two or three dollars for traveling expenses and to set him up in business, and his junk-stand at the bridge began on a very small scale. After eight or nine years his earnest prayers for his own family were answered in the conversion of his wife. Still he did not close up his business at the bridge; and there he was living in the summer of 1900.

In June he made an effort to escape from the Boxer bands, starting off as an egg-peddler. But he was too well known to travel under this thin disguise. So after a few days he said to his adopted son and his wife who had fled with him: "You are not Christians. I will leave you here, and perhaps you may escape. There 's no use in my trying it; I am too well known

everywhere. I am going back to the bridge among my neighbors." Great was the surprise of the West End village when Li appeared among them; but they said: "We have no Boxer band here; stay and we will protect you. You can't go to Peking, and your house has been torn down already." The bully of the village said: "We have never been special friends, but I know about you and will take care of you. I can do it if you don't show yourself, for we all know that you are a good man."

For several days the bully hid Li in his home; but Boxers from other villages heard of it, and came, demanding that he be surrendered to them. The bully saw that Li could not be concealed, so he called together the leading men of the village, and said, "We must get up a Boxer band at once." "Just as you say," they responded. "All right," he continued, "but our band will be different from the rest. It is formed for the purpose of protecting the Christian Li, and our own village; it is not to burn and kill." So they established an altar, and kept Li in the rooms just behind it. But soon the East End Boxers, who were the real article, heard of it, and came to the West End altar. "Whom are you hunting for?" asked Li's protectors. "For Tientsin Li." "What! that good fellow? Now, look here. You know that man whom you caught last night; he was a genuine blood-smearer, and you let him go scot free. We have found out all about him. Now, you catch him again and settle his affairs, then we 'll talk about this good man Li." So on one pretext after another, with no scruples against lying, Li's "Boxer" friends protected him several days longer. But finally all excuses failed, and they became very sad. Li said: "I 'll leave you; if I

stay you may lose your lives as well as I. I 'll go and die; that does n't matter; a Christian can die." "No," they said, "we are ready to give our lives for you." But soon the leaders came to Li, saying: "It 's no use; we can't save you much longer; but we have arranged it so that you will not be tortured, and you will have a decent burial. When it comes to the last extremity we will give you a signal, and then you take this opium pill. In half an hour, when you are dead asleep, we will bring out your body, smeared with blood, as proof that we have killed you. Then we will buy you a good coffin." "No," he replied. "A Christian is n't afraid to die, but it is a sin to kill one's self. I 'll go out to-night, and wherever I 'm caught, I 'll die. It will not be your fault." "Where will you go? Home? We will give you a certificate that will take you through the camps, giving you food and lodging among the Boxers until you come to places where you are known." At midnight he started on his flight, but had gone only a short distance when he saw a friend named Kuo standing at his front gate. "Are n't you in the Boxer camp?" exclaimed Kuo in surprise. "I was, but I could n't stay longer." "Well, then, hide here; no one comes here." He hid in a room in a back court for nearly a month, but one day when he had come out for a breath of air he was seen and recognized.

Soon a friend from another village came to warn him that the Boxers were coming in a day or two. Then came seventeen days of hiding in cornfields, and the Boxers searched for him in vain. Kuo sometimes took food to him, and through the scorching heat and the drenching rains the old man lay in his lonely hiding-place. During those days many Scripture passages

which he had never understood before came to him full of meaning. "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and other promises, grew doubly precious.

One day, as he lay in the cornfield, he was startled by hearing Kuo's voice calling: "Come out. A great foreign army has come to Peking."

The tables were turned now. Before many days passed the leading men of the East End whence Li's most bitter enemies had come, hunted him up and besought him to devise some means of protecting the place from the ravages of the foreign soldiers. To go to Peking was then considered a most dangerous enterprise, and Li had little hope of accomplishing his mission, for he thought that all of the foreigners whom he knew in Peking had been killed. But he had too much of the spirit of his Master to wish to see his enemies suffer, so he started at once on his mission of intercession. Four of the leading men of the place accompanied him to the gate of Peking, but did not dare to go further. At the gate stood stalwart Sikhs, with their fierce, dark faces and strange turbans. Li's heart beat fast with fear as he walked past them into the war-desolated city. As he walked on through the almost-deserted streets, he saw a cart coming toward him, and as it drew near he recognized the three men in it as fellow Church members. Great was his surprise, for he thought that all Christians in the city had been killed. Soon one of the men leaped down from the cart and grasped Li's hand, while the tears of all fell fast. "What, Li, you alive? You were the one person who could not possibly be saved!" Li asked, "Are there any more Christians alive? Where do you live? Are the missionaries alive?" When his eager questions were answered, he exclaimed, "Great joy!" and his heart overflowed with thankfulness.

He at once went to Dr. Ament with his plea for protection for Lu Kou Ch'iao. Such was the state of disorder that it was more than two weeks before he could get back to the bridge and assure those who feared that he would wreak vengeance upon them that he had no thought of revenge. He found the people in great distress, but with the help of missionaries he succeeded in getting rice for them from Peking. He helped friend and foe alike, and now that days of peace have come, instead of taking up his old business he has turned to work which gives him more opportunity to preach the gospel which he loves,—Bible-selling. He has done great good among the Christians by teaching forgiveness of enemies, both by precept and example, and has himself experienced the Christ-like joy of such forgiveness.

By his consistent and helpful Christian life he has won many believers at Lu Kou Ch'iao, which is now one of the most promising outstations of the American Board mission in Peking.

LI CH'AO KUEI

I was on my way back from the mountains where my wife and two of my children had fled for refuge, and one afternoon I stopped to rest in a village a little over a mile from Fu Ho. A man came up and asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I am just resting."

He looked suspiciously at the little bundle in my hand. "If you are a well-poisoner, we do n't want you around our village."

While he was talking a company of fifty or more Boxers came up. I rose deliberately, took up my bundles and walked off, trying to look unconcerned, and not seem to avoid them.

The leader called out, "Do n't go."

"Why not?" I said, looking surprised.

"You know very well why; you have poisoned any number of people. There 's no use in your running. You 'll be found out and killed wherever you go."

By this time the Boxers had surrounded me, and I heard the ominous words, "Sacrifice him at the altar."

I said: "Sacrifice me at your altar if you will. I am not afraid. But what proof have you that I have poisoned wells?"

Then they searched me, every fold of my girdle, my garters, my stockings, looking for a tiny package of deadly powder. Nothing was found. The leaders talked aside in low tones. Some one exclaimed, "Bind him, and throw him into the river." Several looked as if they longed to carry out the threat, but they must wait for orders from their chief. By this time there were several hundred spectators, among whom were a few men whom I knew; but no one dared to come forward and plead for me. At last the leaders decided to take me to their headquarters at Fu Ho. There at least two hundred Boxers congregated, and a great crowd besides. They tied my hands and queue to a large tree in a cemetery. I felt the cold steel on my neck.

"I will give this body to you," I said, "but not my soul. I am willing to die. But is n't it unjust to kill a man against whom you have proved nothing?"

The Boxers stood perplexed. A leader came forward and struck my forehead four times with the palm of his hand. "There is no cross on his forehead," he said, looking more puzzled than ever. Again they held a parley. A Boxer swaggered up and held his sword to my throat, saying: "We still suspect that you are a well-poisoner. But you 've such a strong, splendid body. What a pity!"

The crowd was full of people who knew me. Just then a man stepped near me, saying: "Is n't this Li Ch'ao Kuei? Why do you want to kill him? I 've known him from childhood—a good, honest fellow. Let him go." The scales were turning in my favor. Soon my bands were loosed. Stepping off a few spaces I turned and made them a low bow, thanking them for sparing my life. As I walked on, I saw the crowd dispersing.

STORY OF YANG TE CH'ENG

I joined my mother and brother at Yao Shang, were they were living hidden away in a little room. It was reported that we were there, and soon the Boxers came to hunt us down. It was about noon. While they were searching the main buildings, we three slipped unseen into a small back court and ran for our lives. No one pursued us. My mother, weary of being hunted from place to place, started with Te Jui toward our Fu Ho home, and I went back to Yao Shang. The Boxers had dispersed, but my relatives there were so terrified that they refused to let me stay. Again I turned toward Fu Ho. When I had gone half way I came suddenly upon a company of Boxers, who immediately caught me by my queue and dragged me along with them. I discovered that they had another prisoner, a ten-year-old boy named Hu, from a village near Fu Ho. They had just killed his mother and burned his home, and they told him that they were taking him to Fu Ho to kill him. I heard them talking about me. "We 'll not kill him here. Take him on to Fu Ho, and decide there what is to be done with him."

I thought there was no hope of living, but no fear came to my heart. As they led me along I prayed,

"Lord, save my life if it be thy will; if not, take my soul to heaven." As we entered Fu Ho we passed a house where a Christian man and woman lived. A Boxer said: "There are some erh mao-tzu here who have n't been killed yet. Let 's bring them out and kill the whole lot together." As they went in they bound us two boys to trees in a temple yard close by, tying our hands and queues behind us to the tree. Soon the Boxers came out with their bloodstained swords. They had not found Mr. Hsü at home, but they left Mrs. Hsü dead in her yard. An immense crowd of Boxers and others, not less than a thousand, gathered about us as we stood tied to the trees. I recognized many familiar faces. A neighbor stepped forward, saying: "You all know this Yang Te Ch'eng. All his life he has lived in our midst, and has n't he been the best kind of a boy? Why do you want to kill him? I 'll go security that he 'll do nothing bad." Several other neighbors made the same promise; my bonds were loosed, and I was free. But my poor little companion remained tied to a tree until eleven o'clock that night, when he joined his martyred mother.

I did not know where my mother and brother were hidden away, but the Boxers found them the next day in the house of a neighbor, near the ruins of our home. Te Jui lay asleep when they entered. The Boxer leader said, "We have let his brother live; we 'd better spare him, too." They said to my mother, "Are you a Christian?" "I am," she replied. Then they dragged her into the yard and killed her. Still Te Jui slept peacefully, not knowing that he was an orphan.

THE T'UNGCHOU POSTMASTER

Mr. Ho, the T'ungchou postmaster, when the trouble became serious in the city, committed his

mother, his wife, and his little girl to the care of his father-in-law, who was not a Christian, and who assured Mr. Ho that they would be safer without his companionship. Mr. Ho himself remained faithful to his public trust until Boxers broke into the post-office and commenced their work of destruction. Then he escaped by a back door to report to his superior in Peking, leaving almost immediately to find a safer refuge far away in Shanghai.

When he left he had little anxiety for his family; but when he heard how Christians were being hunted down in every hiding-place, and months passed without bringing him any tidings of them, despair filled his heart.

Long and weary were the wanderings of mother, wife, and child; for the relatives who first harbored them could not long do it in safety. Once they were actually in the hands of their foes, and more than once God saved them as by a miracle. Then the foreign soldiers came, and other women fled in terror; but the postmaster's pretty wife said, "These are soldiers from Christian lands; I do not fear them." One day, leading her beautiful child by the hand, she walked beside a highway thronged with Sikhs; but they were marching with their British officers, and no one harmed her. Later she knew that, even among soldiers from Christian lands, there were some to fear. Boxers still threatened them, and only one refuge was accessible. This was the village of Chia Chia T'uan, not far from T'ungchou, where a large body of Catholic Christians had for two or three months resisted all the attacks of the Boxers. Here they found a shelter until missionaries in Peking heard that they were there, and in October sent a rescue party to take them to Peking.

Many more weeks passed before they knew that Mr. Ho had escaped to Shanghai. When he heard that they were still living, he heard also that a baby boy was with the other loved ones waiting to welcome him home. Of all the family reunions, perhaps none was happier than this; not one missing, and the new little life added to the circle.

AN INGENIOUS HUSBAND

His wife had been a schoolgirl in the London mission in Peking, but he was not a Christian. How could he save the precious lives of his wife and baby? Finding an unfrequented spot by some ruins, he contrived, with the fallen brick, to build a tiny pen four feet long, four feet broad, and six feet high, which looked like a part of the ruin. After his wife and baby had stolen inside unobserved, he bricked up the hole by which they had entered, leaving only a little aperture through which he could pass food and water. In this dark, close cell where she could not stretch out her weary limbs when she lay down, the suffering woman spent six hot summer weeks. Her husband came by stealth to her hiding-place to bring her food; but often a day passed without a visit, and hunger and thirst were added to the sufferings of mother and child. When the danger was over and again the sunlight fell on the poor baby's face, it was thin and pale, and soon the little life ebbed away. But the mother survived the terrible experience in that prison cell.

ESCAPING BY THE PAYMENT OF FINES

Hundreds, perhaps thousands, escaped slaughter by paying tribute to the Boxers. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." In some cases the ransom demanded was so heavy that Christian families be-

came homeless beggars; but in some regions a smaller sum satisfied the cupidity of the Boxers or officials.

In Manchuria a colporteur named Kang was caught by yamen men who threatened to cut off his head. He said: "Well, if you are going to kill me, I am ready to die. I believe in Jesus, and know what comes after death. But if you spare my life, you can take all the money I have got." In the end he succeeded in redeeming his life by paying only a few dollars. Nothing daunted by this experience, he went around the district exhorting Christians to be faithful to their Lord, and even went so far as to tear down pictures of the kitchen god which some of them had posted up.

In the Hai Ch'eng region, in Manchuria, a deacon named Ts'ai was seized by Boxers and tortured by fire. They threatened him with death if he did not renounce his faith. He counted his faith dearer than his life. He was then taken to the Boxer leader and sentenced to death if he still refused to recant. He was prepared for execution. The sword was raised twice, and still he refused to recant. Then the leading men in his village, none of whom were Christians, came and knelt before the Boxers, promising to pay a fine if his life was spared. His bonds were loosened, and he still lives to witness to the power of God's outstretched arm.

SAVED BY CHINESE OFFICIALS

While many officials showed great zeal in executing the edicts commanding that Christians who would not renounce their faith and leave the foreigners should be put to death, a few had the courage to protect those whom they knew to be loyal, obedient subjects. More than one instance is recorded where an official insisted upon testing the claims of the Boxers that they pos-

sessed supernatural powers, and that their charmed bodies feared neither bullet nor sword. We give the stories of three whose lives were saved by officials.

Thirty miles south of Tientsin, at the Ch'ing Hai station of the American Board, lived the evangelist Chang Yen Kuang with his young bride. The missionaries in Tientsin sent a cart to bring them to a place of greater safety, but it was too late; all the roads were patroled by Boxers. God provided protection in his own way. The highest official in the place knew the young preacher, and honored him. "He is different from the Roman Catholics," he said. "The 'Jesus Church' has never interfered in law suits." So he sent for Mr. Chang to come to his own yamen to live, and sent his young wife to her heathen home in another place. He sealed up the chapel doors with his official seal, and for a time succeeded in keeping the Boxer organization out of the territory controlled by him. But they got the upper hand for a few days, and while they were running riot the official concealed Mr. Chang in an out-of-the-way place in a constable's house. Later he succeeded in capturing two Boxer leaders, and, after killing one and exiling another, he restored quiet in his region. So Mr. Chang lived in peace in the official's yamen until the foreign troops came, when he had an opportunity to return the kindness of his protector by interceding for him with the foreign officers.

Two women and a ten-year-old girl belonging to the English Baptist mission of Tai Chou, Shansi, were hiding in an old graveyard, when they were discovered by the Boxers. A friend rushed to the city and informed the Men Shang. This official, without waiting for his horse, hurried out on foot with his attendants, rescued the women, and arrested the Boxer

leader. He was too late to save the life of the child, who soon died from her injuries.

Dr. Edwards states that the number of Christians killed at Tai Chou would have been much greater had it not been for the energetic action of the Men Shang. Three men were captured by Boxers, and taken to a temple, where the soles of their feet were burned with hot irons to prevent their running away; then they were taken in a cart into the city, where they were to be tried by the Boxer chief. The Men Shang having heard of what was taking place, waited until they were passing the yamen, then he rushed out with three soldiers, rescued the three men, and kept them in the yamen till the trouble was over. At other times he saved the lives of seven Christians, himself undertaking the responsibility, as his chief appears to have been a man without any stamina.

LI PAI'S DELIVERANCES

[The story of Li Pai's devotion to his missionary friends has been given in Chapter III. Below are recorded in his own words, as taken down by Dr. Edwards, four narrow escapes on his journey from Shansi to northern Chihli:]

My destination was not reached till August 25th, and by that time I was very thin and weak. Four times during that journey I had been recognized and came near losing my life. Had it not been for God's mercy, I should not be here to tell the story. The first time I was in danger was on August 7th. When passing through a large village I was recognized by one man as a Christian. He immediately pounced upon me, bound my hands, and told the villagers I was an "erh mao-tzu." He took me to the village temple and beat the big bell, thus calling all the villagers together. He

told them I was a Christian, and ought to be killed. But no one took his side, and some said that whether I was a Christian or not was nothing to them. "Very well," he said, "if nothing to you I will myself take him to Shou Yang, and hand him over to the magistrate." With that he led me outside the village, but suddenly turned around, threw down the rope, and said to me, "Go." I think he was chagrined because no one else sided with him. That same afternoon I was passing through a village and stooped down to drink from a well. Some people saw me and rushed towards me, accusing me of putting poison in the water. Again I was bound, and they took me to the village temple and discussed what should be done to me. Some said, "Bury him alive;" others said, "No, let us take him to the nearest official." At last an old man came along and said, "We don't want to kill anybody here; and if you take the man to the yamen you will have to spend money. Bring him to my house, and we will make him drink water from that well every day, and then we shall know if he has put poison in it." To this they agreed, and he took me to his house, where I staid till the 11th. During this time he treated me very well. He was a talkative old man, and I had many opportunities of explaining to him why the Christians were hated, and in this way I was able to preach to him. When he let me go on the 11th, he gave me a few small loans to help me on my journey. Two days later I was again in great jeopardy; for in the morning I was recognized in a village where I had been some time before selling books. I was again bound and the crowd which gathered on the street discussed how they should kill me. One said, "We have no sword." Others said, "We have our sickles." "That will do," they said, and they were leading me outside the village,

when, to my surprise, they one by one dropped behind, until only the man who had the rope which was round my neck was left. Looking around and finding himself alone with me, he threw down the rope and ran back as fast as he could, while I was allowed to go on in peace.

But my troubles for that day were not over. I remembered that in the neighborhood lived a man whom I had once employed as a shepherd. If I could find him, I thought he would be willing to aid me. I found him that afternoon; but, to my dismay, as soon as he saw me he called out to his fellow-villagers, "The erh mao-tzu has come." He then told them that I had led many foreigners into Shansi who had killed many Chinese. They bound my hands behind me, and after a time tied me up by my thumbs to a beam, and kept me there all that night, while they discussed whether they should kill me. In the morning another old man again pleaded my cause, and suggested that they should let me go. To this they agreed if I would write a paper guaranteeing that none in the village should die because of my visit! I said that, as I could not guarantee my own life, much less could I guarantee theirs. They then said I must leave them my name and the name of my village. At once I agreed to this, and they then let me go.

STRANGE ESCAPE OF A TEACHER

The teacher Tu Chü Hui of the American Board mission lived with his wife at a village near the city of Ch'ing Yuan, in Shansi. The Roman Catholics are strong in this region. At a village on the mountain-side four miles from the city they have a large monastery that can accommodate two hundred students. There live three or four European priests of the Fran-

ciscan order. Mr. Tu had several times been threatened by his neighbors; but he refused to flee for his life, saying to his wife, "We will remain here and die together if it is the Lord's will."

The Boxers came in force to attack the Catholic place; some estimated that there were more than three thousand. The Catholics had armed their three hundred converts, and in their stronghold were attacked on three occasions, repelling the attacks with great slaughter.

Just before one of these attacks was made, Mr. Tu's neighbors had seized and bound him in order to conduct him to the Boxer camp, fearing the consequences if the Boxers should come to their village to take him themselves.

They had approached to within a short distance of the camp when suddenly there began one of the battles between the Boxers and the Roman Catholics. The neighbors were so frightened that they left Mr. Tu and fled. He returned to his home unharmed, and as the Boxers were badly defeated in this last engagement, they were discouraged, and hearing soon after of the advance of foreign soldiers toward Shansi, they disbanded and scattered to their homes.

Among the wonderful deliverances of that summer, none proved God's loving watch-care more beautifully than those of Ti-to, given in Chapter IX, and Chang Wen Ts'ui, given in Chapter XI.

"Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near."

CHAPTER VII

MARTYR DAYS IN PEKING AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY

"Hereunto were ye called; because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that ye should follow his steps."

In the following chapters narratives are grouped according to locality, in order to give a more historic and vivid picture of the times. It will be noted that there are few details given concerning those who suffered martyrdom in Peking. In the great city hundreds were cut down by Boxers who knew simply that they were Christians, and in the mobs of onlookers there were none who had known them, whose hearts were touched by their death, who remembered and told their story in after days.

DEACON WAN AND HIS FAMILY

Late in the day, June 13th, I went on an errand to Legation Street; then to the Methodist mission, to see Dr. Ament. He urged me to stay there, but I said, "My family are still outside, and I must return to them at once, for I know not what may befall them." When I came out from the mission, I met thirty or more Boxers, who were burning and killing. Several times they brandished their knives over my head in a murderous manner, and I had a most narrow escape.

Meanwhile my wife was in great trouble. About eight in the evening she saw smoke rising south of

our home, then heard rifle-shots and a mob crying, "Kill! kill!" and knew that Boxers were attacking the missions. A neighbor in the court said to her, "I think there is trouble ahead, and fear your entire family will be killed." My wife thought that she ought not to leave before I returned, but a friend said, "You go first; when your husband comes we can tell him where you have gone." So she fled with her children to the stables of the Lien family; but as they would not let her stay, she went home again, and going upstairs, sat down while the children crowded weeping around her. They thought that I had been killed, and kept sobbing, "Give me back my papa!" Their mother said, "Do n't cry; we shall soon see your father;" but her thought was that they would all sit together in that room until the Boxers came to cut them down, then their souls would go to meet their father. The air was dense with smoke, for all of the missions were burning. A neighbor ran in saying, "Your husband has come." Hardly daring to believe the good news, my wife came down, and found me waiting in a dark corner outside the court. Clasping the baby in my arms, I led my family into the court of a Christian neighbor, named Ta, as it was more retired there.

Meanwhile the flames burst up from Teng Shih K'ou, and smoke and sparks blew into our court. There was a great uproar. Several times there was a knock on the gate, and voices would call out, "Erh mao-tzu, run quickly; the Boxers are coming to kill you." The heavens were blood-red from the fires all over the city, and there was not a star to be seen. I climbed to the roof of a temple, and my wife stood just below, while I whispered down to her what I saw. Three times I saw the Boxers go to the home from which we had escaped. As the flames did their work,

I heard the church bell fall with a great crash, while the mob set up a howl of delight. Then a man went by, calling out: "If there are any followers of the foreign devils about, they had better escape at once. A house-to-house search is to be made by the Boxers before midnight." I said to my wife: "There is little hope of escape, but we will try. Don't let the children make a bit of noise. I will carry them one by one to the roof here, where we will be screened from the light of the fire by the overhanging trees; then we can talk and plan." As I took the youngest child in my arms I said: "Little one, don't cry. I am afraid some one will hear, and come and kill us." "Yes," she murmured softly, and that whole long night not a loud sound came from the little lips. I had piled benches against the wall, and by their aid my wife and the older children climbed onto the high, steep roof. My wife says that it seemed as if some one was lifting her up. Then we clambered over the roofs of three adjoining houses, fearing all the time that the barking of the dogs would betray us, and by clinging to a tree we let ourselves down to the ground, all bruised and torn. We hid in a tiny vacant room back of the temple. Toward morning the owner, a man named Chang, discovered that we were there, and ordered us to leave at once. "There is to be a house-to-house search all through the city; if we shelter you, we shall be killed too." Our children knelt down and begged them to shelter us; but Mr. Chang said, "It is the will of heaven to exterminate you." The daughter of the family wept in sympathy for our sorrows, and gave the children a little food. My wife borrowed a needle and thread to sew up some of the rents in our garments; then we walked out into the streets, I going in front with the baby in my arms.

As we walked through the streets we saw Mrs.

Wan, the deacon's wife, with her four children. She asked, "Where are you going?" We answered, "We have no place to go. Where are you going?" "I have no fixed place in mind." We then turned east, and she and her children went north.

[NOTE.—Nothing more is known of the fate of this family of Deacon Wan, the barber, but it is reported that they were killed at one of the west gates of Peking. The wife was frail, and when she parted from the Wans she knew that there was nothing for her and her little ones but to await death on the streets. Mrs. Wan said: "Her face was beautiful when I left her, so calm and quiet in the early light of the morning; it seemed as if she and her little ones were already in heaven."]

We soon met over a hundred Manchu soldiers armed with foreign rifles, with fixed bayonets, who shouted loudly as they went, "Kill the foreign devils! Burn the foreign buildings!"

One of the soldiers pointed his bayonet at us, and said, "These are erh mao-tzu; let us kill them." Another expostulated: "Don't do it. Haven't the parents and children suffered enough already? Let them pass."

All along the way, people kept reviling us bitterly. We went to the door of a friend, not a Christian, but he would not let us in. Then we went to the home of a cousin. His wife burst into tears when she saw us, and said: "You need not go elsewhere. My husband went out early this morning to try to find you." While we were eating, my cousin came in, overjoyed to find us. He said, "I went to the home to look for you, but the neighbors did not tell the truth; they said you had all been killed."

Very soon the neighbors called my cousin's wife out and said, "You must not keep those people here; wherever they are, flames will burst up." She said: "This is not true. If there is fire, and your houses are burned, my husband will repay your loss." But they were determined that we should go; so I hired a cart, which took us outside the city; then we walked to a cemetery. As we passed along we heard people saying, "The missions are all burned, the Christians are all killed," and my wife and children burst out crying. While we were staying in the cemetery, some men came and peered at us through cracks in the wall. This frightened us, for we thought surely they were coming to kill us; but soon they went away. Leaving my family in the cemetery, I went to acquaintances named Hsieh, about a mile away, and great was my relief when they consented that we take refuge there. I had hardly returned with my family when some one rushed in, crying, "The Boxers are following to search for you." We hid in some haysheds in the very back of the court, where the children and I, completely exhausted, immediately fell asleep, but my wife was too sad to sleep. Suddenly in a dream I saw one who came and said: "Don't be afraid. The Methodist mission and the North Cathedral have not been burned. So let your hearts be at peace. Do not heed the talk of others." This was repeated three times. So our hearts were comforted and we rejoiced.

The villagers were consulting about asking the T'ungchou Boxers to come to their place, and in the night hours we were forced to leave this shelter. When we were passing through a village a man standing on a roof called out, "Who are you?" "Travelers," I replied. "Travelers! going in the night!" he exclaimed. "You must be blood-smearers or poison-

scatterers." He then screamed out, "Here are blood-smearers, poison-scatterers, six of them; come quick!"

All the dogs in the village were roused by his shouts. Fleeing again through the country, we met several egg-peddlers, but they refused to sell to us until my wife besought them for the sake of the children to sell us a few eggs, and one man took pity on them. We hoped to find some family that would let us cook these eggs, and so went to the home of a cousin. She refused to take us in, saying, "It won't do! it won't do! Go at once. Boxers are just back of our house. If they come, they 'll not only kill you, but burn our house. Go quick!

She seized our little child in her arms—for we were too weak to carry it—and hurried with us away from the village. After she went back, an old man working in a garden took pity on us, and brought us water to drink. We stumbled on very slowly, for our feet were all blistered, and my oldest daughter had lost her shoes. Then we came to a large cemetery, connected with which were many houses. Finding the keeper I entreated him, saying, "We are very tired and weak, and can walk no further. Please let us stay here a day or two." He looked very unwilling, but finally let us go into a little back court, and told the servants that they must not let it be known outside that we were there. They brought us black rice to eat, and sent a man into Peking to bring word of what was happening there, also to learn what day the master of the cemetery, who was a Boxer, would send his gardener out to cut flowers. They feared that the gardener would come and find us there. The messenger reported that there were few Boxers in the city, as they had gone into the country to enlist more Boxers and also said that the Methodist mission, the

cathedral, and the legations had not yet been destroyed. The keeper urged us to leave at once. We pleaded that we were so weak that we could not stand on our feet, but he would not consent to our staying.

I called my oldest boy, and said to him, "Peter, if the Boxers come now to kill you, if you say that you are a believer in Jesus, they will kill you. If you say that you are not a believer they will not kill you. Do you dare to say that you believe in Jesus?" "Papa, don't be troubled," Peter said, "I shall certainly say that I believe in Jesus." My little Paul and my daughter Wen P'ing gave the same answer. My heart was greatly moved when I thought that such dear children as these must be killed by wicked men.

Again the keeper came, urging us to go, and I started out, saying to my family, "If the Boxers come, I 'll have them kill you first and me last of all; then I shall know that you are safe in heaven." None of my children feared to die, so my heart was greatly comforted. Just as we were leaving, a cart drove up, and the keeper said to the driver, "Carter, I have some relatives who fled from the city because of the confusion there. Now they want to go back. I 'll give you four strings of cash if you 'll take them in your cart." The man consented, and drove us in through the Chi Hua Gate. We saw that Boxers were guarding the gate, and feared it would not be easy to enter; but several other carts went in at the same time, and though the Boxers pointed their spears at us, they did not stop the carts. We went first to a house which I owned in the city, but the tenants would not let us in. As we drove from street to street my wife saw that I was in the depths of despair, and said, in a whisper, "God has let us come all this way, and we have not met Boxers. We must not seek death; perhaps it is his will

that we should live." Then we went toward the Methodist mission, meeting two children, who said. "Do n't go south; the foreign devils have barricaded the streets there, and let no one pass. If you go on, they will kill you."

Soon we were at the gate of the mission, and some one recognized us and let us in. The children jumped for joy, saying, "This is almost as nice as getting to heaven." And when the Christian brothers and sisters came clustering around us with sympathy and comfort, I felt like Christian when he went into the House Beautiful.

Mrs. Wan's story closes with the words, "During the siege our dear baby girl died, and heaven seems very near to us now."

TA WEN FU

[The following is the story of a little boy nine years old, the only survivor of a family of eight. Their home was close by the American Board mission. The mother was one of the early students in the Bridgman School, and for several years taught "The Emily Ament Memorial School."]

When the Boxers burned the American Board mission our family all fled together. Seeing a band of Manchu soldiers, we hid in a flour-shop, and from our shelter we could see the soldiers thrusting some one through with their bayonets. Then we went on toward the nearest gate of the city, but it was guarded by soldiers and Boxers, and they looked so threatening that we turned back. Some one told us of a little room in an alley where he thought we might go, and we wandered around hunting for it, but did not find it. Then mother and my thirteen-year-old brother went toward

Ta Wen Fu and His Cousin Kung Ming Te

the south, and in the crowds I got separated from the others, and lost my way. About three o'clock in the afternoon I made my way home, and found my oldest brother and three sisters there. All of our things had been stolen, and all of our neighbors had left the court except one old lady, who took pity on us and gave us some food. Soon my father came in. In coming he passed the palace of a Mongol prince close by, where many Boxers lived, and twenty or thirty of them followed right behind him, crying, "Kill the erh mao-tzu!" They rushed into our house and seized my father by his queue. Another caught my oldest brother, and kept asking him questions, but my brother did n't say a word. My fifteen-year-old sister took my little sister in her arms. Then the Boxers with swords in their hands drove us all out into the alley. There was quite a rabble there, and as the Boxers passed by, all knelt down. I knelt down among them, and the Boxers did n't notice me. So I was separated from the others, who were dragged on toward the great street, only a few yards away. I followed behind and heard my oldest sister say, "Do kill us with just one sword thrust." I stood with the crowd, and saw the Boxers, with their terrible swords and spears, form a circle about the people they were going to kill. There were many other children standing with the spectators. Some Boxers looked toward me, but a man standing by me, said, "This boy is n't one of them." They turned to kill my father, and some one gave me a push, saying, "Run!" I ran back up the alley, then off through the streets. I did n't know where I was going; I just seemed to see Boxers and dreadful swords, and ran until I was tired. Then it grew dark, and I wandered back into our alley, sobbing with grief and fear. Some one gave me a little money, and told me to run away, and buy

something to eat. The soldiers and Boxers had all gone away from the mission, and the houses were all burned down. I didn't find any Christians, so I thought the Boxers had killed them all.

I don't remember how many days I lived on the streets. One night I slept among some great bamboo poles stacked up on the side of the street; another night I crawled into a little pocket between some houses. Just as soon as I would drop to sleep I would dream such terrible dreams. Sometimes it was Manchu soldiers chasing me, sometimes it was Boxers hanging over me. Then I would wake up crying, and lie with my eyes wide open a long time, so lonely and afraid; yet I didn't want to go to sleep, because I knew those terrible dreams would come again. Several times, those days, kind people pitied me, and gave me a drink or something to eat. Several times I went back to the place where we had lived, but my loved ones were all gone. I thought I might find my mother and brother hiding somewhere, but I think they must have been killed.

I can't remember those days very well now; but finally a man, whose name I don't know, said he wanted me, and he took me to the little house where he lived. There was an old man living there with him. They gave me something to eat, and let me sleep there. The young man had a stand on a street not far away, where he sold tea and cakes. He told me to go there with him; but the older man called out, "Don't take that child with you into the street; he's a Jesus Church boy." "No, he isn't," said my friend, very angry. The next day the old man made the same objection; but he was answered so fiercely that he never again said anything about my being a Christian.

I can't tell how many weeks I staid with these two

men. I was so frightened all the time, for the Boxers had killed hundreds of people, and they kept going around hunting for Christians. Some of them, armed with swords, came into our little house one day. My friend made me kneel down beside him while they were searching, and they did n't know that I was a Christian. I was so afraid nights that I kept waking up, and I could n't eat much. We could hear the sound of cannon and rifles, and heard all sorts of stories about fighting the foreigners at the legations.

Then came a day when every one looked frightened and kept saying, "The foreign soldiers are coming." My friend said that we must flee at once to his home in the country. So we started out, and as I was too weak to go fast, he carried me. As we were turning down a street some one called out, "There are foreign soldiers down there," so we ran in another direction. We walked a long time, then we crossed a wide river on a ferry. Then we walked another day, and crossed another river. I think it was the fourth day when we came to the village where the man lived. We staid there several days. I had never been in the country before. I do n't remember just when it was that we started back for Peking.

One day, soon after we got back, as I was standing at the door of the little house where my friend lived, a man called to me. It was Meng Erh, who had been a servant at the mission for a great many years. He took me to that Mongol prince's place where the Boxers who killed my people had staid. I found Dr. Ament and some other missionaries there. I saw Dr. Ament give the man who had taken care of me so many weeks some money. After a day or two I was taken to another mission not far away, where my mother's two brothers were living. I did not know these uncles very well,

for they had always lived in T'ungchou before. They told me that no trace could be found of any other members of my family. They asked me a great many questions; but my head ached so, and felt so confused, that I could n't answer them.

I had begun to have bad dreams again, not only of Boxers and soldiers, but of wild beasts and indescribable, strange shapes. I did n't want to go to sleep because these awful dreams always came, yet I felt so very, very tired. My head was dizzy, and felt so hot when I put my hand on it. My three-year-old cousin and his baby brother laughed and played, but I only wanted to get in a quiet corner somewhere. Then came many days that I do n't remember about at all, except that I kept having these dreams, and was so afraid in the dark. They told me afterwards that I had been very sick with fever, and they did not think I would get well. That was many weeks ago. Now I am well again, and the bad dreams do n't come any more. I go to school three hours every day, then have good times playing with my little cousins.

THE YIN FAMILY

[The following narrative from "Life and Light," written by Miss Nellie Russell, gives the experience of a Christian family living near the American Board mission:]

June 13th, just at dark, they heard people on the street calling out, "Kill them! kill! kill!" A neighbor who was on guard told them that the Boxers were within a few yards of the church, and said, "Run fast for your lives." Five families, all Christians, ran out on the back street. Of the five, only this one escaped. Mr. and Mrs. Yin and their three little children made

Ta Wen Fu

(The largest of the three children—the others are his two uncles and their families.)

their way to her sister's on Eighth Street. There they spent the night; before light they got up and went out the Tung Chih Gate. As they went through the gate Mr. Yin was caught, and in the confusion the mother escaped with the children and made her way to the home of another sister living three miles from the city. When she reached there her sister said that she could not keep her, as they had neighbors who were Boxers, and she must leave at once. She said she must rest a while, as she was very tired.

Just as she was about to leave, Mr. Yin came in. The Boxers, who were only a few in number, had asked him if he was a Christian. "Yes," he said, "I am." He had a gun, given him by Dr. Ament; and by giving them that, all his money, and part of his clothing, he persuaded them to let him go. They took him out to a crossroad and told him to go east, and they would go west. This they did, and he joined his family. After eating, they all started out together, and went to another village near by, where there was a bamboo marsh. They hid there for a time; then, seeing people searching in the marsh some distance from them, they got up and went on. They had gone only a few steps when they saw a company of Boxers coming, so they again hid. After a time they made their way out, and about dark reached the Chi Hua Gate. They passed Mr. Kao's house, which was all in flames, and saw his books, as well as those belonging to the little school, scattered all over the street. Then they made their way to the home of Mrs. Yin's brother. It was dark when they reached there.

Some of the neighbors saw them, and said, "The Boxers are going to search every house to-night, and if any Christian is found he will be killed." Mr. Yin said, "Friends, if the Boxers come you need not be

afraid; they will only touch us; we will see that no one else is harmed." The night was quiet, however, and they all managed to get a little much-needed rest. Again they were up before light, and went north to a cemetery. There they hid till noon. They had eaten nothing that day. About noon they were seen by two women, who said, "There are some followers of the devils." Hearing this, they got up and made their way toward the city gate. Mr. Yin was a little in advance, carrying the second little girl. Mrs. Yin was carrying the youngest, and holding the hand of Ruth, then ten years old. She looked around and saw two men following them. They called out to her, and she, instead of running on after her husband, waited for them.

They said, "You are a Christian."

"How do you know?" was her reply.

"The mark of the cross is on your forehead, and you must go with me."

"I can not go with you; I must go on after my husband." They seized her and took her to a street near the Pien Gate, her two children following. There they were joined by forty or fifty Boxers.

They asked, "Who told you to scatter medicine all over the streets to deceive people?"

She said, "I have not done that."

"How many people have you killed?"

"I am a woman, how could I kill any one?"

They searched her to find medicine, then took the ashes from the incense and sprinkled on her face. The leader seized his knife, and laying it on her neck, was about to kill her, when some one called out, "Let her go; she has done no harm." After some talking back and forth, she was unbound, but had gone only a few steps when she was again seized. They made her kneel down and bound her arms behind her back. She heard

some one say, "Let her go; her heart is hard." Again she felt the knife at the back of her neck. "But I was not afraid; my heart was quiet," she says when she tells her story. At last they let her go, and she moved away; slowly this time, for she was faint from hunger, and she felt that the Lord had cared for her and would still do so. Back over the ground she went, and hid in the bamboo marsh. All day she had not a mouthful of food. She saw an old woman, mother of one of the Methodist Church members, begging for a drink of water; but instead of getting it she was seized and carried off to a Boxer camp. Mrs. Yin asked for water, but was refused. She met a man, and told him who she was. He was kind, and gave her a little money, and said he would help her get to her sister. People who knew him tried to have him give her up to the Boxers, but he said, "No; she is a good woman." It was dark when she reached her sister's. When the latter saw her she cried out, "I can not save you." She, however, gave her some tea and cake. At last, after much talking, she said that as long as Mr. Yin was not with them, they would let them stay all night. They had a sweet-potato cave out in the field near their house, and decided to put it in order and hide them there. While clearing it out the next day, and getting it ready, a message was sent them by some neighbor, telling them that the Boxers knew of the cave and would search it that night, also their home. It was nearly dark then, but Mrs. Yin and her two little girls started out and again hid in the bamboo swamp. It was cold and so dark. The children slept. Mrs. Yin put some of her clothing over them and crouched near, keeping watch all night long. For hours a man walked around the swamp with his dog, which barked most of the time.

Before it was light she made her way to the An Ting Gate, and from there across the city to the P'ing Tzu Gate. There she saw the Boxers seize three men, and she hid back of a small temple. At last she noticed that she was being followed. She heard people as she went along say, "She is a follower; let 's give her to the Boxers;" others said, "Never mind what she is; let us attend to our own business." That night she hid in a corner of the city wall. Two small millet cakes were all she and the children had eaten that day. The next morning she went back to the An Ting Gate, and sat till noon on the steps of a coffin shop. "Do n't go east; the Boxers are there, killing every one they see and suspect." She went out into a field, found a vacant house, and as it was raining crouched down in a corner, cold, wet, and hungry. She did not sleep, but the children did. She thought that her foreign friends were all killed, that her husband was in the hands of the Boxers, and that it was but a question of a day or two for them. In the early morning she said to her little girl, "We will go and see if they are all killed." They had prayers,—the little girl praying she might find her father that day. They made their way by back streets to their old home, and saw the place in ruins, and people stealing the bricks. Some one asked her where she was going, and she replied that she was going to the Methodist mission. She saw the soldiers kill a man, and hurried on, hearing people say, "There goes a Christian." Going into the police station near the mission, she was told that all the foreigners and Christians there had been killed. She went out, and, while debating what to do next, saw an ice-man turn down the street near the mission. She asked him where he was going, and he said, "To take ice to the foreigners." She followed him, and soon was in the Methodist

mission, after five weary days of wandering. To her great joy she found there her husband and little girl.

At the time when Mrs. Yin was taken by the Boxers, her husband saw a band coming toward him, and with his little girl in his arms, he jumped over a wall into a court, ran across this, jumped a second wall, and found himself in a small street. He made his way across the city toward the British Legation. They had outposts, and he got near to one, and tried to talk with the British marine. He saw the child in Mr. Yin's arms, and thought he must be a Christian, so he kept him with him all night, and the next morning took him to the Methodist mission.

This little girl with him was five years old, and though for a day and a night she did not have anything to eat, she never cried out once, even when her father jumped the two walls with her. When he reached the mission he was put on night duty, and until the mother came the child would not leave him. Even in a pouring rain she insisted on going with him to his post. Theirs was a happy reunion, the only one of the four families to reach safety. Safety, I say; the others, too, are safe—so safe in the keeping of the One who loved them and for whom they died.

TEACHER KUO

[Mr. Kuo is a man about forty years of age, a literary graduate of the first degree, the assistant of Drs. Wherry and Whiting of the Presbyterian mission, a preacher of no inconsiderable power, and an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Peking.]

In the early days of June, when the power of the Boxers began to increase in the province of Chihli, and they were tearing up the railroad, destroying the

telegraph, killing the Christians, and burning churches, and the Church members were fleeing in every direction, I frequently spoke with my brethren of persecution as approaching, urging that we make early preparation. We also often gathered for prayer, that our faith might be strengthened to enable us to persevere in our trust in the Lord. On the 13th, perceiving that there were many Boxers going to and fro in the capital, and that the officials were doing nothing to restrain them, I felt sure that disastrous disturbances were at hand, so I discussed with the brethren of our own compound the plan of moving into the church. If the Lord willed to save our lives, then we would escape injury; if he willed to take our souls to himself, we could die together in the church. All the brethren approved the plan; so, taking advantage of the evening, five families of us moved to the First Presbyterian Church, and were all, with the women and children, in one building. The men climbed to the roofs to watch. As the night wore on, we saw fires, beginning at the south, and one after another kindling toward the north. We saw that the Second Street Presbyterian Church had been fired, and on the street were crowds, shouting that the Boxers were exterminating the Christians. I said to my brethren, "Our time has come; we ought to be praying." So we climbed down from the roof, and gathered for prayer, our chief petition being that the Lord's will might be done. When we had finished, we debated what we should do. "We have no place to which we can flee at night. Let us stay here. If the Boxers come, we will die together." But there were one or two who did not agree, so they set out in flight. There were still ten or more of us who made up our minds not to go. Suddenly Tou Wei Ch'eng knocked at the gate. Entering, he said: "The Second Church is al-

ready burned, and many Church members have been killed. The Boxers are coming. You must flee at once. If you hide in some small lane, you can escape them." I at once urged the brethren to a hasty flight. As we went out of the gate, we separated into two companies, one going west, my daughter with them, while I, with a few others, coming out last, came up on the rear of the Boxers, and went east. We had not gone a thousand feet before the church was ablaze, and soon the street chapel (on another street) also blazed up. We made for a little lane, sometimes going slowly, sometimes stopping for a time, sometimes hiding by the bank of the river. As morning approached, I dispersed our company each to seek relatives and friends. I, with my wife and little son and Mr. Tou, left the city, planning to go to the homes of Church members east of the city about forty miles. . . . As we went out of the city I first asked Mr. Tou to go ahead with my wife and child, and wait for us at Tung Pa, eight miles from the city, while I went back and forth in my search, seeing great numbers of dead bodies, but not finding my daughter among them. While I was moving about, I heard a man say that in a certain place, a young girl had been dragged by the Boxers to one of their altars. The description of the place and of the girl's age, appearance, and clothing, corresponded very closely with those of my daughter. So I concluded that if it was indeed so, I would commit my daughter to the Lord. I therefore hastened out of the city toward Tung Pa. Arriving there, I found my little boy crying in the middle of the inn. Fortunately, the landlord was a good man, and said to me, "There are two altars in this village, and the Boxers are very numerous." He seemed to know that we were Christians, and to fear lest we might be in-

jured. He urged us to hasten on, and hired three donkeys for us. So we went on, and about sundown lodged at Sha Wu, in an inn. Alas! this village also had a Boxer altar, and in the inn was a Boxer, the second son of the village teacher, with a pale face and piercing eyes. From the time we entered the inn he had nothing to say, but his eyes never left us. Mr. Tou's look of fear and his color showed him clearly that we were Christians. There were besides him in the inn seven or eight people, probably one family. They were all talking wicked words. There was nothing for us to do except to commit ourselves to the Lord. When it was time to retire, we, with the others, lay down in the same room. About midnight my wife saw five men standing in front of the brick bed on which we were sleeping, and thought they were about to kill us. She awoke Mr. Tou and me. We had not opened our mouths to speak, when one of the men said, "You go to sleep and we 'll talk about it in the morning." I said, "All right." After they had gone to sleep, Mr. Tou said in a low voice to me, "Let us flee." I said, "You can flee, for you are in your full strength, and are alone. Among us are the weak and the small; we can not escape by flight; we will go to our Lord." Mr. Tou accordingly very quietly opened the door and ran. The men in the inn awoke, and pursued, but did not overtake him. Returning, they closed the door and said to me, "Who ran?" I said, "My friend has gone." They asked, "Are you going to run away?" I said, "We certainly shall not run, but will let you do what you will to-morrow." He said, "Good." When they had gone to sleep again, I made preparations for my wife and child, and we committed ourselves to God, silently praying that the Lord's will might be done. Suddenly that Boxer made a movement, and with a ter-

rible voice reviled us, saying, "I am certainly going to kill you. I am going to the altar for my sword." He leaped out of the door and ran. With my arm about my little boy, and shoulder to shoulder with my wife, I sat, simply awaiting the time of his return to kill us. Suddenly my wife began to entreat the old man of the inn, saying: "We are all good people; how can you bear to see him kill us? If you will have pity on us, let us escape for our lives." The old man said, "All right," so we fled. We had not gone far from the village before we heard the voices of many shouting in pursuit. Fortunately, we ran to the south, while they pursued toward the north and failed to catch us.

We fled until daylight, and were about to enter T'ungchou, with the purpose of hiring a boat and returning to our old home in Shantung, when we met a peddler carrying a load out of the city. I asked him if there were any boats at T'ungchou. He said: "Yes, but the Boxers have forbidden any of them to leave. Do not on any consideration go near there, as you value your life, for the Boxers are very numerous; the soldiers are also frightfully cruel, and great numbers have been killed." When I heard these words, I led my wife and son back toward the west. The farther we went, the hotter it grew, and we were very thirsty. We considered where we should go. We could not go home, and dared not return to Peking. We would not be allowed to seek friends. So we were in fear and sadness almost to despair, and thought that the Lord had forsaken us. Yet I urged my wife to continue to trust the Lord, and chose out important doctrines to instruct and exhort her.

We had gone about three miles when a large crowd ran out of a village and surrounded us, accusing us of scattering poison and smearing blood to injure peo-

ple. With one voice they shouted that they would burn us to death. As they would not permit us to make answer, we could only await death. Suddenly one of them said: "He is a scholar, and probably has not done these harmful things. If he goes on, he must pass through the village of Lou Tzu, where there is an altar, on which they have already killed two. If he is an evildoer, they will surely burn him; he can not pass through that village." Having heard this, they let us go. When we had reached Lou Tzu we met a man named Chang, with whom I was not acquainted. When we entered into conversation, I found that he was from the same neighborhood as myself, but the family had lived in this place for two generations He took us in, and found for us a little hut in a vacant field in which to live. Twice that night did men come looking for us, saying that we were evildoers. Once we were saved by a local scholar, and once by Mr. Chang. I could not help thinking how many times we had been saved since we were on the roof of the church that night. Every time we were just about to die, but had not died. This made it very evident that the Lord was with us, and had not forsaken us. I was greatly comforted, my heart grew stronger, and I thanked God.

The next day I arose early, and discussed with my wife a plan for them to remain where they were, while I went to the city to make inquiries for my daughter, and also to look up the Church members. At this time my wife's heart also was courageous, and she was very willing to remain with the child in the little hut in the wilderness, and await my return. I promised to be back in two days. If I did not come in that time it would be because I had been killed, and the mother and child must arrange some plan for getting back to

the old home. My wife said, "If harm comes to you, we will not live either." I said: "You must not on any account kill yourselves; that is breaking God's law. No matter what happens, you must obey God's will." After I had exhorted her several times, I started for Peking, passing many altars on the road without being questioned. By the time I reached the city, some of the brethren had been killed, and the rest had fled, so that there was no place to go. That night I slept at the foot of the city wall. Across the moat were many groups of Boxers, firing crackers and shouting; yet I did not greatly fear. At daybreak, when they opened the city gate, I entered with the crowd, and learned for the first time that the Methodist church was still standing. I rushed for the church, and found many of the brethren together there, and my daughter also among them. Sorrow and joy struggled for mastery, for my daughter on that awful night, after we lost each other, had wandered on the street, and was dragged by the Boxers to their altar. When they questioned her, she spoke the truth, saying: "My father and my little brother are Church members. I have not been baptized; but I also believe in the Lord." The Boxers were about to kill her, when certain neighbors with whom she had slight acquaintance, being fortunately present, came near to the altar and pleaded for my daughter. The Boxers therefore released her, and some one took her to my former residence. There were many men and women, old and young, who came, reviling her. Fortunately, that Sunday a Christian named Lin, who had lived in the same court with us and fled with us that night, separating from us next day, having gone to the home of relatives by whom he was not received, had returned to his old abode and was with my daughter. He thought to himself, "If we stay

here it is likely that we shall escape harm?" So he took my daughter with him and went to the Methodist mission.

When I saw my daughter she cried so hard that she could not speak. I spoke a few words of comfort, then hastily made my way back to Lou Tzu village for my wife and child. In two or three places I saw heaps of ashes where men had been burned, and passed Boxer altars, but no one questioned me. The next day we hired a cart and entered the city. On the road we met five or six hundred Boxers marching in ranks. When they saw us, they all stopped and looked at us. We were about three hundred feet from each other on two roads. I at once thought that they would surely kill us, so I silently prayed to the Lord. Suddenly beside the road a number of farmers shouted out, "Go on," and the Boxers went on. When we reached the city we left the cart and went on foot. The street showed evidences of the great disturbance; but no one questioned us. We arrived safely at the Methodist mission, our family was reunited, and we had also the company of all the brethren. On the third day thereafter we moved with all the rest to Legation Street, where all were protected by God himslf, and were not overcome by the attacks of soldiers and Boxers, until at last the Lord used the soldiers of foreign countries to scatter our enemies, and we were released from the grievous siege and saved from the murderous intent of our enemies. If we consider simply our one family, how great was the Lord's mercy, and how marvelous! It is beyond men's imagination. Whenever we came to the extreme peril, there was a man to speak a word for us and release us. This was all the plan of God to save us from the hands of our enemies. I never can forget the Lord's mercy.

TS'UI YUEH

[Ts'ui Yueh, a young man about twenty-two years of age, had been for some years a student in the Presbyterian Boys' School. On graduation, he was compelled to forego his coveted college course on account of the necessity of supporting his mother, rendered almost helpless by a paralytic shock. For three years previous to the outbreak he had been assistant teacher in the Boys' School.]

In the afternoon of June 13th I heard that the Boxers were about to burn all the churches in Peking. Shortly after six o'clock I set out with my mother to flee from Second Street. We left everything behind us, except a revolver in my belt to protect us from the Boxers. We fled to First Street, to the house of a Church member, hoping to remain there until morning, and then plan a way of escape. I had not thought of his being a turncoat; but he pushed my mother and myself out of the house and fastened the door. We left First Street and went to the west, where a friend of mine had a shop. Mother and I found his shop, but he also drove us out. Again we went toward the west with heavy hearts and weeping, until we came to the district magistrate's yamen, the front door of which was not bolted. I told my mother to sit there while I went to find a hiding-place. Back and forth I wandered for half an hour, but could find no place, so I returned to the yamen to find my mother gone. In front of the gate were a few soldiers on guard. Fearing that my mother had been killed, my heart was inexpressibly sad. The soldiers, perceiving that I was a Christian, pursued me with swords and other weapons. My mother had herself found a small place and

hidden. When the soldiers pursued me, I screamed and cried out, and my mother heard me. She came out to me, and my pursuers, though they overtook me, yet did nothing. By this time it was about ten in the evening. Again my mother and I went in a westwardly direction. At daybreak we reached the Te Sheng Gate, having endured unspeakable shame and persecution. Here in the early morning, we hired a cart and rode to the south of the four memorial arches in the Eastern City, to the home of a relative, because I had heard a report that the Methodist mission had already been burned. Leaving my mother, I went to see whether the report was true. Finding all safe there, I returned to the house of my relatives for my mother. Fearing harm to themselves from her presence, they had already sent her away on a cart to the North City. I went on in search of her, and after a long time found her body beside the road near the An Ting Gate, her head hacked almost to pieces with a sword. I could do nothing for her, neither bury her, nor even touch her body, nor manifest any recognition, or my body would soon have lain in a similar position. With a heart almost breaking, I hastened back to the Methodist mission, whence I went with others to the legations.

[This young man rendered faithful service in the erection of the fortifications, and later assisted at the mill in the preparation of flour. He has, since the siege, left lucrative employment with the Japanese, that he might teach and preach the gospel.]

PASTOR T'ENG AND FAMILY

BY REV. C. H. FENN

Mr. T'eng Ying was a quiet, unobtrusive man, never thrusting himself forward, yet of a very dignified personality, and a very lovable spirit. Though not rapid in his movements or address, he commanded respectful attention. For a Chinese, he was a great reader, and above the average in ability to digest what he read, and to quote liberally and to edification. He possessed a good vein of quiet humor, and thoroughly enjoyed a good story. His language was always of the choicest, and his literary style clear and forcible. I well remember how glad I felt whenever Pastor T'eng preached during my first months in Peking. Even from the beginning I always caught something from his preaching, as he was so moderate in his speed and so simple in his language that even the new missionary, in his first struggles with the language, could go home after service encouraged to feel that he had really understood some of the sermon. Half in my own interest and half in theirs, I undertook to give Mr. and Mrs. T'eng some English lessons during that first year in Peking, and highly appreciative were they of those efforts on their behalf. They were bright pupils, and made good progress. Mr. T'eng was very faithful in his attendance on the street chapel, and did not content himself with a mere perfunctory performance of his duty of preaching to the heathen, but sought to provide himself, by reading and thinking, with new and fresh thought to attract and stimulate attention and inquiry. In this way many were drawn into the domestic chapel to learn more of the truth; and in personal dealing with them Pastor T'eng had the advantage of the missionary in a more intimate acquaintance with

the Confucian and Buddhist point of view. In social gatherings of the Church he was always easy in his bearing, and ready with a good story for amusement or instruction. He was gentle almost to a fault.

Mrs. T'eng was fully her husband's equal in every respect, and he appreciated the fact that he possessed a treasure in her. Bright, keen, witty, a woman of immense energy and intellectual power, she represented the possibilities of attainment for Chinese womanhood better than any other person whom I ever met. She saw to the bottom of things, and grasped their bearing upon life and character with remarkable quickness and clearness. The mother of five children and the mother-in-law of another trained in the T'eng home for some years, she had reason to be proud of them all, especially as the daughter-in-law had to overcome an unfortunate heredity. Mrs. T'eng, who still a thorough Chinese, had yet assimilated much of the refinement of the foreign ladies with whom she was associated, until she had almost a foreigner's perception of the "fitness of things." Few could excel her in her capacity for accomplishment. She could sit or stand braiding the hair of one child, while at the same time she listened to three children reciting different memoriter lessons at the same time, never failing to detect the mistakes of any of them. Her children were well brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. As native head of the Girls' Boarding-school, she commanded the general respect and affection of the pupils, and the complete confidence of the missionary in charge, who was on terms of intimate friendship with her. As pastor's wife, she found time for much helpful visitation, not only in the homes of pupils, but in many others. In the prayer-meeting she not infrequently took part, and always to edification.

Pastor Teng and his Wife Ruth (Seaka) and Their Five Children: Hannah, Mary, John, Peter, and James

[illegible] Peking [illegible] the middle of June

Of the children of the family, the eldest, John, at nineteen years of age, though he had not completed his course in the Methodist college, was yet acting as an assistant professor in the Imperial University, while his wife assisted in our Girls' Boarding-school, where the oldest daughter, Hannah, had also taken a position as teacher. Two younger boys, James and Peter, were among the most promising pupils in the Boys' Boarding-school, while the youngest daughter, Mary, after much careful training in the home, had entered the school to prepare herself for usefulness.

Nothing definite has ever been learned of the manner of the death of this family, except that the entire family was murdered in a temple in Peking. There is nothing, at least in the experience of the native Church, which impresses us as more absolutely inscrutable than the strange providence which permitted the slaughter of this entire family by the Boxers.

A BRAVE BOY

He was the son of one of the Presbyterian pastors, and but twelve years of age, a bright boy, trained by a rarely-judicious and lovely Christian mother, to whom her husband owed his conversion and his call to the ministry. On the night of the awful massacres the family became scattered in the darkness and Wen I, with his father and a younger sister, wandered across the city to the home of a heathen cousin, four or five miles away. This cousin was by no means cordial in his welcome, and when Mr. Wang asked him to shelter these two children for a while, until he could find a place of safety for them, the cousin said it was impossible. If the Boxers should come along and enter the house, they would ask him if he was a Christian. Being answered in the negative, they would ask

him if there were any Christians in his house. If he should say, "No," they would ask each one individually, and the little boy would tell the truth. "Then," said the cousin, "they will kill him and his sister, and will also kill me and my family for harboring Christians and trying to conceal them." But the father pleaded so hard that the cousin finally yielded, urging, however, the utmost haste.

The father hastened forth on his perilous errand, and as soon as he was gone the cousin turned to the little boy and said, "Now, if the Boxers come along, don't you dare to say that you are a Christian!"

The little boy replied, "I shall not dare to say anything else, for the Bible tells me that I must not deny my Savior."

"Well, don't say anything about it, then. Just take a stick of incense and let it burn in front of the image, and the Boxers will go away."

"The Bible says that we must not worship idols. I can not do it."

"Well, if you can not do that much to help those who are trying to save you, out you go!" And he drove him out on the street and shut the door.

There was no place to go; there was nothing to do but pray; and pray he did. After a time his cousin opened the door and asked him if he was ready, but was met by the statement that he never would be ready. Again, after some time, he asked the question. The boy replied: "You may kill me yourself if you like, but I never will say that I am not a Christian, or burn the incense." The cousin was so moved by the boy's fidelity that he took him in and kept him until he was taken to his father by a messenger; and he was saved in the Methodist mission, and afterwards in the British Legation.

ADOPTED BY OFFICERS

The marvelous way in which the two sons of Mr. Chung, of the Presbyterian mission in Peking, were saved, reminds one of the half-fabulous annals of old Roman days. K'ao En (Trust in God's Grace) was ten years old, and Kan En (Thanks for God's Grace) was eight years old. Mr. Chung, whose home was in Shantung, had graduated from the Presbyterian college at Teng Chou Fu, and had also received the first degree in the civil examinations. For a time he was Professor of Mathematics in the Imperial University in Peking. Then the Reactionaries came into power, the Boxers killed and burned on the streets of Peking, and Mr. Chung and his family fled from their home in the Second Street Presbyterian mission just before flames devoured it. Separating for greater safety, Mr. Chung's father took his two grandsons to the home of a friendly neighbor in a grain-shop. Mr. Chung concealed his wife, baby, and two daughters in a small vegetable-shop, and then went in search of the boys and their grandfather, but failed to get any trace of them. Half distracted, he rushed back to the vegetable-shop, only to find that his wife and children had been driven out into the streets by the frightened proprietor. Were all of his loved ones in the hands of the Boxers? The night was spent in anxious search and perilous wanderings. About ten o'clock the next morning, a man noticed his careworn face, and asked, "Are you looking for a woman with a baby?" Then he directed his steps to a place near the ruins of his home, where he found his loved ones. The helpless ones had been protected by Chinese soldiers. After a day or two he succeeded in hiring a cart, which took them to the Methodist mission. Day after day he went out to

search amid scenes of carnage for the missing members of his family, but not until after the siege of Peking did he know of their fate.

Grandfather Chung heard in the grain-shop that his married daughter, Mrs. Wang, had been separated from her husband and sons that terrible night, and that, with a daughter and daughter-in-law, she had fled outside the An Ting Gate, and was hiding in a cave-like shelter in a ravine by the Temple of Earth. Every day for a week he visited them, taking food to them. Then came a day when he did not return, and the two little boys in the grain-shop knew that he had been killed by the terrible Boxers.

Such careful search was being made for the boys that they were given some money and sent out to join their aunt. After they had spent a few days in the little cave, Mrs. Wang, knowing that they could not long remain concealed from the Boxers, told some friendly soldiers that if they would care for them they might adopt them. Very soon after this, Mrs. Wang and her daughters were slain, but the soldiers had taken the boys into the camp of General Sun.

In this camp lived Captain Li, who had received imperial orders to exterminate the "foreign devils" and their followers. But God willed that he should be his instrument for saving the bright, manly Christian boys. They won his heart, and he decided to adopt them as his sons. But he was not permitted to keep them both. His superior officer, Colonel Lo, took a fancy to them and demanded that one be given to him; so, very reluctantly, Captain Li parted with the younger one. The Boxers, learning where the boys were, made several desperate attempts to capture them, but were driven back by the soldiers with the loss of a number of the Boxer men.

Early in the summer Captan Li was relieved from duty because of a serious wound, and went into Peking to live at a temple only a few hundred rods from the old site of the Presbyterian mission. K'ao En lived with the captain's wife not far away, and many a time when he went, guarded by soldiers, to visit his adopted father, he rode past the ruins of his old home.

The 13th of August came, and the allies were near the gates of the Capital. Captain Li took K'ao En with his family, and lodged that night at a temple outside the city. August 14th, famous for the relief of Peking, they traveled slowly toward the southwest. Early the next morning the empress dowager, emperor, empress, and heir apparent fled from Peking. They took the same route followed by Captain Li, but traveled faster, and so overtook him. K'ao En had a good view of the imperial train, and saw the heir apparent get down from his cart and drink from a roadside well.

Colonel Lo was in Peking with General Sun when the allies arrived, and he fought with the Japanese east of the city. Then General Sun retreated toward Pao Ting Fu. Several days before starting, however, Colonel Lo had sent Kan En, with a guard and a tutor, to go ahead to Pao Ting Fu. Learning that his older brother was in the city with Captain Li, the lad slipped away, and the lonely brothers had a happy reunion. But their joy was short-lived. When Colonel Lo arrived he made a careful search for Kan En, and, though he tried to hide away, he was soon back in the colonel's tent.

A few days later K'ao En was on his way to Shantung with Captain Li, and Kan En was journeying across the mountains into Shansi. Months passed. Whether dwelling in inns or in tents, the little lad had all that money could buy to make him happy. Two

private tutors gave him daily lessons, five hundred soldiers obeyed his commands, the longing for home and dear ones grew less painful. Later Colonel Lo marched eastward to Chi Nan Fu, the capital of Shantung, and camped only four miles distant from Captain Li. The two little captives were again near together, though far from home.

In March, K'ao En, having learned that his father was still living, persuaded Captain Li to write to him. The delivery of the letter was remarkable. The postal system was in confusion, the address on the letter was vague. The messenger searched widely for Mr. Chung, but was about to abandon further search when he happened to ask a stranger if he knew a Mr. Chung. This stranger was Mr. Chung's nephew. It is an interesting coincidence that Mr. Chung, who, by sending letters in all directions, had obtained a clue to the whereabouts of his boys, and who was grieved that they were away from all Christian influences, had asked prayers for them at a meeting only the night before.

The letter gave hope that the boys might be secured if sent for. Almost wild with joy, Mr. Chung started out on the long journey. Prince Su sent a telegram and two soldiers. Li Hung Chang gave his protection, and the missionaries gave him a letter to help him on his way. Mr. Chung found Captain Li friendly and willing to restore to him his son, but Colonel Lo was at first altogether unwilling. When Mr. Chung called on Colonel Lo, he had to pass right by Kan En, who was under the careful surveillance of his teachers. Neither father nor son spoke a word. When Colonel Lo found that Mr. Chung was the little captive's own father, he reluctantly consented to part with the child, and sent him to General Sun's headquarters to be given into the care of the anxious father.

Prince Su and Attendants

General Sun said, "I fought several battles with the Boxers for these boys, and Prince T'uan himself called me pro-foreign because I would not give them up."

Mr. Chung gave a feast to Colonel Lo, Captain Li, and other Chi Nan Fu friends, to show his gratitude for the preservation of his beloved sons; then he started with them for Peking. What words can describe the joy of the reunited family?

In Peking, another feast was spread by the happy father, and among the guests were Prince Su, Governor Hu, Dr. Martin, and a number of missionaries.

Four Christian Alliance Martyrs

BY MISS ANNIE H. GOWANS

CH'OU TZU

Ch'ou Tzu means "a stench, putrid, disreputable!" Rather a strange name to choose for a baby girl, is it not? Her parents' idea was to try and deceive the gods into thinking that their baby girl was not loved and not wanted. If the gods could be made to believe that, then she might be spared to them perhaps, and not taken away in infancy as other children had been taken.

Despite her unlovely name, Ch'ou Tzu grew to be a very winsome little girl. When she was about seven years old she was somehow attracted to the mission day-school, and, once enrolled, she never changed in her love for the school and teacher. Her mother implored her not to go near those terrible foreigners; but the missionaries had no terror whatever for the child. By and by she coaxed the frightened mother to come and see for herself what was the charm that so attracted her child. Some years after both were baptized on the same day, and what a changed woman Mrs. Li was! From a haughy, proud woman who could brook no sug-

gestion of reproof, she became a gentle, peaceable follower of Christ. Truly "a little child shall lead them." One Sunday afternoon, when the children were gathering within the yard, there came a hasty, impetuous knock at the door. When it was opened Ch'ou Tzu burst in saying, "O, pray! pray quick! I want to fight." Some one prayed with her at once. The child, the flashing light entirely gone from the bright black eyes, said, "Now, I do not wish to fight; the desire has all gone." On one of our regular prayer-meeting days she found, on her arrival, that very few women had cared to attend. "Why, where are the people?" she asked. "I 'll go and bring some in," and very soon she appeared with quite a string of women behind her. "Where did you find so many people?" we asked her afterwards. "O, I just went out and asked them how they could dream of buying and sewing, or, in fact, doing anything else, when anything so important as a gospel meeting was being held." On June 6, 1900, our last meeting at Ch'i Shou Wei was held. It was the day we left the mission premises. Despite the disturbed state of the neighborhood, the women gathered as they were wont to do for the midweek prayer-meeting. The subject was the fourteenth chapter of John: "In my Father's house are many mansions." "Let not your heart be troubled." What a precious meeting it was, but how few of us realized that almost all of that little company would be called to those heavenly mansions ere we met again! "Please," said our little girl friend, "might we sing 'God be with you till we meet again; till we meet at Jesus' feet?' " Was it prophetic? When we went to look up the family after the siege, there was no trace of father, mother, brothers, or Ch'ou Tzu. "All moved away," said the neighbors, which we knew only too well meant "All massacred by the Boxers."

TEACHER CHIN

We first heard of him through our old gatekeeper, who, although he did not always do his work perfectly, was never happier than when speaking about the Savior. Consequently, many men were drawn to the gatehouse to hear him talk, and later to the little outside chapel. He reported that there were four fortune-tellers who were attending regularly every night. A few weeks later two had gone back, not being able to stand the ostracism consequent upon a confession of Christ; another was going to try to make a living by selling medicines; and the last, Mr. Chin, had sent his books and whatever he possessed relating to fortune-telling, to the mission to be burned. Live or die, he said, he could not go on with that business. Unreservedly he yielded himself up to God, and, in spite of great persecution from every member of his family, father, brothers, and wife, he held true to his new treasure. For a time life was very hard, as his means of livelihood had been taken away, but, being a versatile and well-educated man, he managed to keep the wolf from the door. Instead of grumbling over his changed fortunes, he professed to be glad to have the opportunity of suffering for Jesus' sake. After some time a teacher of the Chinese language was needed at the mission, and just as a substitute for a few days Mr. Chin was called in. He proved so efficient in this line; so capable of making a new student understand; so interested in his pupil's progress, that we soon found him invaluable. In reading the Bible he often pointed out some passage that had been especially helpful to him. Once when the portion was the fourth chapter of Acts, in speaking of the persecution of the early Church, he said: "The gospel is like a great stream;

if one could succeed in building a dam to stop its course, it would still flow on in another direction. The gospel must be published all over the world, and every attempt to hinder it will only make it prosper."

His parting message to us, when he called at the American Legation to say farewell, was Exodus xxiii, 20: "Behold I send an angel before thee, to keep thee by the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared." When the siege of Peking was over, and some one went to make inquiries about our Chinese friends, who had believed themselves safer outside, we found in Mr. Chin's home a sorrowing wife, father, and brothers, who told us with tears how the Boxers had come to their home and compelled their loved one to strangle himself. We had had great hope before that he might become an evangelist; but if the Lord had something better for him we can say, "Thy will be done."

A BIBLE WOMAN

Mrs. Sung's change of heart was most manifest from the time when she made public confession of her sins. Her great grief was over the way she had treated her mother. For years she had not seen her, and now, when her conscience was aroused, and she set out from home to find her and to make what reparation lay in her power, it was only to find that it was too late. Being convicted of sin in regard to her want of deferential respect to her husband, she awoke him in the night, and in great contrition asked his forgiveness for frequently reviling him. He, a poor man, quite overcome by such an overture on the part of his better half, said, "Do not be troubled; as long as you do not revile the neighbors, it does not matter about me." From this time her progress was most rapid, her sin-

cerity unquestioned, and the year 1900 found her installed as a Bible woman, going from house to house amongst her own people, trying to win them to Christ. Patient with others, punctual, willing to follow any suggestion, she proved a valuable helper. Once, when holding a meeting with a missionary in one of the women's houses, a great altercation was heard in the court outside. It became evident that the presence of the foreigner was the cause of the trouble, and a man was with difficulty held from entering the room, stone and knife in hand. The foreigner went quietly away; but Mrs. Sung staid, and when afterwards asked why she had done so, her answer was, "I could not have him think we were afraid." True to her conviction to the last, her head was severed from her body in her own courtyard because she would not give up her faith in the meek and lowly Jesus.

OLD MRS. KAO

What a loving soul she was! If you felt tired and discouraged, her loving heart and bright faith inspired you afresh, and made you ashamed of your lack of brightness. From childhood up her lot had been hard. As second wife of a Shantung petty official, there had been for her no peace in her husband's family, and when she first came to the mission she made her living by selling spectacles and making shoe-soles. Very quickly her heart responded to her Savior's love-call, and after her conversion it seemed as if she never could do enough for those who had been sent with the good news. She chose her seat in meetings where she could fan the speaker, without being in the least obtrusive. She invariably gave the largest collections, sometimes as much as she could earn in two days. We have known of her sharing her scanty bedding with

some one still poorer when she had not enough money to pay for a room of her own. Friends she had, who although not rich in this world's goods, would gladly allow her to sleep in their homes, and then, as she had not a quiet spot in which to pray, she would slip out at daybreak, and, watching for the first quiet gateway, would keep her "morning watch" with the Lord. A few days before the siege of Peking began she told us that she was repeatedly threatened by the heathen, who told her that her days were numbered. "I have no fear," she told them; "you can not hurt my soul." Her body was found in the city streets, after the siege, work in hand. Faithful in little, she was also faithful unto death, and it is delightful to think of that dear old soul wearing the crown of life which the Lord has promised.

A FEW LONDON MISSION CHRISTIANS

One of the London mission Church members, a man named Sung, was asked by a member of the American Board mission if he could fly with him and hide in the Northern Hills. Sung replied, "The Lord is able to keep me safe here in the city, if it be his will that I should live, therefore I would rather remain in Peking." He did, and a few days later he was caught by a party of Boxers. They cut his throat in a most brutal manner, and left him for dead by the side of the road. His mother and brother, who were not Christians, found him, and carried him outside the Ch'ien Gate. Here they erected a little mat shed, and, placing him in it, gradually nursed him back to life. But before the deep wound in his throat had healed, the Boxers, like cruel bloodhounds, were again on his track. He implored his mother and brother to flee while there was yet time. He said, "You are not Christians; why

perish with me?" But as they refused to go, he decided to die himself, and thus leave them free to escape. They approved of his decision, and purchased three kinds of poisons, all of which he took without any serious effects. The Boxers, by this time, had arrived at the little hill; so, with an imploring look to his mother to flee, he, with a large knife, inflicted a fearful wound on his throat. Thus the Boxers found him, apparently bleeding to death, and carried him to Prince Chuang's palace, where so many Christians were sentenced to death. There they decided that he was as good as dead already, so they simply threw his body out onto a heap of stones by the roadside. He lay there insensible till midnight, when he recovered consciousness, and found the old and new wounds had ceased bleeding. As he lay and looked up at the quiet stars softly shining in the deep-blue summer sky, he suddenly felt strong enough to raise himself and crawl away to a little hiding-place he thought of outside one of the city gates. Here he remained till the allies entered Peking. To his great joy he was discovered by a European soldier, to whom he said the only English word he knew, "Boxer," pointing at the same time to his wounds. The soldier was very kind, and assisted him into the city. Here he found friends, who nursed him until he had quite recovered his usual health. He has lately married a very nice young wife, who loves him all the more for the hideous scars on his throat, the indelible witness of the terrible sufferings which he endured because he was a Christian.

One of the London Mission Endeavorers wandered about homeless and penniless for more than a month. He at last took refuge in a little cave at the Northern Hills, and thoroughly weakened by famine and overfatigue, lay down to die. An old man pass-

ing the cave looked in, and remarking his pitiable condition, spoke kindly to him, and at last shared with him the only food he possessed, a little millet. The young man subsisted on this raw food for a few days, then he heard that the troops had arrived in Peking. He hastened back to the city and implored help to go and rescue one of the American Board schoolgirls, who was a prisoner in the hands of the Boxers, and was to be sold for immoral purposes. Some American soldiers were given, and he returned with them as guide. When he got to the Boxers' house he rushed inside, and appearing at a window he was mistaken by one of the soldiers for a Boxer, and shot. In the confusion nothing was done, apparently, to ascertain whether he was dead or alive, and the troops left without recovering his body. It has since been learned that he was only severely wounded, and being found in a fainting condition by his enemies, after the troops left, he was cruelly murdered, his head being stuck up on a high joist near the house. But the schoolgirl was rescued and delivered over to her friends. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A Christian named Wen, his wife, daughter, and another young Christian woman and her baby, were all seized and taken before Prince Chuang (brother of Prince Tuan, and one of the leading Boxer princes in Peking). The baby was a very engaging child, and the mother's life was spared for its sake. A servant of an official of high rank who was present at the trial, swore that Mr. Wen was not a Christian, but a respectable carter, whom his master knew. This evidence, given in good faith, was accepted, and the whole party was liberated. As they left that part of the city, Wen, who was on ahead, was again seized

by another party of Boxers, but the rest of the party managed to escape, and, finding a hiding-place with true friends in the country, remained there until traced by Mr. Wen after the allies came to Peking. Mr. Wen's head was shaved, he was loaded with chains, and in this sad plight he was lead about from village to village by his captors, who stated that he was an "erh mao-tzu," and that they were taking him to Peking to be killed, but lacked the necessary funds. While a collection was being taken, he was hooted at and jeered at by the crowd, and when a sufficient fund had been levied the "show" moved on to the next village. When the news reached the country district that the troops had come, his jailers all took to their heels. Mr. Wen followed their example, and also ran away as fast as he could, but in the opposite direction, and he hardly ceased running till he reached Peking.

THE KING'S SERVANTS AND HOW THEY MET HIM

BY MISS NELLIE N. RUSSELL

Ten years ago Mr. Hsieh, a Mohammedan, first made his appearance at the North Church of the American Board in Peking. He was about forty-five years old, tall and large, of fine, courtly appearance, with all the manners of the grave, Oriental gentleman of the old school. Not long after his first coming, he brought his wife. She was small, quick, and talkative. Both were much interested in the new truth, and after a few months they asked to be taken into the Church. He was well educated, and she at once expressed a desire to learn to read.

It was very evident that this husband and wife were deeply attached to each other. Three children had come for a time to cheer their home. One by one they were called away, and only they two were left to

grow old together. They were Manchus, and so had a monthly stipend from the emperor. The little service that was asked of him in return took but a small portion of his time; so nearly every day found him at our chapel, first as a seeker and listener; then, as time went on, he came to be the right hand of the pastor, and gave many hours to preaching in the street chapel. Every one respected and loved him. His little wife was most ambitious, and worked hard in learning to read and sing. She was ever ready to go and call on a new family, and to speak to her neighbors and friends. Theirs was a happy home, for love for each other and for their heavenly Father filled their hearts.

Several years passed; then sickness came, and that spring when Boxers were drilling in Peking, Mrs. Hsieh, near the end of her long illness, during which she had been tenderly nursed by her husband, knew that soon she would meet her Lord. Her Bible and hymn-book were her constant companions. People who went there always found her reading or singing to herself; and when the Bible-woman or foreign friends went, she would send out and have all the neighbors in her court come in to hear about Jesus.

A few days before she died the writer visited her, and the memory of that bright face and the confidence of her near entrance to her new home will ever be an inspiration. She said in speaking of her husband, "I tell him not to mourn; we shall not be separated long." Ah! did she, with her clearer vision, see into the near future, and have a glimpse of that time which should unite them in one short month?

The night before she entered the homeland she called her husband, and told him she thought the time of her leaving him had come. He assisted her to put on her grave-clothes, and then she told him how to

comb her hair; this over, he waited by her side, either reading or praying. She rallied a little about six o'clock in the morning, and he said he must go and get some one to take his place at the gate, where he ought to be on guard for two hours. "No," said she, "do your duty. I will wait for you; but don't be too long." He protested, but she insisted, "I will wait for you," and with a sad heart he went out.

He returned about nine o'clock, and as he entered the room she said with a smile: "I could not go while you were away. Call in the neighbors now; I can not stay any longer, and I want them to see how a Christian dies." He did as she requested, then took his Bible, and read to her the fourteenth chapter of John. "Now pray," was her last word, and while he prayed the dear partner of his life passed on. "How peaceful!" "Strange she was not afraid!" were the comments of the bystanders.

Now the scene changes. It is a month later, a bright, beautiful morning, the last week in June. All was turmoil in the city of Peking. For days the Christians had been sought for from house to house. There was blood everywhere, a howling, raging mob in possession of the city. Soldiers had gone through all the streets, threatening with death any who protected the foreigners or Christians. A price was set on their heads. Few were those who dared to stretch out a helping hand. Did the Great Father know, did he see his children suffer? Ah, yes! and while he did not see best to remove the bitter cup, he did give strength to hundreds to drink it for his sake. Mr. Hsieh was in his room when a neighbor rushed in and told him to flee, as the Boxers were coming for him. He knew he could not escape, so he put on his best clothes and went out to meet them with a smile on his face and the

step of a king. He was taken to Prince Chuang's palace, and there, with many kindred souls, laid down his life for the Lord he loved. What he said there we shall know when the books are opened. The people were so astonished at his courage and bearing that his heart was taken out to find the cause. Ah! how little could they, with their hatred-filled eyes, see the blessed Christ enthroned in that true, noble heart.

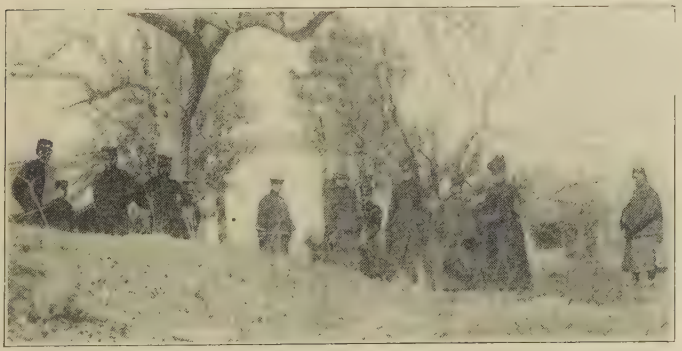
IN PRINCE CHUANG'S PALACE

Several of the preceding narratives have mentioned this infamous place. Prince Chuang, the brother of Prince Tuan, the notorious Boxer chief, was himself one of the most virulent of the Boxer leaders. His palace, with its temples filled with hideous idols and its extensive yards, was the scene of some of the most horrible tortures which were inflicted on Christians during that reign of terror. Hundreds were taken there for imprisonment or trial; whether scores or hundreds perished there will never be known. Months later, when missionaries and Christians made a sad pilgrimage to the place, the ground under the overhanging trees was still strewn with bones. The grim walls, upon which still hung posters offering rewards for the capture of foreigners and Christians, told no story of the revolting scenes which they had witnessed. Whole families were taken there for trial, and non-Christian members who were permitted to escape, after witnessing the slaughter of their loved ones, give the few details which history will ever record. One of these knelt again on the spot where, several months earlier, he had knelt before an altar while the wreathing smoke and fluttering paper had decided whether life or death was to be his fate. A little girl, the only one of her family who escaped martyrdom in this Bastile,

IDOLS IN PRINCE CHANG'S PALACE

IN PRINCE CHANG'S PALACE

(Kneeling for trial.)



IN PRINCE CHANG'S PALACE.

(Ground strewn with bones of Christians.)

said that the captives were very brave, and not a scream was heard during all these weeks of agony. They spent their time in praying and singing and comforting one another.

Mrs. Lin and her three children were among the few who escaped from this lions' den. Her husband was dispenser in the London mission hospital. At their hiding-place in Peking they were joined by Mr. Chang, who had returned to Peking to search for his old blind mother. Hardly had Mr. Chang entered the house when a loud knocking was heard at the gate. One of Mr. Lin's little boys opened it. "Who are these men, Lin and Chang, who are staying here?" The boy replied, "Mr. Lin is a hospital dispenser, Mr. Chang is a preacher." The men were bound, and with the woman and little children were carried to Prince Chuang's palace. There they endured a mock trial, and Mr. Lin made an earnest plea for his wife because of her physical condition, and for the sake of her little children. His prayer was granted, his wife and children were taken into a side court, and he and Mr. Chang were led bound to execution. So brave were they that their hearts were cut out to offer on the Boxer altar.

TWO ORPHAN GIRLS

[The little girl who told this story was eight years old; her sister was three. Their home was in a village not far from Shun I Hsien.]

One day last year, I don't remember what day, the Boxers killed my father. My grandfather had a covetous heart and wanted to get our farm, so he plotted to kill my mother, my sister, and me. He said to my mother very sternly, "The Boxers are coming;

they are coming to kill you. Why don't you three die at once? I will buy you eight hundred cash worth of mercury. You had better drink it quickly."

Then my grandfather hired a man in the village named Han Pa to kill us. He gave him a little money and a bushel of corn, and Han Pa led us out of the village to the river bank, less than a mile away. Our dog followed us. When we reached the river, Han Pa said to my mother, "This is your place; shall I push you into the river, or will you jump in yourselves?" My mother saw that there was no help for it, so she swallowed the mercury, and while she was still alive, Han Pa pushed her into the river. We two children saw our mother struggling in the water, and cried out, "Mamma! mamma!" over and over, wild with grief, jumping up and down on the river bank. But we had no way of getting our mother out of the water. That wicked Han Pa wanted to push us into the river, too, so fear was added to grief.

I took my sister on my shoulder and ran quickly toward home. Han Pa pursued us. The dog saw him and ran after him. Han Pa, of course, ran faster than I did, but our dog ran faster than he, and took a great bite out of his leg. His leg was so badly hurt that he could n't run after us, and was not even able to walk home.

It was already dark, and we lost our way, and could n't find our village home, so we staid all night in a sunken road. Our dog staid close beside us as we slept. The next day we went into the village to my aunt's, but her mother-in-law would n't let us stay there. So I led my sister to the home of my grandfather's sister at a village called Yao Shang. Her husband did n't want us to live there, but some people pleaded for us, and then he let us stay. Afterwards

Han Pa struck our dear dog dead, then boiled his flesh and ate it. Three or four days later Han Pa vomited blood and died.

My little sister and I lived at Yao Shang until December. Then Miss Russell sent men to bring us to the mission in Peking, and we are now living in the Orphanage.

LI CH'ANG CH'UN

[Only extracts have been taken from Li Ch'ang Ch'un's full account of his strange, sad experiences. He was living in Peking when the persecutions began, and took the church register and the communion set belonging to the North Chapel of the American Board to his own home for safer keeping. Then dangers increased, and he took refuge with his family in his former village home in the Shun I Hsien region, about twenty miles from Peking. We begin his narrative with the mention of a conversation with another Christian man living in the village.]

I sought out Mr. Fu, and we consulted as to how to escape from the Boxers. Mrs. Fu said: "Where can a young woman go for refuge? Certainly there is no hope of life. It is better to die at home than to suffer great, unknown hardship elsewhere. I shall not flee." My mother, wife, and children came to the same decision. June 14th, long before light, I started for Peking, anxious to know how Christians in the city were faring. When I was still four miles away I saw smoke rising above the city wall. I hastened to the site of our North and South chapels, only to find smoking ruins. Everywhere were Boxers, hunting down the Christians. I saw them cut down a Catholic family named Chang, not leaving one alive. God's

strength was given me, and I walked through the streets without fear. That evening, after I had returned to my village home, several friends came and implored me most earnestly to make my peace with the Boxers. I said, "Though I die, I shall not follow the Boxers." They continued their persuasions, and, as my mouth was no match for the many, I rose and went outside the door, watching for a chance to slip away and pray in some quiet place. I thought, "My heart can not bear this sorrow. I will leave them all, and go away alone for a time." So I went to the home of a relative about three miles away. There I staid for three days, getting messages from my wife that they were still living in peace.

June 18th I saw my family again, and we wept together. Again we talked of flight, but my mother was unwilling to leave the old home. Many neighbors and friends gathered about, loath to have us go.

June 19th, a neighbor, Feng Ch'i, came to my home in the evening, and begged me to take refuge somewhere. My family added their entreaties, saying, "When the Boxers see that you are not at home they will make no trouble, and we too can end our days in peace." Feng Ch'i insisted on carrying my baggage to his home, and there I spent a sleepless night. The next morning, when I was still at this neighbor's, I heard a great shout, "Kill! kill!" and rushed out. I heard some one say, "Your house is burning." Then another, "Your family are all killed." Another weeping said, "Alas for your family!" I knew something terrible had happened, and started out to walk the path of death with my family, but Feng Ch'i held me back, saying, "If you go out from my door, I fear it will involve my whole family; we shall all perish with you." While we were talking a man came, saying, "Mr. Fu's

mother, who was not a Church member, came out of their house with a burning incense stick in her hands. The Boxers rushed forward with their swords and immediately severed her head from her body. Mr. Fu and his wife fled."

Most of the Boxers left the work of carnage at this point, and went to their homes to eat, so the cries of "Kill!" grew fainter. But soon the message came, "The Boxers are beginning to search from house to house for Christians." Feng Ch'i's brother cried out, "If you keep Li Ch'ang Ch'un here, disaster will come to your whole family; even your house will be burned." Then came one saying, "Mrs. Fu was chased by Boxers outside the village, many watching her flight. I saw her lie down in a depression in the ground, saying, 'I want nothing else; I wait for the Boxers to give my life to them.' Soon Boxers came and hacked her to death, burying her in the hole where she lay."

Another rushed in, saying, "They are coming to search this house." All turned pale with fear, and Feng Ch'i said to me: "I can not save you. I have invited your death by keeping you here, and fear I have involved my whole family." Stricken with grief for my good neighbor, I said, "I 'll go at once." Setting up a ladder he helped me climb a wall, and peering over I saw a crowd surrounding the pit where Mrs. Fu was lying. Soon I heard a voice saying, "He is not in this house." Turning I saw that it was Feng Ch'i's nephew, speaking from the house roof, and knew that danger was close at hand. I crept to the top of the wall, not daring to stand upright, and looking north I saw a band of Boxers and heard them say, "Go to the altar and burn incense." I jumped over this wall, but was stopped by a higher one. I prayed, then putting forth my utmost efforts, I climbed over it.

Several children saw me as I ran to a shed on a threshing-floor, and a dog barked viciously. Soon I heard my uncle's voice calling my name, and answered, "I am here." "Can you escape?" he asked. I replied, "Depending upon myself, I can not." While we were speaking, three or four neighbors came in, crying, "Go! go quickly while no one is here." I thought, "God will save me; I must not run." So I walked out onto the street, where I met the father of a Boxer who asked me, "Whither are you fleeing?" "To Peking or Tientsin," I said. Just then I came to the pit where the six members of my family were being buried. I thought, "Why go further?" and spoke to a man who was putting earth on the bodies. He did not answer, but turned his face and went away. Behind me walked my uncle, and he spoke to another gravemaker, but I did not hear his words. I walked on slowly, not liking to show ingratitude to those who were trying to save my life. About a mile beyond I met a neighbor who said, "In brighter days may we meet again." Crossing a river, I went to the home of a relative, and, weeping bitterly, said: "I have seen six members of my family buried in one pit. I can not stop to tell more, for I fear that the Boxers will come, and you will be involved."

I hastened to send a messenger back to Feng Ch'i's to get a little necessary baggage and some money, and then waited outside the village. About seven in the evening he returned, and my nephew and another relative walked with me several miles on my journey. I kept considering in my heart, and then said to them in a low voice that I might go to Kalgan. We wept as we parted in the darkness and I went on alone for miles. Hungry and thirsty, I sat by the roadside to rest a little, and prayed God to help me make my plans.

It was light when I reached the An Ting Gate of Peking, and, meeting a peddler, I bought two cucumbers and thanked God for the refreshment. Within the city the sound of rifles and cannon was incessant. The next day I started toward Kalgan, and saw Boxers in great tumult, killing Christians and burning houses. At first I felt very fearful; then, putting my trust in the Lord, I thought, "How can they recognize me as a Christian? They say that we have a cross on our foreheads by which they know us, but that is all sham."

All along the way I met numberless Boxers, and so sad was my heart that I could not keep back the tears. By hiring donkeys, I reached an inn at Nan K'ou before sunset. Boxers carrying telegraph poles called out to the landlord, "You must not lodge Christians here."

The landlord asked me, "Where did you come from, and where are you going?"

"I am going to Hsuan Hua Fu."

"Why?"

"To see a relative who has just gone there."

Just then a donkey-driver came up to ask me to hire his donkey for the next day, and the interrupted conversation was not resumed. Thanking the Lord for this opportunity to rest, I slept that night without disturbance.

The next day I walked on alone, and saw Boxers tearing down the telegraph poles. A man lay dying by the roadside, with the palms of his hands and the hollows of his feet dug out. Seeing that he was still able to speak, I asked, "Are you a Christian?" "No," he said. I did not dare talk with him longer, lest I too be taken for a poison-scatterer; so giving him a handful of cash I went on.

June 22d.—As I left the place where I spent the

night, I was stopped by Boxers in the city gate and searched. This happened at every city which I entered, but my heart had courage. Later that day, when I was passing through a sand desert, a great wind rose, and I could not find the road. I sat down and prayed, and soon the wind grew lighter, and I saw a village in the distance. So, thought I, will it be with this persecution of the Church. The storm will soon pass, and peace will come. That night at an inn only a thin partition separated me from a room occupied by Boxers, and as their repulsive talk fell on my ears, I prayed. Then I thought of the Bible promises, "The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night;" "The Lord is a strong tower;" and my heart was strengthened and comforted.

[We omit the record of the next two or three weeks,—his vain search for his relative in Hsuan Hua Fu; his wanderings about distant Kalgan in search of Christians; his crossing of a high mountain ridge into Mongolia, where Catholics were strongly intrenched at Hsi Wan Tzu. He could hear of no Protestants among them, and turned back to wander among the mountains.]

July 11th.—As I was walking through a mountain ravine I heard a man call out, "The water is coming." Looking up I saw a wall of water, a raging mountain torrent, almost upon me. My heart was in my mouth and my legs were trembling with weakness as I scrambled up the steep side of the ravine, almost falling back into the boiling cauldron below, and caught a tree-root. The sound of the water was like thunder. I could not climb, for I was stiff with cold, and had on only thin clothing. As I sat down to rest and pray,

I thought of the Hill Difficulty; then, putting forth my utmost strength, I clambered on. Looking back, I could see the mad torrent, half choken with débris, whirling on the bodies of men and horses. The Lord saved me from the Boxers, I thought, and also from this flood. Surely he has some special thought in thus preserving me. And I should have some high purpose in life.

July 12th.—After climbing ten miles on lonely mountain paths and crossing four ridges, I saw a still higher one before me. Weak from hunger and thirst, with blistered feet, I lay down exhausted, and wept. "My burden is too heavy," I groaned. "It would be better to find a precipice and end my life." I walked on a few steps, then lay down until strength came to crawl a few steps more. So I kept on, often calling out, "Lord! Lord!" in my despair, until I reached the top of the ridge. There I heard the voice of song, and saw three men. They grudgingly gave me a few drops of water left in a bottle, and directed me on my way. Soon I was in a village drinking dipperful after dipperful of water, and strength returned to my weary body. Falling in with other travelers, I succeeded in getting into an inn that night.

July 13th.—I went on to Hsin Hua Ch'eng, where I tried to get lodging in an inn, but the landlord would not even talk with me. "Travelers are all either Catholics or poison-scatterers," he said. After traveling about twenty miles over the Mongolian plains, I lay exhausted by the roadside, almost dead from thirst. No one was in sight, but after a while a herd of cattle appeared, and following them I came to a pond where I quenched my thirst. I found there many people in tents who were kind to me. That night no inn would lodge me, so I slept in front of a temple.

July 14th.—I got up before light, and went in search of food and drink. I found a well, and sat near it a long time, but had no utensil for getting water. Then a man came and drew me some water, but I drank it at some distance from the well, lest they suspect me of being a well-poisoner. That night I slept in a hole in the mountain-side.

July 15th.—As I walked along I saw many refugees. I saw many foreign cans of meat, fruit, and vegetables, which had been looted from foreign houses; but no one dared to eat the food, fearing poison. I opened a can and ate, thanking God for it. A bystander said: "Do n't touch those things. Are n't you afraid of being poisoned?" As I was about to go forward the man said, "Just ahead there is a place where they are killing every one who passes." So I rested a while longer; then I heard a bugle blast, and, not knowing what it might mean, I ran and hid in a ravine. Then I crept out and crossed a mountain ridge. When I was so weary that I could go no farther, I asked for shelter at an inn; but the landlord reviled me soundly, then fired off his gun several times.

July 16th.—I hired a cart to take me back to Hsuan Hua Fu. The owner of the cart was a Boxer, the carter was a Boxer, there was another passenger who was also a Boxer. The deeds of the Boxers formed the only topic of conversation. One said: "They have killed over a hundred Christians at Hsuan Hua Fu, and burned hundreds of houses. There were three large carts containing Catholic nuns, who were all killed, the carts were burned, the mules were cut into pieces and burned too."

When we reached the north gate of Hsuan Hua Fu, the men on guard called out, "Get out of your carts." They also made us take off the handkerchiefs with

which our heads were bound that they might see whether we had crosses on our foreheads. We were allowed to enter, and going northward through the streets I saw dead bodies and ashes. Where the Catholic nuns had been killed, only the hoofs of the mules were left. Heartsick though I was, I knew that my life depended upon concealing all signs of grief.

[Record of two days is omitted.]

July 19th.—My relative urged me to leave Hsuan Hua Fu at once, and followed behind me at some distance as I walked through the city gate where Boxers were drawn up on either side, looking very fierce with their drawn swords. I walked boldly through, then my relative joined me. It was very hot, and two or three miles outside the city we sat down by a watch-tower to rest and talk, especially about affairs at Tientsin, for it was rumored that foreign soldiers were there in force. While we were sitting there, a band of forty or fifty Boxers rushed up, pointing their swords and spears toward us. My relative was frightened ashen pale, but putting on a bold face I said, "What are you doing?" and the Boxers did not molest us. As I parted from my relative I said, "God will protect me; do not grieve." I felt a great desire to go to Peking, for many weeks had passed since I had heard of the fate of the Christians there. Finding a quiet place behind a wayside tablet, I knelt and prayed for guidance. Tears ran down my face as I reviewed the past and tried to look into the dark future.

July 20th.—[Omitted.]

July 21st.—Starting out from Huai Lai, I inquired about affairs in Peking. "They are still fighting there," was the answer. Thanking God for this proof that some were still holding out against the Boxers, I went on my way. That night at the inn a guest said,

"A man who has come from Tientsin says it has been captured by the foreigners."

July 22d.—I had only thirteen cash left when I reached the An Ting Gate of Peking in the evening. There I hesitated whether to go in or not, for there were many in the city who knew me. I found that the Methodist mission had been burned, and my heart was overwhelmed with sadness. Then all of the Protestants are killed, I thought. Not even a seed is left. I was told, too, that only a hundred and twenty-seven were left in the legations, and that they had no food. In deep despair I longed for death. In the evening I started toward the country. Dogs barked at every village; then men would come out. Several times they almost caught me. Hungry and weak, I was tempted to give up the long struggle for life. Then I was chased into a mud pit. No words can tell the misery of that night. When my pursuers left, I crawled onto the sand to rest.

[Later records tell of his going to relatives east of Peking who refused to let him in, but handed him food and water through the window. Still God's hand led and protected until the allies reached Peking, and the lonely fugitive found Christian friends and rest.]

A SHUN I HSIEN MARTYR

Few details have been preserved of the martyrdoms at this large out-station of the American Board, where only twelve of the sixty-five Christians escaped death. One picture is given us. It is of a woman, Mrs. Li, who had been a Christian less than a year. We see her walking through the streets of the city nearly a mile to a Boxer altar, her hands tied behind her, rough men on every side. Over and over again she sings the one hymn she knows, "Jesus loves me, this I know."

Confident in the great love which did not fail her, she went down into the dark valley.

A NAN MENG MARTYR

On this large field far south of Peking the blow fell before danger threatened the capital. Mr. Tung, a member of the Church at Nan Meng, who was teaching in Peking, went to bid a missionary farewell before returning to his home. When she urged him to remain in Peking he said, "No, I must go home; I am not afraid to die for my Lord." He had been in his home only about half an hour when the Boxers arrested him. He talked to them so earnestly about the religion which he believed that, in a rage, they cut his body into many pieces, sending one to each Boxer altar in the neighborhood.

PASTOR HUNG

A sad uncertainty hangs over the fate of Pastor Hung, who for many years had faithfully shepherded the flock in this Nan Meng region. He was in Peking that night, June 13th, when the terrible slaughter occurred. Unable to find his loved ones, wild with grief, he was seen in one of the city gates the next morning. Perhaps he was killed later; perhaps the following story is true. Nearly a year after the massacre began, a man came from Central Asia and reported that he had met there a man named Hung, a Christian, who when asked why he did not return to his home in China replied, "My friends have all been killed; the Christians and missionaries are exterminated. Why should I go back?"

All efforts to reach this heartbroken wanderer in those dreary wastes have failed. If he ever returns to Peking he will find there his wife and children, who

for two long years have hoped against hope that their loved one might be restored to them.

LOVE FOR THE BIBLE

A member of a Congregational Church in Peking was away in Manchuria when the trouble broke out; but his wife and two sons, aged sixteen and eleven, were in Peking. The oldest boy was a student in the Methodist school. When they fled from their home, this boy hid a little New Testament in his clothing. His mother urged him to throw it away, as its discovery would mean certain death to them all. But the boy said: "No, mother, we must not do that. If I die, I want that book on my body. Our hope is in God, and how can we ask him to save us if we throw away his Book?" The mother, thinking that her boys would have a better chance to escape if she were not with them, proposed to drown herself, but the oldest boy said, "Mother, God has not asked for your life yet, and you will do wrong to go to him before he calls you." The boy's brave faith was rewarded by the preservation of the entire family.

THREE METHODIST MARTYRS

[Mr. Hobart writes of two brave souls who suffered death in the Lan Chou District:]

Chapel-Keeper Liu was taken by them and bound to a pillar at the temple of Yü Huang. He kept preaching to them after he was bound there, when a brute said to him, "You still preach, do you?" and then slit his mouth from ear to ear.

One schoolboy, Wang Chih Shen, was taken and given the opportunity to save his life by worshiping some tablets. The village elders even begged him to

do it; then they could secure his release. But he said, "I can't do it. To say nothing of disobeying God, I could never look my teacher and my schoolmates in the face if I did it."

Dr. Lowry, in a report of the Peking District, writes: "Brother Chang An, one of our stewards, was taken by the Boxers, who demanded that he recant and worship the idols. He replied, 'I will not; you can do as you please with me, but I will not deny the Lord.' He died the death of a martyr."

"Careless seems the great Avenger; History's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

CHAPTER VIII

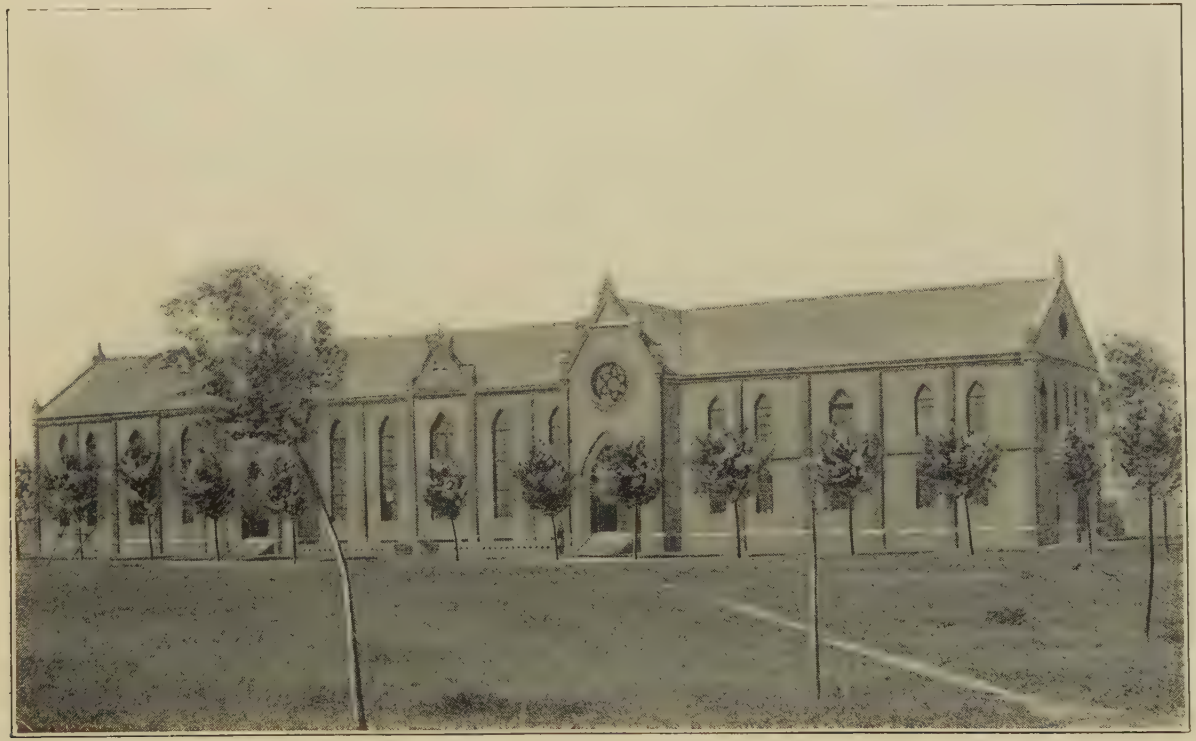
MARTYR DAYS IN T'UNGCHOU

"In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old."

In no city in North China had the people been more friendly with missionaries than in T'ungchou, fourteen miles from Peking. For a third of a century missionaries of the American Board had lived and worked here, and not once had a threatening mob approached their gates. When the terrible massacre of Tientsin took place in 1870, the missionaries in T'ungchou, though entirely unprotected, were not attacked. In 1895, when it was daily rumored that a great Japanese army was about to attack Peking by way of T'ungchou, and the wildest excitement prevailed, the missionaries continued their work in perfect peace. But T'ungchou was ruined commercially by the railroad which was built from Tientsin to Peking in 1897. Hunger and cold stirred up a strong anti-foreign feeling, and it was T'ungchou Boxers who, on May 28th, began the destruction of railways. Still for ten days the missionaries and Christians lived unmolested in the city. But when the storm had gathered fury, it swept all before it, and nowhere were its ravages more terrible than in T'ungchou.

THE STORY OF LI WEN YU

It was about the middle of March, 1900, when I took my bride to my home in the town of Niu Mu



NORTH CHINA COLLEGE

(Destroyed June, 1900.)

T'un, ten miles south of T'ungchou. There for two or three years I had charge of a little "Jesus Church," which had slowly grown from a handful of believers until about twenty Church members and a number of inquirers met with us every Sunday in our small chapel. Before I was married I had lived with my father in a tiny house in the chapel yard; but as we would be too crowded there, I rented rooms for my wife and myself in the compound of a well-to-do Church member, Mr. Ch'en, only a few rods from the chapel, where my father continued to live. My wife had studied in the Bridgman School, and we were very happy as we planned together for building up our Church. All the women rejoiced in the coming of one so loving-hearted and able to help them.

Our lives did not long remain unclouded. Early in May Boxer teachers came from T'ungchou, and soon we heard that a band had been organized in our town, though they were only practicing in secret. Then a Taoist priest threw open his temple for their use, and soon a Boxer flag waved proudly over it.

Late in May, three evangelists came out from T'ungchou to help and encourage me; then went to Yung Le Tien, six miles away, where another evangelist, Li Te Kuei, had worked for about ten years. Mr. Li and I met several times during that month when the ominous clouds were gathering. He would not desert his Church, and I, though fearful like him, saw only the one path before me, to stay at my post and trust, for life or death. Once, after a solemn talk together, he said, "We must prepare to meet our God."

On June 5th, when I was selling books on the street as usual, I heard that Boxers had come from several other villages for a grand display of their supernatural powers. They would expose their spirit-

possessed bodies to a shower of shot, and at one pass of the hand over their breasts the shot would drop harmless to the ground. In vain I pointed out the tricks by which they were deceiving the people; the whole community was mad with enthusiasm for these "divine soldiers."

This same day I heard a report that a Catholic chapel five miles away had been burned the night before, and sent a friend to ascertain if it was true. He came back in despair reporting, "The ruins are still smoking; the Christians were all killed." "Then our time has come," I said.

The next day, Wednesday, I went to T'ungchou to tell of this new disaster. On the way I passed a village where several hundred Boxers were gathered, and almost ran to carry my message, and get back to my wife and my old father. Thankfulness filled my heart as I saw my home again about ten o'clock in the evening. But my wife told me that, after I had gone, she had heard that two families of Christians, warned by relatives who were Boxers that an attack was to be made on our town that very night, had fled to other villages. Soon a young man came in, greatly excited, saying that he heard ominous sounds as if the Boxers were gathering. I sent him out again to watch; but hardly had he gone when hundreds of Boxers and soldiers surrounded our yard, the chapel where my father lived, and other places where there were Christians. It was the company which I had passed that very morning, and they had separated for simultaneous attacks, that not one might escape.

There were seven of us together when the attack was made,—Mr. Ch'en and his invalid wife, his nephew, Mr. Lin, with his wife and nine-year-old daughter, my wife and I. "Kill! kill the erh mao-tzu!"

cried the mob at our gate, and with a storm of club blows the high, strong gate creaked to its fall. Mr. and Mrs. Ch'en remained in their rooms, Mr. Lin rushed out as the gate fell, a blow from a club laid him prostrate, and tens of spears stabbed him to death as he lay helpless. His wife and daughter, my wife and I, ran before the Boxers broke in to a tiny, roofless outhouse in a corner of the yard. There, as we crouched down together, we heard the mob rush in and break down the door leading to my rooms, and heard Mr. Ch'en call out from his room, "Neighbors, have you no regard for the laws of the land?" His protests were unheeded as the mad rabble carried out such of our possessions as they fancied, and smashed the rest in a mania of destruction. Then Mr. Ch'en's door fell before their blows, and he ran out, I know not whither. His frail old wife still sat in the room. "Drag her out," called a shrill voice. "No, burn her up in the house," cried a chorus of voices. "Do you, Mrs. Ch'en, call yourself a citizen of the great Chinese Empire?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Ch'en. "Then why do you follow the foreign devils?" Her answer was lost in the tumult.

In our little corner we were kneeling in prayer. "Keep them from finding us if it be Thy will; if not, take us quickly to thyself." In a low whisper my dear young wife prayed, "Forgive these neighbors, these Boxers; they do not understand. Pity their blindness." She was much calmer than I, but she said, "God grant that if they come they may kill me first; let me not fall into their hands for insult and torture."

Still we knelt there as we heard the crackling flames devouring the buildings on three sides of the court, which was now as light as day. Suddenly Mr. Ch'en

made a rush for our retreat from some place where he had been hiding, and the mob yelling, "They are hiding in that corner," followed at his heels. Mrs. Lin and her daughter got over the wall, but by the time Mr. Ch'en had mounted the wall to follow them, Boxer spears were thrust in his face, and he fell back with me and my wife. The cowardly Boxers did not come into our little inclosure, but, perched on the high brick wall surrounding it, they stabbed down at us with their cruel spears. I was kneeling when the first spear thrust threw me backward, and my wife, with an agonized cry, flung herself upon me to ward off the fast-falling blows. Mr. Ch'en also fell across my feet. There came a stab on my head, one on my hand, several on a leg that lay exposed, then a tremendous thrust transfixed my wife's body and pierced my abdomen, and I lay unconscious.

I knew not how many minutes passed. When I revived the Boxers had heaped cornstalks on our prostrate bodies and set fire to them. Hearing no sound, I flung the burning cornstalks aside and spoke to my wife, whose body still lay heavily on mine. No answer came, and by the light of the flames I could see that life had left her poor body. Mr. Ch'en was dead too. Rising to my feet, I saw that the chapel was a smoking ruin. My father's charred body must be lying there. My face and hands were cruelly scorched; blood was flowing from not less than twenty spear thrusts; the gaping wound in my abdomen made me faint. In agony of body and mind the temptation came to end my torment and die with my loved ones. Surely there was no hope of escape. Then better thoughts came: "No, I can not thus sin against the Lord. Besides I must get to T'ungchou and warn them." With this one idea possessing me, I left my murdered wife, and

stumbled out into the street. It was perhaps one o'clock. I could only crawl a short distance, then sit down to rest. Thus I managed to go three or four miles before day broke; then I crept into a ravine and lay down. The June sun beat mercilessly down on my blistered face and hands. There was no shade, no water. Dogs came snarling about me; crows and magpies, hungry for carrion, came pecking at my wounds, and I beat them away with my feeble hands. I longed for merciful death to come; but the day wore away, and when darkness fell I started again on my slow journey to T'ungchou. In the early morning of the 8th of June I saw the roofs of the college buildings outlined against the sky. They had not been burned yet. I had no place to hide from the daylight, so I kept on slowly toward my goal. Several carts passed me loaded with Boxers returning from T'ungchou to their village homes. I heard a man call out from one of the carts, "That 's the preacher at Niu Mu T'un. Our comrades there have had their hands on him." "He can't possibly live even if he drags himself to T'ungchou," called another; "do n't touch him." So I was left to crawl toward the college, villagers who saw me simply staring with startled eyes and murmuring, "Boxers."

When I knocked at the college gate, an old servant on the place, Li Lu, opened it, saying, "Hush, do n't make a noise; the missionaries and other Chinese fled in the night, and I am here alone." He gave me water, which, burning with thirst for two nights, I drank eagerly. Then he brought me food, but I could not swallow it. "You must not delay here," he said; "the others have gone to Peking; you hire a cart or donkey, and go too." Soldiers came up while I was trying to persuade the faithful old man to flee with

me, and although they pretended to pity me, and said that they were going to report my case to the officials, I suspected, when I saw them starting for a temple about half a mile away, that they were setting the Boxers on my track. Just then another servant, Sun Erh, came up, and he gave me a new shirt, a pair of shoes, and a handkerchief to throw over my face. It was now eight or nine in the morning, and I started for the west suburb of T'ungchou, about half a mile away, to try to hire a cart or donkey. Before I reached the suburb I saw Boxers coming out from the temple to which the soldiers had gone, one company going toward the college, the other toward the suburb. I crawled under the bridge over the moat, and they passed by without seeing me. Crossing the moat on some stones I hurried into the fertile gardens, which covered several acres, and escaped them.

Of my terrible journey of fourteen miles to Peking that day I can not tell you in detail. I would never have reached there alive had not God sent Christian friends, who helped me, at great risk to themselves. My last ride of an hour in a springless cart through the streets of Peking set my wounds to bleeding afresh, and the driver feared that I would die in his cart. As we turned down the street on which our mission was located, I saw one of our T'ungchou missionaries coming toward me in a cart, and with her a young Chinese doctor. Soon I was lying in a cool room, surrounded by sympathetic friends, and two doctors dressed my wounds and blisters. Slowly I climbed back to life again, in spite of two more journeys on a stretcher to escape the Boxers, and two months of siege in the British Legation.

It is just a year since that terrible night, and I am still an exile with the T'ungchou mission in Peking.

I know the names of many of the murderers of my father and wife. They are living in peace, and I——?

I will not tell of all the storms which have swept over me during these weary months. None of my relatives are Christians. According to Chinese custom a son has no right to live after his father or mother has been killed, unless the murderer has forfeited his life. My ears burn with the taunts of my friends: "What kind of a son are you? Have you no filial affection? Think of the tortures heaped on your poor old father! and here his murderers go roaming over the country unpunished, and *you* dare to hold up your head and live!" I turn from their bitter reproaches with a mad thirst for vengeance; then the words of the Bible fall on my ears, or some one tells me how my Master died on the cross praying for his enemies, as did my martyred wife. And the spirit of revenge and the spirit of forgiveness fight deadly battles in my poor heart, until I can only pray for that blessed hour when Jesus will call me home, and I shall be tempest-tossed no more.*

MR. AND MRS. FAY

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Fay was in a village eight miles from T'ungchou, but for many years they had lived near the mission compound in the city. Mrs. Fay's face was well known in the dispensary where, day after day, she sat and talked to the women who came for medicine, and in the west suburb, where many a Sunday she sat in the midst of a group of women and children telling the story of Jesus.

*To make the account of T'ungchou complete there should be recorded here the story of Li Te Kuei, given in Chapter V. Connected with these two out stations of Niu Mu T'un and Yung Le Tien were fifteen villages, from which the light of truth was shining. The light went out in all except four, not a single Christian in the other villages surviving the storm. Refugees from four places succeeded in escaping to the legations or to some more remote shelter.

On the first Sunday in June, 1900, the T'ungchou missionaries met for the last time with the company of Christians there. As we sat in the woman's meeting-place waiting between the services, one after another told of her fears or her faith as she watched the on-coming storm. Mrs. Fay's face was bright and calm as she said:

"For weeks I have been so troubled and restless. I have constantly had at my hand a bundle of clothing ready to run at the least alarm. But the fear and anxiety are all gone now. Whether life or death awaits me, I am trusting in God."

Mrs. Fay's youngest child, her Benjamin, the only one of her sons who was a Christian, had graduated from the North China College two years before, and gone to teach in distant Shansi. Many months after her death a haggard, footsore traveler, who had stood weeks at the door of death, who had mourned in Shansi many a martyred friend, drew near his village home, hoping to look into the faces of father and mother and find comfort.* Standing by the ruins of that home he heard that they too were gone. Let him tell the story of their death in his own words. Perhaps some will blame the heartbroken son for seeing heaven's light beaming through the door by which his parents left earth's agonies. He did not look on their death as suicide. Death was certain; it was only a choice of how they should die. It is difficult for us to understand the horror with which the Chinese regard the mutilation of the body, and, Christians who for themselves could face with calmness death in its most cruel form, were sorely tempted to spare their friends, their village, the sorrow and disgrace of seeing their mangled bodies lying on the street.

*The story of Fay Ch'i Ho is given in Chapter III.

FAY CH'I HO'S STORY

When the Boxers began their work of slaughter in T'ungchou, and the missionaries and native Christians had decided to take refuge in Peking, my parents planned to go with them, and had already hired a cart. But a neighbor and my second brother earnestly opposed their going, saying that there were in Peking only a few hundred foreign soldiers. They certainly could not protect all of the native Christians, and if the Christians were all gathered in one place, and the Boxers broke in, there would be no escape for a single one; not even their dead bodies would be left for their friends. It would be far better to hide in some retired spot where there might be some hope of life. So my parents changed their minds and dismissed the cart. This was the mistake of my parents; but it must have been God's will to take them with other disciples to their home above.

When the missionaries left T'ungchou the reign of terror began. Soon the mission buildings were in ashes, and through street and alley and village hamlet the Boxers hunted down the Christians. My parents first took refuge in Mohammedan Alley with a Mohammedan named Yen, whom my father knew. The work of carnage went on in the city, not only Christians, but all who had the slightest connection with them and the foreigners falling victims. So Mr. Yen grew fearful that some one would tell the Boxers that my parents were hiding in his home, and told them they must leave. They decided to go to their village home in Wu Chia Ying. Perhaps the Boxers there would pity them, and spare their lives.

They did not dare go together; so first my second brother started with my father. He was sixty-four

years old, and he walked with faltering steps and downcast head, his hands as cold as ice. My brother said that my father, during those last fearful days on earth, seemed constantly to realize that his hours were numbered.

The next day my brother went back to T'ungchou for my mother; but he sought for her in vain at the home of the Mohammedan. Then he searched everywhere, but got no clue to her whereabouts, until at last he found her in a little shop belonging to one of our neighbors.

"My dear son!" cried my mother. "I truly thought that I should never again see your face."

Then she told of her experiences. After my father and brother had left, some one told the Mohammedan that the Boxers knew that he was concealing Christians in his home, and that if they were not sent away immediately his own family would perish with them. So my mother, with her fourteen-year-old grandchild, Ch'ang So, went to an inn, hoping to find shelter for a night. But the landlord knew they were Christians, and refused to take them in. So they walked to the court where they had lived for many years, but hardly had they entered the gate when a neighbor called out: "Please leave us at once. Don't involve us." Another said, "Old lady, don't you want to keep your head on your shoulders?"

So my mother and nephew turned away and wandered up and down the streets. There was no road into heaven; there was no door into the earth. Suddenly they saw approaching a large band of Boxers in battle array. "My time to die has come," thought my mother; for every day for years she had gone to the mission, and she had talked much with the women in the dispensary. Surely some one in that company

would recognize her. So she and the boy stood still, awaiting death. Straight on walked the Boxers, and not one noticed her. For half a day they walked the streets, and in the evening they came to the little shop belonging to a neighbor. Moved with deep pity for my mother, wandering without rest for her weary feet, he told her that she might hide there, but that she must quickly find some other shelter, for it would not do to stay in the shop long.

It was noon the next day when my brother found her there. Not daring to leave by daylight, they staid until just before daybreak, then the three started together for the village eight miles away.

Three or four years before, my mother had broken her leg, and it was still difficult for her to walk. All day they pressed on in the blazing sun, and at sunset they were near the village. Several times on the way they had met Boxers, but fortunately they were not recognized. Until deep darkness fell they hid in a quiet spot outside the village, then tried to steal unseen into their home. But they met a neighbor on the way, and, though he promised not to tell that he had seen them, the promise was soon broken, and before many days passed it was known, even in neighboring villages, that my parents had returned home.

The Boxers in our own village could not bear to lay violent hands on these old people whom they had known so many years as honest and peaceful, never offending their neighbors. So for several days they were allowed to live in their home. But not far from our village was the town of Niu Mu T'un, where swarms of cruel, bloodthirsty Boxers gathered. Already they had slain many Christians in that region, and when they heard that my parents were still living in their home, they sent a message to our village band

of Boxers: "We hear that two Christians are hiding in your village. It is your duty to attend to this, and if you delay, and still suffer them to live, we shall send men to kill them. Bad indeed will this be for your reputation. Act quickly or you will regret it." After they received this letter, the Boxers decided that they must kill my parents.

All these days my parents had been hidden in a tiny room, not even daring to speak aloud. No friends or relations dared to go to see them, and my uncle forbade any of my parents' grandchildren coming to his house. Day and night my uncle's family burned incense in their home and bowed before the gods, and, strangest of all, my uncle had his two daughters practice the rites of the "Red Lanterns," fearing that the sins of my parents would implicate them.

On June 19th a leading Boxer went to our home with this message: "The great leader, moved by the spirits of the gods, has decided that you two old people should be killed. But we have considered that you have never committed an offense against us, so the leader graciously allows you to take your own lives to-night. If you are not willing to commit suicide to-night, in the early morning light the Boxers will come with their swords and cut you in pieces."

At once my parents decided to flee, and my second brother wished to go with them, but my uncle and my older brother said: "Escape is utterly impossible. There are Boxers everywhere, and after you are killed, not even a bone can be found. If you die in your own home we can bury you here." The Boxer who had brought the message, the village constable, and many leading men in the village, all came urging my parents to commit suicide, and thus escape the cruel swords. They circled around them with their importunities,

and vain were the efforts of my parents to escape. They could only prepare for death. So that night my mother called about her all her children and grandchildren and other relatives, and spoke many words of farewell and loving admonition. She divided among them her jewelry, and the little money which she had in her hands, for mementos, and gave directions about her burial.

That little time, more precious than thousands of gold, flew all too quickly. Midnight passed; then they heard the cocks crowing. Again the village leaders urged my parents to make haste, for with light the Boxers would come. The final farewells were said, and as those who were doomed to die stepped over the threshold, men, women, and children who loved them gathered about the door with loud lamentations. A large company of village neighbors, the constable, my uncle, and oldest brother walked with them toward a pond southeast of the village. The night was still very dark, the path was not plain, and young men supported the steps of my father and mother as they walked.

My father said to the young man who was leading him, "Are you not Kao Ssu?" "Yes," was the reply. "And are you not afraid to do this for me?" "I am not afraid." "That is good," said my father, and no other words passed his lips before he died.

The man who was supporting my mother had been our friend for many years. As they walked my mother said: "I little thought that it would come to this,—that we must leave the earth. My heart is very anxious for my youngest son, Ch'i Ho, for I know not whether he is living or dead. If he ever returns to our village, will you, for the sake of his old parents, care for him and help him?"

Soon they reached the pond. My father knew that for him all earthly things were ended; the time had come for him to go to the Savior in whom he had trusted so many years. So with a heart full of hope, without pausing on the brink of the pond, he plunged in. But in my mother's heart grief and joy were mingled; grief, that she must leave the loved ones to whom her heart clung so fondly in that hour; joy, that she would soon be with Jesus, whom she had loved so long. So after my father had gone, she sat down on the edge of the pond, singing one of the hymns which she loved. Would that I knew what hymn she sang that night; but no Christians were with her, and no one cared or understood.

My uncle's heart was filled with anger when he heard my mother singing. By believing in Jesus, by following the foreigners, she had brought herself to death's door, and now she sat there singing a Christian hymn! What would the neighbors think? In his rage he strode forward, and with a brutal kick sent my loved mother into the pond.

Soon two bodies floated to the surface of the water, but the souls of my parents were happy with Jesus, whom they loved and trusted.

Dawn was flushing the east when the dead bodies were lifted from the pond, and laid on the bank. There they were left until permission could be obtained from the Boxers to bury them.

True to their word, the Boxers came that morning to our home, an armed band of forty or fifty. My oldest brother and the neighbors burned incense and bowed down to them entreating, "Please, teacher-brother, grant us grace, for the two old people are dead." The Boxers prepared to set fire to our house;

but the neighbors feared that the flames would spread to their building, and begged that the house be torn down instead. So all set to work to assist the Boxers in the work of destruction, and when it was finished the Boxers took the wood from our house and all of our possessions to their camp.

Later my relations and neighbors begged the Boxer chief to allow them to bury my parents, and he consented, but forbade the wearing of mourning or weeping for them. Still their children and grandchildren shed silent tears for them, and neighbors wept as they thought of the death of those innocent old people who had lived among them.

DEACON LI YUN SHENG

If there was a man in T'ungchou whom the tongue of calumny, even of criticism, was afraid to touch, that man was Deacon Li. Yet he had a position in one of those sinkholes of iniquity, a Chinese yamen. The official in charge and his colleagues in office all respected him for his sterling virtues, and although he alone of that company was a Christian, he was so much loved that little persecution or ridicule came to him. What can ridicule effect with a man who always shows his colors, and who is as firm as he is unassuming? The same tribute of love and esteem was paid to him in his Church relations. His official duties left him much leisure, and he spent hours every week in the street chapel, sometimes taking his turn in talking to the company which gathered, always by his wisdom and his spirit of brotherliness helping in the soulwinning there. Not a cent of remuneration did Deacon Li ever receive for his services. He was no rice Christian. Tall, wellformed, with a native

dignity which always marked him as a gentleman, he was one in whom our T'ungchou Church felt a just pride.

When missionaries and native Christians were fleeing from the Boxers during those first days of June, Deacon Li said to friends who were starting on their flight: "I shall not run away. This is my home, and here I shall stay, for life or death." The official of his yamen, who truly loved him, said: "You have not an enemy in the city. Don't be afraid; I'll protect you." So he lived on in T'ungchou, and saw the college buildings go up in smoke. Afterward, not far from his home, the mission in the city, with its fine new church, was burned by the wild mob; later the post-office, and not a telegraph pole was left standing. Saddest of all were the stories which he heard of the slaughter of his fellow Christians.

He had been told that he must burn all his Christian books; but his Bible was too precious to lose, so he still kept it concealed in the yamen, and, like Daniel of old, he read and prayed every day. He was too manly and honest to conceal his abhorrence of the Boxer atrocities. One morning he said in the yamen, "The church, the college, will be rebuilt, and the Boxers will be punished." These words were repeated to the Boxers, and that afternoon about three o'clock, a band of forty forced their way in at the yamen gate. Vainly the official tried to conceal Deacon Li. The men broke into the private apartments of the official's wife, and dragged out their victim. In their search through the yamen they found his Bible. "What need of further proof against you?" they cried in triumph. You have not given up your religion." Then tearing the hated Book and flinging it on the ground, they said, "This is the foreigner's classic; burn

it!" As they bound Deacon Li and led him out, he said: "I believe in my Lord Jesus. Though I am going to my death, it is with a willing heart. I do not regret being a Christian."

The Boxers chose a manure pile near the imperial granary as the altar on which to offer up their victim, and each of the forty knives seemed thirsty for his blood. It mattered not to him that they burned the poor remains, that a few days later they dug the bones from their shallow grave near the city wall, and scattered them that they might never rise again. His eyes had seen the King in his beauty.

DEACON LI'S FAMILY

Deacon Li's wife was a pretty little woman, delicately nurtured and timid to a fault. It was always an ordeal to her to offend the customs of her people by appearing on the public streets; so, though she usually attended the Sabbath services, she seldom came to the prayer-meetings or women's classes. The Bible-women always found her a bright, eager scholar, and in her home she learned to read and love the Bible. Her oldest girl, Shu Mei, studied two years in the Bridgman School, and one of her teachers said enthusiastically, "She is the dearest child of them all." Her younger sister was even prettier, with the same lovely smile and air of refinement, but with a brighter sparkle in the dark eyes, and a deeper, pink glow in the round cheeks.

We know little that happened in the Deacon's pleasant home after the days of terror came. Soon the two girls were concealed in the home of their father's aunt, who was not a Christian. The Boxers suspected that they were there, and set a neighbor to act as spy. If this neighbor saw that much food

was bought, she would remark to the aunt, "How much more than usual you are eating! Your grand-nieces must be staying with you;" but the aunt only replied feebly, "We eat a great deal in our family." The Boxers were not satisfied, and one day a rough band came to search. The terrified girls were shut into a large cupboard, and there they crouched while every room, every corner, every pile of bedding was carefully examined. Baffled, the Boxers went away, and the almost fainting children, drenched with perspiration, were taken away from their hiding-place.

Then came a still sadder day. That afternoon when the blows of swords were falling on Deacon Li's prostrate body, his aunt and cousin viewed the terrible sight from a distance, weeping bitterly. Then the Boxers came up with their swords, saying threateningly, "Stop crying; it will break our altar." The two women hurried home, barred their gate, and told the children of their father's fate. After dark, a woman, drenched with rain, bedraggled with mud, sobbing so that she could not speak, knocked at the gate. It was Mrs. Li. It is not known where she was when the Boxers killed her husband and looted her home. Bitter indeed were the tears which the desolate widow and her daughters shed together. On earth there was no place of refuge for them. The Boxers would surely hunt them down as soon as day dawned. The aunt feared to have them remain longer in her home, so Mrs. Li said to her, "There are two families of Christians who are going to flee at midnight; I will join them." Taking her girls by the hand, Mrs. Li led them to the bank of a deep pond not far from the place of their father's martyrdom. The fearful, grief-stricken woman, who had always leaned on her husband more than on her God, had taken counsel of

despair. Among all the scenes of that summer of horror, I know none sadder than this,—the starless sky, the dark water of the filthy pond, the woman with tear-blinded eyes holding a child by either hand, then the deathly circling of the waters as they tried to hide the poor bodies.

Even death could not shield them; the merciful waters could not hide them. By night the next day the Boxers knew the secret of the pond. One named Hu said: "This will not do at all. Those bodies will rise again on the third day, or their ghosts will make trouble. Those bodies must be cut to mincemeat, then burned." And they did as he commanded.

Must we close with this revolting picture? For thousands of years the Chinese have been taught that suicide under such circumstances is the highest virtue. Among the Christians of North China I never knew of a case of suicide until the horrors of that massacre came. That little woman in her sheltered home may never have been taught the sacredness of God-given life. Let us leave her and her beautiful children in the hands of the God who knew their hearts, and who loved them.

MRS. T'ANG

All of the sunshine that ever came into Mrs. T'ang's life came from Christianity. Her relatives were a notoriously wicked mother, a drunken husband, a son who found occupation in an idol's temple and was one of the first in T'ungchou to join the Boxers, a semi-idiotic daughter-in-law, and a sickly grandchild. Her earthly portion was hunger, cold, blows, and curses; her one joy, meeting with God's people and reading her Bible and hymn-book. One eye was blind, the other so nearsighted that she had to hold her book

close to it; yet she had a bright mind, and such an intense desire to learn that soon she could read the Bible and all simple Christian books. "Pilgrim's Progress" was a great favorite with her, and she often compared Christian's joys and sorrows with her own. Her tiny library had to be replaced more than once after her husband had committed it to the flames in a drunken rage.

Once, when she came sobbing to tell us that she had not a book left, she added, with a note of joy and triumph in her voice, "But there 's one thing that he can not take away from me; that 's the Bible verses which I have laid up in my heart." After that Mrs. T'ang was more diligent than ever in committing Scripture to memory. One night when she was staying with a women's class at the mission, her husband came and dragged her home, beating and reviling her as he led her through the streets. Yet often in the women's meetings she would pray for her husband's conversion with heartbroken importunity. She went out to work by the day, and her coming to church on Sunday often meant that she could have but one meal to eat that day.

After the slaughter of Christians began in T'ung-chou, Mrs. T'ang's son said to her, "I 'll buy you some opium; then you can die without having your body mutilated." But Mrs. T'ang steadfastly refused to take poison. The Boxers seized her at her home, and as they dragged her through the streets she said: "This is my time of suffering, but it will be brief; then I shall have an eternity of joy. But for you who are killing me, there will be everlasting sorrow." Perhaps it was because of these words that they hacked her poor body into little fragments. Mrs. T'ang was beyond caring for that; her "eternity of joy" had begun.

KAO HSIN'S STORY

[Kao Hsin, the evangelist in charge of the out-station at Fu Ho, was a graduate of the college and seminary.]

It was Monday, June 5th, when the long-dreaded Boxer altar was set up in our village of Fu Ho, four miles north of T'ungchou. For weeks a spell of horror had brooded over us, and one by one the children dropped out of the day-school taught by my wife, the more timid ones from non-Christian families going first. So the school was closed earlier than usual for the summer vacation. My family consisted of my mother, my wife, an eight-year-old son, a three-year-old daughter, who, being very deaf, had never learned to talk, and a boy fifteen months old. My wife's mother and other relatives lived in an adjoining place, while in our yard were the day-school building and the chapel, where, every Sunday, Christians met for worship. At the time when my story begins my only sister's oldest son, Li Jui, was staying with me. His father, Li Te Kuei, was the evangelist in charge of the out-station of Yung Le Tien, eighteen miles south of T'ungchou. Li Jui, who was a student in the North China Academy at T'ungchou, had come to my home at the close of school; for his father had said to me, "Don't let my boy come home; I want one member of my family left alive." June 7th, Li Jui was at T'ungchou, and there heard of the massacre at Niu Mu T'un, only six miles from his father's home. It was a sad family circle to which he told this story when he came to us in the evening. Before light the next morning we were on our way to T'ungchou, eager for tidings, yet dreading what our eyes might see and

our ears hear. The city compound, a center of busy life the day before, was almost deserted. Two or three Christians had hired donkeys, and were just starting for Peking. "The missionaries all went to Peking in the night," they said, "and they left word that any of us who wished to go might follow them." We still lingered in the city until the tidings which we dreaded reached us: Li Jui's father, mother, and three little brothers, with we knew not how many of the Yung Le Tien Christians, had been slaughtered. Dumb with sorrow we turned homeward. As we went out of the north gate of the city we happened to meet a messenger from P'ing Ku, an out-station forty miles to the northeast. He came to bring word that the deacon in charge of the station, Li Wen Jung, was prostrated with fever; his wife, a frail little woman, was unable to care for him, and their neighbors, none of whom were Christians, were afraid to help them. "Are there Boxers in P'ing Ku yet?" "No, but there are all sorts of wild rumors, and they do need help." The appeal touched my heart, and I wondered if, in this remote mountain region, we might not find a place of refuge, and at the same time carry help and comfort to our friends. It was dark when we reached home. As we told the stories we had heard my mother said: "You and Li Jui must go to P'ing Ku. You will not be safe here, for the Boxers are hunting down all the leaders in the Church. Your wife and children will be safe with heathen relatives in the country; far safer than if you are with them, for you have preached in every hamlet about here, and every one knows you." "And what about yourself?" I asked. "I shall stay here," she replied, positively. "I have lived here all my life, and have not an enemy in the town. Perhaps by staying I can keep the property

KAO HSIN, HIS WIFE, TWO CHILDREN, MOTHER, AND GRANDMOTHER

(Four generations.)

from destruction. Anyway, I am too old to climb the mountains with you on my poor, crippled feet, and I feel safer here than I would in Peking."

The next morning my mother kept urging us to scatter, and my wife, taking her children, went to her grandmother's in a little village three miles to the northeast. I thought of the sickness and loneliness of the deacon's family in P'ing Ku, of my brother's wish that Li Jui might be spared to keep his name alive, of my mother's argument that those I loved best would be safer when I was far away; so, at ten o'clock, my nephew and I left our home, little dreaming how many weary miles we should wander, or what a horrible fate awaited those we left behind. Tears streamed down my face, but my mother was calm and brave. "Can we not bear a little suffering for Jesus? If it is his will, we shall meet again; if not, let us trust him, even unto death."

At noon the next day we reached P'ing Ku. Deacon Li, although much better, was still in bed, and his wife sobbed convulsively when we entered. Their messenger had returned the day before with the sad tidings of T'ungchou; they had tried to hire carts to take them to T'ungchou, but no one dared to go. "You are safer here," I said. "If the Boxers organize here, the mountains are near for a refuge."

The next day was Sunday, a strange, sad day, for only one Christian, Mr. Kuo, joined our little circle for prayer. We read a chapter from "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and the thought that everything which comes to us is the appointment of God's loving will brought comfort to us all.

Deacon Li was improving rapidly, and I felt that his wife and two children should at once find a refuge in the quiet mountains. Mr. Kuo, who lived with his

family in a quiet mountain hut, consented to shelter them, and share with them his humble fare. So, about three o'clock Monday morning, Deacon Li and I stole out with Mrs. Li and the children to a rendezvous two miles away, where Mr. Kuo had promised to meet us with a donkey for Mrs. Li to ride. After meeting Mr. Kuo, Deacon Li and I went back to his home. There we staid until another Sabbath came. Neighbors began to talk threateningly, and ugly rumors flew everywhere. A friendly yamen runner brought warning of a plot to bind us and give us up to the Boxers whenever they arrived in P'ing Ku, thus winning their favor. So at three o'clock Monday morning we fled, Deacon Li to join his family seven miles away, and then take them to a safer refuge.

I left behind me my long teacher robe, my foreign spectacles, and my Bible, and wore the coarse costume of a laborer. My nephew and I were not used to mountain climbing, and soon grew weary; then we lost our way in the wild gorges. The heavens were black with a coming storm, and there was no sign of a human habitation. In our bewilderment we turned to God with a prayer for guidance. Just then I saw two crows, and prayed, "O Lord, direct their flight, and we will follow." They flew toward the northeast, and going two miles in that direction we came to a little house. It was already raining. We knocked at the door, and a young man who was working in the garden came toward us. He responded cordially to our appeal for shelter, and although he knew that we were Christians, he kept us more than a week, sharing his coarse food with us, while we helped him in his garden work.

All these days a terrible weight oppressed me, and if I fell asleep at night I was haunted by dreams. One day, about noon, I lay resting in a state between sleep-

ing and waking, when a horrible vision of some one covered with blood from streaming wounds appeared to me. I think it must have been the day my mother died. Every day tears kept welling to my eyes, and my orphaned nephew often wept with me. Sometimes we would find a lonely spot in the mountains where we could look toward home, and try to comfort one another. But when we were with others we were careful not to betray the fact that we were Christians, as it might bring trouble to our host. We heard cannonading, and knew that somewhere the storm of battle was raging.

I wrote a letter to my family, telling them to come to me, or, if they did not think it best to come, to send me money. I hired a messenger to take this letter to Fu Ho, but after going only twenty miles he returned, as there were Boxer altars on every hand, and all travelers were examined. I blamed him bitterly for cowardice then, but now I know it was God's hindering. Had he reached Fu Ho he would not have found my friends, my letter would have fallen into the hands of the Boxers, and they would have sought me out. Although it had been rumored that I was dead, some of the Boxers did not believe it; so they formed a cordon, taking in several villages, and drew the circle in narrower and narrower, hunting me down like a stalked deer.

There were no Boxers in our quiet mountain village; but soon an altar was started in a larger place near, and a friend came to tell our host that the rumor was abroad that he was harboring Christians. Our hostess grew nervous, and unwilling to involve others in difficulty, we decided to leave at once. Where should we go? Li Jui wanted to go back to T'ungchou. I, too, felt that I must know the fate of my dear ones.

We had just gone through a mountain-pass when we met a Christian named Yang Erh from a village near T'ungchou.

"Where are you going?" he asked in great surprise.

"Back home."

"It won't do," he said. "I have been hidden away; but last night I ventured to my sister's home, and about two in the night the Boxers came hunting for me, and I just escaped with my life."

"Then let us go to Tientsin."

"There is no safety in that direction, either. The only hope lies in going beyond the Great Wall."

So we turned back and spent another night in our mountain village, and the next morning, June 27th, we turned our faces northward, walking thirty miles that day. When darkness gathered we sought the shelter of an inn. The innkeeper looked at us suspiciously, saying, "We do not keep strangers here; who knows who you are?" To all of our entreaties he turned a deaf ear. No one would harbor us. We must lie down to sleep in the mountains, without bedding or food. If we staid near a village the barking dogs might betray us to Boxers; if we went far away, wild beasts might find us. But God was with us, though the darkness was over us, our rest a stone.

We traveled by little side-paths in the mountains to avoid the Boxers, who guarded the great roads. Often we lost our way, and the paths were so hard to climb that at most we made only twenty-five miles a day. Sometimes we could get food and lodging in the little hamlets; but though there were no Boxers here, the people were very suspicious. No matter how thirsty we were we did not dare go near a well ourselves, lest some one suspect that we were throwing in poison; and we were very cautious about approaching a door,

lest they accuse us of smearing it with blood. On the other hand, if we acted nervous or seemed to avoid people, we were always stopped and questioned. So we tried to put on a bold face, and gave the customary greetings. In every village we were questioned as to the reason for our journey, and we replied that we were in search of work; for we were almost penniless, and hoped to find some work. Often on our journey we had to beg our food, and many a night we slept in caves. Far beyond the Great Wall, about two hundred miles from home, we fell in with another traveler, who, as we walked together, grew more and more friendly. He took us with him to an inn where he was acquainted with the landlord, and rest was sweet to us weary wayfarers. But twenty days of hunger, thirst, fatigue, consuming anxiety, and loss of sleep, had been too much for me, and that night a severe attack of dysentery almost prostrated me. We were still about thirty-four miles from home of the man who had befriended us. The next morning he insisted upon my riding his donkey; but I was so ill that we could only go a short distance that day, and it was afternoon of the second day when we reached his home. It was the 6th of July, and for nearly two weeks I was very ill. My host and his family showed us every kindness, trusting us as brothers, finding Yang Erh and my nephew work in a store in the town, and I worked there also after my strength returned. Travelers were coming continually, and so we heard of the ravages of the Boxers in Peking,—that all of the missions had been destroyed, and only the legations and a Catholic cathedral were holding out. "The Chinese Christians have all been slain," we said; for we did not know that many of them had been sheltered in the legations.

About the last of July we heard that foreign sol-

diers had captured Tientsin; so, after a few days, we left our kind friends and started southward. Once we were stopped and searched by Boxers in uniform, but they found no proof that we were spies or Christians. When we reached the Great Wall we heard that the allies were approaching T'ungchou. A little later we saw refugee soldiers of General Nieh's army, looting as they fled. When we were forty miles from Peking we heard that T'ungchou was in the hands of foreign soldiers. The next day, as we went on our way, we heard cannonading. It was August 14th, the day Peking was captured. As we drew near the place where my wife and children had taken refuge, I hoped against hope that, during these two months of storm, God's miraculous care had kept some of my loved ones. A man whom I knew approached me, and started as if he had seen a ghost. "What! You are still alive? Where are you going?" "I am going home." "Home!" you have no home, for your house is burned; you have no family, for the Boxers have killed them all." I staggered on to the home of relatives, where I heard the details of the tragedy, and learned that my little deaf daughter and my aged grandmother, who was not a Church member, were the only ones left of my family. "The old lady is so feeble and foolish," the Boxers said, "and the child is so little and idiotic; they can never take vengeance on us." I heard of the slaughter at Fu Ho of forty-two Christians and many others who were suspected of being Christians. All of my wife's near relatives except two brothers were among the slain. With the exception of myself and my daughter, only six orphan children were left of the Christian community in Fu Ho.

I was warned that I must not go to Fu Ho to see these poor survivors; for the Boxers, though disbanded,

were still living there. I must go to T'ungchou, and seek the protection of American soldiers. I did not know that the T'ungchou missionaries and hundreds of fellow Christians were still living in Peking. In the darkness of that night, fatigued by a day of walking, faint for lack of food—for I had walked thirty miles since eating a meal—benumbed by overwhelming sorrow, I pushed on with Li Jui toward T'ungchou, still several miles away. At midnight we reached the river, and saw many people, some laden with stolen goods, some fleeing from the foreign soldiers. In the distance we heard the occasional report of a rifle. Crossing the river not far from the city wall, we went on in the darkness. We came to a sort of booth, and, unable to crawl farther, lay down with dead bodies all about us. Before day dawned an old man passed. "Can we get into the city?" I asked. "Yes, but if the foreign soldiers call to you, stop at once. They will make you work; but if you run they 'll shoot you." Just at daylight, before we had entered the city gate, Russians came out to impress laborers. Soon we were unloading rice and other supplies from boats outside the North Gate. Once that day I felt the lash of the overseer because, faint with fatigue and hunger, I dropped a box. There were seventy or eighty in our company, some of them merchants, teachers, or officials, whose shoulders had never before carried a burden. We were kicked and cuffed, and rifles were pointed at us. At noon food was given us. At night, guarded by soldiers, we were formed in ranks, and, with soldiers to guard us, were marched to the South Suburb, where they halted us on a bank. Some of the company thought that the Russians had taken us out to shoot us. In about half an hour we saw two Russian cannon and ten carts loaded with ammunition, and soon

we were all at work helping the horses to drag them. As we struggled along, no better than the beasts, the soldiers struck us with whips or rifles to make us go faster. A man stumbled, the wheel of the gun-carriage broke his leg, still the Russians beat him until they saw that he was unable to rise, then left him to die. They drove us through the street where our city mission had stood, and where I had spent so many happy hours. There was not one brick left upon another, and my heart was very sad. Then our drivers changed their plan, and made us retrace our steps and go southward. As we crossed the moat just outside the city, one of the poor human beasts sought a refuge from life's bitterness in the river. The Russians gathered on the bridge and stoned him to death. Outside the city we passed the ruins of our once beautiful college buildings. It was growing dark, the rain was falling in torrents, and they marched us back through the city, part of the way wading to their knees in water.

So a month was passed in slavery. Gradually we received kinder treatment when our taskmasters found that we served them faithfully, and did not try to get away. After about three weeks we saw a man who had been an inquirer, and was just returning from two months of exile beyond the Great Wall. With him was a Chinese who was a member of the Greek Church and could speak a little Russian. He told our masters who we were, and after that we received less cruel treatment. This inquirer went on to Peking, and, finding missionaries there, told of our plight. Meantime I met a Christian in T'ungchou, and heard, to my great joy, that missionaries and Christians were still living in Peking. Not long after this an American soldier came to the Russians with a letter; we were told that we were free, and soon we were with the

kind friends in Peking who had effected our release. There Li Jui found his oldest sister, a student in the Bridgman School, and before many days had passed another sister was found in a country village.

Not until nearly three weeks later could I seek out my little daughter in Fu Ho, and then I went with a missionary, guarded by American soldiers. Soon after we gathered together the orphan children of Fu Ho, and took them to Peking.

I can not tell you how I felt when I stood by the charred ruins of my once happy home, looking at the rude heap of earth, under which lay the bodies of mother, wife, and two sons. Let others tell you the story of their death.

KAO HSIN'S FAMILY

That sad Friday when Kao Hsin and Li Jui started for the mountains, his wife, Shu Shan and three little ones went to the house of her grandmother, three miles away at Yao Shang, but his mother staid with Mrs. Ts'ao, a woman who often worked for them. Shu Shan's mother and her youngest brother, Te Jui, also took refuge at Yao Shang. Her aunt was so terrified at their coming that she ran away and would not return while they were there. Her fears proved to have been well founded; for before many days had passed a crowd of Boxers surrounded the house and knelt in a circle around it, crying, "Kill! burn!" They were persuaded to withdraw that time; for none of the members of the family were Christians, and it was not known certainly that they were harboring any of their Christian relatives. But the experience so terrified them that they were unwilling to let Shu Shan and her children stay longer. For seventeen days they had given them a home; why keep them longer when it only meant

death to all? It was a despairing woman who left that door, and made her way across the fields, carrying the heavy fifteen-months' old baby, sometimes carrying, sometimes leading the three-year-old girl, while the eight-year-old boy walked by her side. Without food, without money, without a roof in the whole world to shelter them, her woman's instinct turned her to the spot which she had once called home. She knew that for a week fire and sword had reigned supreme in Fu Ho; every day news had reached her of new victims to Boxer hate. But if she must die, let it be there. Before leaving her grandmother's she had proposed to her oldest boy that he hide away with distant relatives; but the boy said, "No, mother, if we are to die, let us all be together. I am not afraid." About noon the younger children fell asleep. They were about a quarter of a mile from home. The mother was faint with heat and thirst, and her eyes were so swollen with days of weeping that she could hardly find her way. She sank down exhausted under a tree. A peddler whom she knew passed by on his way to the town. "Please ask my aunt to come and bring me some water," she gasped. "Don't ask for water," the man replied, "jump into the river yonder. Your mother-in-law is dead. The Boxers cut her to pieces yesterday. They 'll kill you if you go into the village." "I shall go home," she said; "if they kill me, let it be at our own home."

The peddler carried word of her sad plight to her aunt, and her uncle started to carry water to her. The Boxers were already watching her from a distance as she made her way slowly toward her home, and they stopped the man who was going to her relief. "If you give her water, we 'll kill your whole family." The mother and three children were all weep-

ing as they drew near their own door, several Boxers following them, and an ever-increasing crowd. As they entered their gate a Boxer rudely pointed to a mangled body. "There 's your mother-in-law. We killed her yesterday." Shu Shan turned to them with one piteous appeal: "If you kill me, kill all my children. Do n't keep them alive to suffer after I am gone."

The Boxers were as sure of their prey as a cat is of a mouse. They let them enter the house, and the little girl, weary and thirsty, dropped to sleep immediately. The crowd thronging the house and yard grew more rough, and some one kicked the little girl awake. "Do n't kill that child," said the Boxer leader; "she is not destined to die. Whoever wants to take her can have her." A young man in the crowd named Ho came and picked her up. Another man knelt before the leader and prayed him to spare the life of the baby, but the request was refused.

There was no sympathizing friend present who could tell us of the last words of the poor young mother, or her dying prayer; but we knew that this girl who for years had studied in the Bridgman School, and who knew so well the great love of God, must have cast herself on that love in the last agony of her mother-heart. Dragging her out of the house to a tree in the yard, they held her as she stood, her baby in her arms, and saw her dear boy slowly stabbed to death. A cruel spear thrust through his back, then as he ran screaming round and round the tree, one after another cut at him with swords and spears. A wild thought came into the mind of the frenzied mother as she clasped her doomed baby close to her heart; perhaps she could save him from that slow torment. With the

strength of a maniac, she dashed the child against the tree, killing him instantly. The Boxers took their revenge by slowly doing the mother to death.

After many days had passed, and flames had destroyed every building in the yard, some one dug a shallow pit a few feet from the tree, and in this grave four coffinless bodies found a resting-place. The winds, as if in mockery, strewed it with scorched leaves from a hymn-book, and near it lay the remains of one of the Christian books which the boy had studied.

Eight months passed by. Then a young man with set, white face, assisted by Christian friends, opened the pit, and the poor remains which could be found of mother, wife, and sons, were placed in coffins. In March, when memorial services were held for the forty-two Boxer victims in Fu Ho, the long procession following the coffins to the cemetery passed this spot, and some who had loved those whose bodies had moldered in that shallow pit stood for a moment beside it, looking down through fast-flowing tears. Then some one said softly, "The mortal has put on immortality, the corruptible has put on incorruption."

TS'AO TSO LIN (Age, eleven)

My father was a teacher in the North China College in T'ungchou, and we lived in a house close by the college, father, mother, and I. My two sisters, the oldest of whom was sixteen, were studying in a Presbyterian school in Peking, but school was closed early because of the Boxer trouble, and they came home. On the 7th of June we heard that the Boxers were killing Christians only a few miles away, and the missionaries warned us that we would not be safe in our home, as they were going to flee that night to Peking. My father's old home was at Fu Ho, and

Ts'ao Tso Liu

there he had many relatives, none of whom were Christians. My mother's brother, named Shih, who was also a teacher in T'ungchou, was a deacon in the Fu Ho Church, and another brother and other members of the family lived there. The deacon's wife was not a Church member, but their only child, a nine-year-old boy named Shih Yuan, had studied in the Christian school at Fu Ho.

My father and mother decided to flee at once to Fu Ho. That afternoon the five members of our family were driven in an open cart past the college buildings and the homes of the foreign teachers, then through the city of T'ungchou, and before dark were at the home of my Uncle Shih, the one who was not a Christian. When we told him our trouble, he said, "It is peaceful here; you may live with us." But soon the trouble spread to Fu Ho, and as my uncle's family were afraid to keep us we went to the home of my other uncle, the deacon.

For three days we lived peacefully here. On the 18th of June, when I was sleeping a little after noon, I was aroused by a great hubbub. "The Boxers are killing the Ans!" some one exclaimed. Their home was the next but one to ours. As we ran out into our yard, flames were shooting up from the An house, and pitiful shrieks of "Save! save!" rent our ears. We heard rifle-shots, too. "Do n't leave a dog or chicken alive!" called the Boxers.

We barred our gate, though we knew that would not keep the Boxers out, and surely they would come for us next. Father and Deacon Shih were not at home. A fine rain began to fall. Mother, my two sisters, and I stole into the back yard and crept unobserved through the cornstalk fence, then hastened through the town to a little village close by, where a

friend of my father's lived. How glad we were the next day when my father joined us here!

The Boxers had said that they were going to kill the Ans because the members of the family who were Christians did n't live in our town, but had taken refuge with their heathen relatives here after they had been driven from their Peking home by the Boxers. The Boxers in Fu Ho said that they were n't going to have any outsiders, either Christians or well-poisoners or blood-smearers, bring misfortune on our town. So they killed all of the Ans, even those who were not Christians, leaving just one heart-broken old lady. And they said they must kill Mr. Kao, the preacher, and my deacon uncle, but that they would n't kill any one else. So our relatives kept saying to my father and uncle, "Your wives are not Church members; they and the children will be safe here with us. But you can only save your lives by running away and hiding. Your families are better off without you, and so are we all." So my father and uncle had started on their flight before the attack on the An family. They walked over thirty miles, until they were completely exhausted, and then decided to come back home. My father was so tired that he could only walk a short distance, then he would lie down by the road to rest.

When my father found us that day at his friend's, he took us to his own brother's, but they were afraid to keep us there long; so, after eating a meal, we went again under cover of darkness back to my father's friend. My uncle's wife and son were there, too, and we staid hidden away. The next day my uncle came out, and was seen by a Boxer, who watched to see where he went. His brother came after dark and warned him that there was a plot to kill us all. So my aunt and my cousin, Shih Yuan, fled at once to

the home of relatives named Ko, a few miles away; my uncle ran off in the darkness to hide; my father hid in some low land to the north, and my mother, with us three children, hurried to the bank of a river not far away. A little before midnight, while we were crouching there, we heard Boxers hunting for my uncle in gardens only a few hundred feet away; but they did not find him. Every moment we expected they would search the river bank. My mother and sisters found a small boat, and sat in it, while I hid in a crevice in the bank close by. We did not dare say a word. Suddenly there was a great splash. My oldest sister had fallen overboard in the inky darkness. There was no one to save her. My poor mother comforted herself with the thought that this dear daughter would suffer no tortue or insult at the hands of the Boxers.

Soon the night grew quiet. The Boxers had given up their search. We three stole through the darkness to a tiny house in my uncle Ts'ao's garden, where a watchman sometimes lodged. It was not far from our chapel and the preacher's home. The next morning we saw a great company of Boxers going from house to house with their awful cry, "Kill! kill!" Where was my father? Would they find him? They chased a man and a little boy into some fields near by. Late in the afternoon, as we still hid in the lodge, some one came and told us that my father had just been killed. He was seen by Boxers when he was trying to creep unobserved into his brother's house for a drink of water. Pursued by them, he waded across the river, but they were soon upon him, and with rough hands they dragged him back to the spot, not far from our lodge, where the bodies of the two other martyrs lay. "Pray to your God to save you!" they

cried, as they set upon him from all sides with swords and spears.

Just before dark, Boxers found my uncle hiding in a clump of trees, and dragged him, with old Mr. Chou, to the place where my father's body lay. "You can kill my body, but you can not hurt my soul," he said with a brave smile; and as the death blows fell on him he prayed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

In our tiny garden-lodge my broken-hearted mother crouched and wrung her hands. My Uncle Ts'ao had come, saying, "The Boxers know now that you are here; they will come and kill you to-morrow. You had better die before they come, and not let them have your body to torture and hack to pieces, like those whom they have killed to-day." After dark my mother sent me to this uncle's home. When I awoke the next morning my mother and sister lay dying from opium-poisoning, in a room not far from mine. They had come to my uncle's after I was asleep, and he had given them opium. Before their bodies were cold in death they were taken out and buried. "If the Boxers come and find a breath of life in them they will slice them to pieces," my uncle said. They did not let me go to the cemetery.

My aunt, the deacon's wife, was killed about ten days later at the Ko home where she had taken refuge, but my cousin Shih Yuan, hid in a neighbor's house and escaped. He spent the rest of the summer with the Ko family.

The Christians were all gone now; just a few orphan children were left. I heard my Uncle Ts'ao pleading with the Boxers for my life, "He is the only one left, and he is such a little fellow. He 'll not take vengeance on you." I had many wealthy relatives in the village, some of whom had joined the Boxers, so the

Boxers promised not to kill me. But it seemed to me I would be so much happier if I could join my loved ones in heaven. The next night after they died I had such a beautiful dream about them. I saw my father, mother, and two sisters in white robes, with a flood of glory about them and a great throng of angels close by. Two or three times this vision came to me, and comforted me.

For a few days I lived with my Uncle Ts'ao, working in the field for him. I was very hungry and tired; for my uncle gave me only a little food, and made me work hard all day. I had never worked before, and the sun seemed so very, very hot. Uncle Ts'ao had taken away all of my shoes and stockings, and my tender feet were stabbed and bleeding from the dry grainstalks. He often taunted me, saying, "What made you all follow the foreigners? Father, mother, sisters, uncle, all are dead. It is their punishment." When I knelt down to pray my uncle would roar out, "Why are you kneeling down?" I would not answer him, but when I got up he would ask again, "What are you doing?" "Praying to God," I said. "Why?" "Because God is true, and the Buddhas and idols are all false." But I did not tell him how peace came into my heart when I prayed. I used to thank God for saving my life, and ask him to help me, and I prayed that he would let my father and mother and sisters go hand in hand into heaven.

I got so hungry at this uncle's that, after the first few days, I used to go to my Uncle Shih's house to eat; but I still worked in my Uncle Ts'ao's fields. Uncle Shih, though not a Christian, was always kind to me.

I knew that the T'ungchou missionaries and many other foreigners and Christians had fled into the British Legation in Peking. Every day we could hear the

sound of the cannonading. People kept saying that the legations had been taken, and every one killed. Then August came. Fleeing soldiers reported that a great army was coming up from Tientsin, slaughtering men, women, and children by the way. Soon we heard their cannon bombarding T'ungchou, only four miles south of us. I hid in my uncle's garden, and did n't feel afraid. A week or ten days later, when I was working in the field, I saw about three hundred French soldiers come to Fu Ho. I crouched down in the garden, and saw them go from house to house, taking everything they wanted. They took all of the rice and flour at my uncle's. All that day I did n't dare to go home, so I had nothing to eat until dark.

About the 1st of September the Fu Ho Boxers began to say: "There are two or three of these older children whom we have allowed to live, who will tell the foreigners about us and have us punished. We must kill all except the very little ones." I soon heard that they had killed a Christian boy seventeen years old. I had an uncle who was a Boxer. He used to say that whenever he looked at me his whole body felt cold, and he could certainly see a cross on my forehead. Another day he said, "When I stand a little way off and look at you, I can see smoke coming out of your head." Once he stood in front of me for a while with a sword in his hand, repeating stories like these; then said, "You have been baptized; if we do n't kill you, you will kill us." Several people came up then and begged for my life.

I had heard that all of the missionaries and many of the Christians were alive in Peking. Then my Uncle Shih brought the good news that Mr. Kao, our preacher, was alive, "and in October they are coming here to get you and the other orphan children, and

RUINS OF TUNG CHOU, CITY COMPOUND

(The walls standing belong to the neighboring courts.)

take you to Peking." My uncle was glad of this, for I was very thin from hard work and lack of food and grieving for my friends. "You 'll not suffer any more," he said. At first my Uncle Ts'ao did not believe this news. But ten days later Mr. Tewksbury, Mr. Kao, and others, with some American soldiers, came for us, and after spending one night in T'ungchou, we were taken to Peking.

After I reached Peking I went with Mr. Kao to the place near the Presbyterian mission, where my grandparents used to live. The house had been completely destroyed, and my grandparents had been killed.

MARTHA

Martha was the oldest daughter of the Mrs. Keng, the story of whose martyrdom is told in Chapter IV. For many years she was a student in the Bridgman School; but over a year before the Boxer massacre she married a nephew of Deacon Shih, of Fu Ho. The young husband was a Christian, and was proud of his gentle educated wife.

Their baby was not a month old when they left their home in Peking and sought refuge from the Boxers with non-Christian relatives in Fu Ho. During those days of slaughter which have been described in the preceding narrative, they crouched in a cemetery, Martha with her precious baby clasped in her arms. That most terrible day of all she was alone among the graves, and saw the Boxers pursuing more than one Christian with their swords, while all day long the cry, "Kill!" rang in her ears. After dark she crept into the deserted house of the martyred deacon. There she spent four lonely days, hungry, anxious-hearted for her husband, taking fast hold on God when she heard the bands of murderers hunting and burning all about

her. There she received the tidings which she dreaded; her baby was fatherless. A relative took pity on her, and hid her away in a retired room in his house, only an hour before the Boxers came to burn the deacon's house. For a month she was concealed there. Then her father came and took her to T'ungchou to care for her motherless brother and sister. He was not a Christian, and the Boxers thought that they had exterminated all of the "erh mao-tzu" in T'ungchou, so this little company was not hunted down in the retired spot where they found refuge.

Then came a day when, instead of Boxers, Russians and Japanese killed and ravaged on the streets of T'ungchou. Martha must flee again; so, on the 14th of August, Mr. Keng led the little company through the streets of T'ungchou. A darkfaced Sikh started to lay hands on Martha; but her father seized the burly fellow, and held him until she passed. They saw lying on the street the bodies of a mother and daughter who had taken opium to end their shame and suffering. Crowds of refugees were streaming out of the city.

Mr. Keng left Martha, Anna, and his little boy with the Shih family at Fu Ho. Whenever the alarm was given that foreign soldiers were coming on a raid, they would all run to hide in the tall grain. Soon a French garrison was stationed in Fu Ho. No woman was safe there now, and Martha with her baby and the two children began a life of wandering from village to village. Weeks of hunger and weariness passed. They gathered cornstalks and other fuel to sell, but it was not enough to provide food and shelter. Then the weather grew cold; their garments were thin and ragged. The little baby became a mere skeleton.

During these months Martha's father could find no trace of the refugees. At last he found them, and what

was the good news he brought? Missionaries were still living in Peking. The next day Martha was with them, and there was milk for the starving baby, and love for the little mother, who sobbed out the repressed sorrow of months. For weeks the baby's life hung in the balance; but now the sparkle has come back to his eyes, and he is the joy and comfort of Martha's heart, receiving a double portion of love for the sake of his martyred father.

Martha, when she told her story, closed with the words, "Baby and I would soon have died but for God's lovingkindness."

AN ORPHAN GIRL'S STORY

[Li Shu Ch'eng, whose story is given below, is a daughter of the evangelist, Li Te Kuei, whose martyrdom is recorded in the chapter entitled "The Faithful Unto Death." She was eleven years old at the time of the trouble. She was also a niece of Kao Hsin, whose story has been given in this chapter.]

In the spring of 1900 I was studying in the Bridgman School in Peking. My sister, Shu Ch'uan, sixteen years old, and my cousin, Shu Chi, the same age as I, were studying there, too, and we were very happy until the school was broken up by the Boxer trouble. On the 7th of June Shu Chi's father came to take all three of us to his home in the village of Ts'ao Fang, a few miles northwest of T'ungchou.

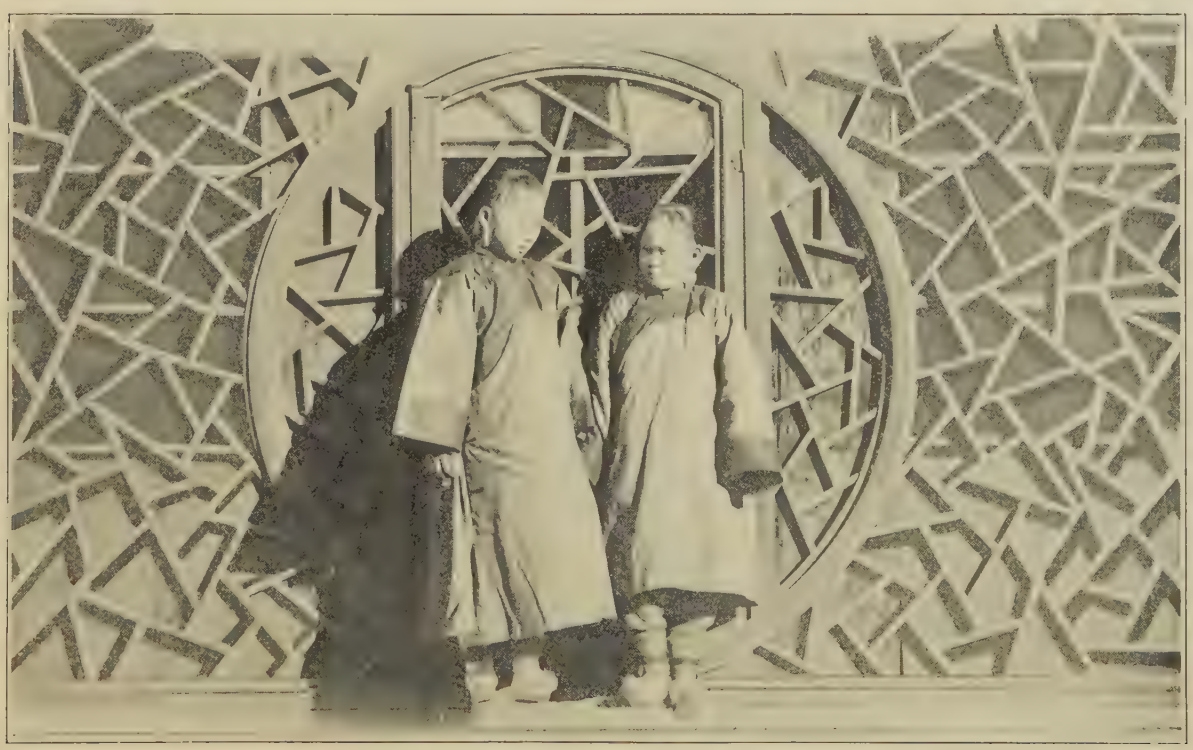
As we jolted along in a cart that Thursday, we little thought that our pleasant home in Yung Le Tien, eighteen miles from T'ungchou was already a heap of ashes, and that father, mother, and three little brothers were lying by the roadside three or four miles from the town, cut down by Boxer knives when they

were trying to escape. We had hardly got inside Uncle Li's house before the yard and the street outside were swarming with wicked men, who kept shouting that they wanted those three schoolgirls. We hid in the house, and my uncle paid the men some money to get them to go away. But they did not all go, and we were too frightened to sleep at all that night.

Before morning dawned, all of our missionary friends in T'ungchou had fled to Peking. Wicked people kept coming to our house all that day and making threats. They called us "erh mao-tzu," and kept saying that it was only a question of time when we would be killed. We knew that we could save our lives only by running away and hiding, so that day we made our plans. My Grandmother Li refused to go away. "If the Boxers come," she said, "they will find me here in my own home, and I shall soon be in heaven."

For weeks heathen relatives and neighbors had been trying to persuade her to give up her religion and burn incense to idols, promising that the Boxers should not kill her if she did so. But my grandmother would not listen to them. I think this is more remarkable because she had been a Christian only a few years.

My uncle decided to take my sister back to Peking, and leave her with the missionaries; so, after one day at home, she left in the darkness. That same night my aunt took her baby, Shu Chi, and myself to her own mother's home, about three miles away. The people here were not Christians, and we hoped that if we hid in the house the Boxers would not know we were there. But the next day we heard how the Boxers were gathering from every side. For two nights we had seen the sky all aglow with the flames of the college buildings and church and missionary homes in T'ungchou, which the Boxers and Chinese soldiers were burning.



Shu Ch'eng (the taller), and Shu Ch'i

So we decided to seek a refuge in the Eastern Mountains, whose sharp outlines we could see against the sky about forty miles away. My aunt had left one little daughter four years old with Grandmother Li. So under cover of darkness we went back home to get her, baked a few flat flour cakes to eat on our journey, and started on our flight. My grandmother still refused to go with us. Our party was made up of my uncle, aunt, three cousins, my aunt's brother, and a Christian neighbor, Mr. Lü. When we had walked about a mile, my oldest cousin, Shu Chi, decided to go back and stay with her grandmother, and two other Christians who remained in Ts'ao Fang. We walked on two nights and days without sleep, and the third night reached the town of P'ing Ku, at the foot of the mountains, where one of our Christian deacons lived. We had hoped that in this remote mountain town we would be safe from Boxers; but they already had their altar there, and the deacon's family had fled into the mountains. Worn out with our long journey and with hunger, we concealed ourselves that night behind a temple.

The next day my aunt's brother and Mrs. Li started back, and I went with them, not knowing yet that my father and mother were dead, but supposing that they had taken refuge with many other T'ungchou Christians in Peking. One day as we approached a village, suddenly we saw thirty or forty Boxers armed with knives and guns, their heads wound about with red cloth, and wearing red girdles. They were occupied with their strange rites, and we slipped around another way before they caught sight of us. So I got back safely to Grandmother Li's.

Just twelve days after we three girls came down from Peking, the long-expected danger came. Shu Chi and I were getting ready to go to bed. I had taken

off my shoes, and Shu Chi had her stockings off, when suddenly the room echoed with the wild cry, "Kill! kill! kill the erh mao-tzu!" I caught a glimpse of one of the Boxers standing on a mound just outside our yard, and scores were calling out that savage "Kill!" "Run for your lives," said grandmother. We two girls slipped away in the dim light, running toward the south. Looking back we saw the flames rising from our house, and the cry, "Kill! kill! do n't let even a cat or chicken escape!" was ringing in our ears. Our grandmother lay stabbed to death under the elm-tree in the yard, and five others were murdered in that village. Though we did not know this as we ran on in the darkness, we had little hope that the Boxers would spare our dear old grandmother.

As we drew near the great paved road leading from T'ungchou to Peking, we came upon a rough crowd of men and boys who were not dressed as Boxers, but who ran after us as soon as they spied us through the darkness, crying, "Erh mao-tzu! erh mao-tzu!" Soon we were surrounded. "Kill them!" called one loud voice. "No," said another; "you see they have just escaped from the Ts'ao Fang Boxers. It must be the will of heaven that they should live."

Their coarse, jeering faces were close to ours. "She is surely an erh mao-tzu," they said, pointing to my cousin. "See how big and round her eyes are, and they have a yellowish tinge, just like those of the foreign devils. But this other girl does n't look like one."

For some reason I did n't feel a bit afraid that night. I spoke right up and said, "I am just the same as she; we just came home from a boarding-school in Peking a few days ago." "You are a Christian?" "Yes," I replied.

While they were mocking and threatening us a man who looked like a soldier came by on horseback, followed by a lame man. "What are you doing with those girls?" he called out, sternly. The crowd shrank back abashed, and we slipped away again into the night.

There had been a heavy rain the day before, and the country we were wandering through was full of ditches and reed-bearing flats. Through these we waded in the darkness, now bound for the village of Fu Ho, where my Uncle Kao and other relatives lived. We did not dare go by the road, and we avoided all villages, lying down in the wet fields when we were too tired to stand any longer. To get to Fu Ho we had to cross a river, and not daring to go to the regular ferry, we wandered up the bank to a point nearly opposite the village. As we were walking along this river in the early morning, we were startled by seeing the dead body of a girl of sixteen, whom we recognized as the daughter of one of the teachers in the college at T'ungchou. We walked on until we saw a man in a little boat, and called to him to take us across the river. He refused until we gave him a few cents, all the money we had; then he came and rowed us over.

The Christians in Fu Ho had all been killed or scattered, and the smoke was rising from some of their burning homes when we went into the village. We found the homes of my cousin's great aunt, and of my father's oldest sister, neither of whom was a Christian. Here I first heard of the death of my father, mother, and little brothers. My Uncle Kao, who was my mother's only brother, and my brother, Li Jui, had fled, they knew not whither; my mother's old mother and many other relatives were among the martyrs. My father's youngest sister had been stoned almost to

death that very day, but was still living in a little lodge in a garden. It was rumored also that all of the missionaries and Christians in Peking had been massacred. Was my dear sister gone, too? O, it seemed that day as if I had not a friend left on earth, and I think my heart would have broken if Jesus had not comforted me! All that day, when we reached Fu Ho, bands of Boxers were searching from house to house for Christians who had escaped them. Late in the afternoon, as Shu Chi and I crouched for concealment in a cemetery, we saw them chasing Teacher Ts'ao, the father of the girl whose body we had seen on the river bank that morning.

We heard that Shu Chi's father had left his wife and baby and the little four-year-old girl begging their way in the mountains, and had turned back to try to save his old mother. A day or two after we reached Fu Ho, Shu Chi and I walked toward T'ungchou, hoping to get some trace of him, and, strange to say, we met him in a lonely spot by the river. He told us of all the horrors which he had passed through, and the terrible sights which he had seen.* Then he said: "Girls, we had better jump into the river and die peacefully together. There is no hope of escape, and I can not bear to have the Boxers torture you." "No, uncle," I said, "that would be wicked, and Jesus would n't save us. It is better to let the Boxers kill us. The suffering will be over soon, and then we shall be in heaven."

Of course, my uncle did not dare to stay in this region where he was so well known, so he went off again in the night, leaving us with our great-aunt. The Boxers were not only killing Christians, but whole families of those who sheltered or fed them. But our great-aunt said: "I am a lonely old widow, and have

*See Li Ch'ao Kuei, page 221

only a few years to live anyway. I will do what I can for the children." Still she was afraid to have us stay in the house, and we lived most of the time in a cemetery, hiding amond the moundlike graves. There the rain beat down upon us, and the darkness closed in about us night after night. Once in two or three days some one would bring us a little food; but we were too frightened to be hungry. Often we heard the Boxers going about with that now familiar cry, "Kill! kill! kill!"

One day Shu Chi ventured into the village, and was caught by the Boxers, who carried her to the temple where many people had been killed, nearly the whole village gathering to watch the trial. They bound her hands with a rope, and, after forcing her to kneel before the altar, they asked her whether she was a Christian. "I am not a Church member," she said, "I have never been baptized." This was true; but I am sorry that my cousin did not have the courage to confess that she believed in Jesus. Still I can't blame her very much. She had not loved Jesus from babyhood, as I had, and those great, bloodstained knives looked very cruel to the little eleven-year-old girl. Either because they pitied the sobbing child, or because they pretended not to see the signs that she was a Christian, they let her go. O, how glad I was when she came back to me in that lonely cemetery!

It grew more dangerous every day for us to stay near this village. Any one who might happen to see us would suspect that we were Christians, because our feet had never been bound up and cramped like those of other girls. It began to be whispered about that we were concealed in the village, and our relatives became more frightened. My own aunt really pitied us; but her husband hated us, and threatened that if she

ever gave us anything to eat he would starve her to death. Then they planned how they could keep us from being tortured to death and save themselves from danger. One day they baked us some cakes mixed with arsenic, and tried to make us eat them; and another time they tried to lead us to the river, hoping we would drown ourselves. But we answered them each time just as we did my uncle. Then they got rid of us in another way. They went to other villages and persuaded some people whom they knew to take us into their families. Those who promised me a home were Mohammedans, living a mile or two from T'ungchou. None of the Mohammedans joined the Boxers, neither did the Boxers persecute them, so they thought I would be safe there. They came for me at night with a cart, and hid me in a great basket, so that it looked as if they were hauling grain or something of that kind. My cousin was taken to another village seven miles away.

I lived several weeks with this family. They used to scold and beat me, but the Boxers did not find me. Then, one day in August, we heard that a great foreign army was approaching from Tientsin. Frightened refugees told how they had seen helpless women and children shot down by the terrible Russians, and we all fled across the river, going toward the Eastern Mountains. Before we had gone far those Mohammedans deserted me, and a family in a little village took pity on the frightened child wandering in the streets, and offered me shelter.

One day, early in October, who do you think searched me out in that lonely village? It was my brother, Li Jui. He had fled with Uncle Kao beyond the Great Wall into Mongolia. He took me to T'ungchou, where I saw one of our missionaries and

several of our Christians who had come down from Peking. The next day my Uncle Kao brought Shu Chi and several orphan children from Fu Ho. On the 11th of October we drove into the great yard in Peking, where over two hundred T'ungchou Christians were living under the protection of the missionaries. The days of my wandering and danger were over.

One of the missionary ladies took me immediately to see my sister, who was living with the other Bridgman School girls in another part of the city. As soon as I looked into Shu Ch'uan's face, and felt her arms about me, I just broke out into wild sobs, and all the other girls cried, too.

I am studying in the Bridgman School now, and my sister seems like a mother to me. So do my missionary teachers. I think they love me for my father's sake.

The three following paragraphs are given to show how the virulent hatred of the Boxers extended to all who had the slightest connection with foreigners. Hundreds who had made no profession of Christianity, but who had associated with foreigners as servants, pupils, teachers, secretaries, or friends, were slain. The highest official in T'ungchou, a Tao-tai, was called "erh mao-tzu" because of his friendly intercourse with the foreigners and his strenuous efforts to protect them. For days he was a prisoner in his own yamen, his life in hourly danger, and only after paying a heavy ransom did he succeed in escaping to Shanghai.

WEN LAO YEH

Wen Lao Yeh had the rank of Chih Hsien (fifth rank), and his father was an official of the second rank.

They are an old aristocratic family. Wen Lao Yeh learned something of Christianity in Central China. His story is told by his son:

"My father and grandfather, when traveling to take up the duties of office, visited a university in the province of Kiangsu. My father was a good mathematician, especially in algebra. In 1898, when a university was started in Peking, my father entered as a student. At that time the reform edicts of the emperor commanded that schools and universities be started in every city and village. So my father wished to establish a school in T'ungchou, that the youth of the city might be enlightened and their abilities devoloped. Before this school was opened the *coup d'etat* occurred. In spite of this revolution, my father's purpose was not changed. So he subscribed much money and bought land in T'ungchou, then erected buildings, and started a school, called 'The English and Mathematical College.' He invited teachers of English and Chinese, and gathered together many students.

"Although my father started this school, no one in T'ungchou favored it, but on the contrary he was bitterly persecuted. So my father reported this to the missionaries of the Congregational Church, and often conferred with them about it. They exhorted him not to fear, but to go on and open the school. They also gave him many religious books, and translations of Western books. So my father read these books, and learned of the affairs of ancient times, and of the might of God. He carefully examined Christian truth, and sent me to the Methodist University in Peking to study. His relatives and friends all thought him either foolish or demented; so some exhorted him, and tried to prevent his doing this, and others persecuted and ridiculed him. But my father still studied the Bible and

drew close to the Church. Thus he knew that the Lord would surely help and protect us.

"In June, 1900, the Boxers came to destroy this school and our home which adjoined it. My father fled to Peking; my mother, surrounded by friends and servants, escaped by a side door and took refuge in her mother's home. But some members of her family were Boxers, so she received bitter persecution, and was finally driven away and joined my father in Peking.

"At the close of school I had been invited by a schoolmate to Tsun Hua. While there I heard that the T'ungchou mission had been destroyed, also my own home. So I was very anxious and returned at once. Finding my father's mother I learned that my parents were in Peking, and grandmother said, "You must take refuge there at once; there 's no safety for your life here." So that same day, June 13th, I went to Peking, and found my parents at the place to which my grandmother had directed me. When we met we were both glad and fearful. That was an awful day in Peking. After that, we hid in three different places, and suffered great trials, until August, when the allies entered Peking, and the T'ungchou missionaries gave us shelter with the Christians.

"My fourteen-year-old sister had remained with her grandmother in T'ungchou; but after the foreign soldiers came, having suffered much from fright and from longing for her parents, she had an attack of fever and died.

"When men pass through such terrible distress and still live, surely this must be the might and protection of God. So my father drew still closer to God, and studied his Bible. He wished to be baptized, and to be a servant of Jesus. Unexpectedly he became ill, and grew rapidly worse. Though we consulted phy-

sicians, he died in November. Alas! that after passing through such dangers, he should die of sickness."

To this story, given by Wen Yü Lin, we add a few details. Mr. Wen's first flight to Peking was a series of providential escapes. Boxers were on his track; but at the time when they overtook him he happened to be off the cart which he had hired for the journey. He saw them rush upon the cart, and, furious with rage, cut to pieces both the carter and the mule which had drawn the "erh mao-tzu." The highway was thronged. Mr. Wen happened to be close by a cart which was loaded with a quantity of money belonging to one of Tung Fu Hsiang's soldiers. "Please ride on this cart and protect my property," said the soldier to the well-dressed, respectable man by his side, little dreaming that he was protecting the very man whom the Boxers were seeking. On this cart Mr. Wen rode to Peking. Several times Boxers, who did not recognize him, stopped the cart to search and question him, but he happened to have the card of Weng T'un Ho, tutor to the emperor, one of the highest officials in the realm, and, thinking that he had been dispatched on official business, they allowed him to proceed.

The son has told only in barest outline of the two months of terror spent in Peking. Two or three days after the allies reached the capital, Mr. Wen, haggard with suffering and fear, went to the British Legation to entreat the help of T'ungchou missionaries. He had just passed through a most terrible experience, with great difficulty saving his gentle, timid wife from the lust of rough Cossacks. He showed his back, bruised and bleeding from the heavy labor and cruel treatment. Russians had impressed him as a beast of burden. Mrs. Wen was at once rescued by the missionaries and the family continued to live under their protection

in Peking. The suffering of those days after the dreaded European soldiers reached Peking doubtless occasioned the illness which carried Mr. Wen to his grave.

TEACHER WANG

For twenty-five years this Confucianist scholar, from one of the best old families of T'ungchou, had acted as private teacher to different missionaries in the city. As a true gentleman, a refined and genial friend, he was loved and respected by all, and for no one in T'ungchou had more fervent prayer been offered than for him. His duties as teacher and translator had made him very familiar with the Bible and Christian theology. From the first Christianity appealed both to his intellect and to his heart. But upon him would devolve the rites of ancestral worship when his aged mother died; it would break her heart if he became a Christian. The filial piety which is the very root of Confucianism prompted him to resolve that, while his beloved mother lived, he would not take upon him the name of Christ. To a servant in missionary employ he said with deep emotion, "I envy you; you can become a Christian; I can not." He sat sometimes in religious gatherings, his head drooping lower and lower, a pathetic look of distress on his face, as the truth was borne in upon his soul. To a missionary who presented to him the claims of Christ, he said appealingly, "Do not speak to me on this subject; I can not bear it."

Yet Teacher Wang is numbered with the slain at T'ungchou. Of his death there are two accounts. One is that he and a friend were passing a Boxer temple in the north suburb of T'ungchou, and the friend said, "Let us go in and see the fun." Teacher Wang drew

back with a look of horror, and the Boxers, seeing the expression on his face, exclaimed, "He is an erh mao-tzu," and set upon him with their swords.

Wen Lao Yen before his death gave an account which he had heard from Teacher Wang's relatives, who, being themselves opposed to Christianity, would be interested in denying rather than affirming his Christian faith. They said that the Boxers dragged Teacher Wang to their shrine, and commanded him to bow down. He replied, "For many years I have worshiped only the one true God; I will not worship your idols."

The two accounts are not conflicting. Let us hope that, whether or not Teacher Wang died rather than to deny Christ, in that last agony he looked up to the Savior whom he had never confessed before men, and heard the words, "To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

A DAY-SCHOOL GIRL

My home was in such a tiny little hamlet, just three families, all very poor, living in the midst of our little garden and farms. There were larger villages close about us, and over a mile away, hidden from our view by a tree-shaded village, rose the five buildings of the North China College. A little farther away lay the walled city of T'ungchou.

One of the families in our village was Christian, and the oldest daughter, Li Yü T'ang, studied many years in the Bridgman School in Peking. When she came home for vacations she would teach her little brother and sister to sing and repeat Bible verses. We liked to hear the singing, and though we were afraid at first—for we had heard very bad stories about the Jesus Church people—gradually we were wont to join in the lessons, and my mother used to slip into the room

to listen, too. I was then a little girl about seven years old, and my two brothers, one older, one younger than I, liked the singing as well as I did. Later a little school was started over half a mile from my home, taught by a young woman who loved little children dearly. How happy we were when our parents let us two older children go there to study! Very soon we learned to pray and to love Jesus. Often on Sunday one of the missionary ladies would come to our village for a little meeting, and my mother always went to listen. I think that she believed in Jesus, too, but she had not learned to read, and could not go to the meetings in the big church; so I do not think that many people knew that she wanted to be a Christian.

So the happy years went by until the spring of 1900, when I was ten years old. Then the Boxer society was started, and soon our little school was closed. Before light on the morning of June 8th, about twenty carts passed our door. It was the missionaries and some of the Christians fleeing to Peking, and we heard that many Christians ten miles away in the country had already been killed by Boxers. The next night we saw the whole plain dotted with lanterns. Swarms of people were gathering at the college to carry off everything of value on which they could lay their hands. Then we saw the sky all aflame as the great buildings, one after another, were burned to the ground. Our Christian neighbors fled that night to Peking. A day or two later we saw the city lighted up, and knew that the Boxers were burning the missions there, too. Many a time we stood and watched bands of red-sashed Boxers pass only a few rods from our door, and heard how they were hunting down the Christians everywhere. It made our hearts very, very sad; still we had no fear for ourselves, for none of us were Church members.

But just seventeen days after the missionaries had taken refuge in Peking, a band of Boxers passing our village, remarked that they would come that night and kill the "erh mao-tzu." "They must mean the Li's," said my mother, when she heard of it. "Probably they do not know that they have fled." So we did not feel afraid. My oldest brother, Jui Fang, went to work in a field about half a mile away, and my little brother went out in that direction to play. My father went into the city, and had just come back and eaten his meal at about five o'clock. I went out into the yard, and saw about thirty fierce-looking Boxers, armed with knives and rifles, coming straight toward our house. There was no time to run. Soon my father and mother were seized, and their hands tied behind them with strong cords. My baby sister, only a few months old, was laid down on the ground, and father, mother, and I were led toward the large village of Hsiao Chuang, where the Boxers had an altar.

Twice I tried to run away, but the Boxers caught me again. A rabble ran along with the Boxers to see the fun. I was walking about the middle of the company. The Boxers in the rear stopped for something, while those in front walked on, dragging my father and mother, and I was left for a moment alone. We happened to be close by a ravine. A man whom I did not know came up to my side and said, "Run into that ravine! Quick!" I darted into its shadows, and no one noticed me. Soon it was dark, and I made my way back to the place which I once called home. A kind neighbor had picked up my baby sister, and was caring for her. The next morning my two brothers came. A neighbor had warned them, and they had hidden away through the night. How sad our hearts were! Would they kill our parents? Why, father did n't be-

lieve in Jesus at all, not even in his heart, and mother had never confessed him. But our neighbors told us that the Boxers seized them because they let us study in the foreigners' school. Later we heard that after they had dragged father and mother to the Boxer altar, they began to burn incense and work the other charms which they use to tell whether their captives are Christians or not. But my mother said: "You need not burn incense. You accuse me of being a Christian. Then kill me with one stroke of the sword." Then they cut them to pieces with their great knives. We did not know this that morning as we talked together in our deserted home; but we had little hope of ever seeing them again, and we knew that the Boxers might come back any minute to look for us. So that long day we three children hid among the dense evergreen-trees in a large cemetery. Then we wandered to the home of a distant relative, who let us stay a day. After that, two uncles took us back to the house which had once been our happy home, and there they cared for us as best they could until the cold November days came. Then the T'ungchou Christians who had escaped from the Boxers and were still living in Peking, heard about us, and soon we three half-starved, ragged children were being tenderly cared for in the Orphans' Home in Peking.

My baby sister died of sickness, and I know that mother was glad up in heaven when she got her in her arms again.

On the T'ungchou Church roll were the names of about two hundred and fifty Church members, and of perhaps a hundred probationers and children who had been baptized in infancy. Nearly half of these names are now written on T'ungchou's martyr-roll. Outside

of these were hundreds of Boxer victims, some of whom were slain simply because they were related to Christians, and some of whom, like those mentioned in the three preceding narratives, may be classed as "adherents." One of these, a woman who had attended Christian services, but who had no connection with the Church, when seized by the Boxers, boldly refused to burn incense, declaring that she believed in God. We had not thought her ready to enter the Church militant. God knew her heart, and received her into the Church triumphant.

"So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

CHAPTER IX

MARTYR DAYS IN PAO TING FU

"It is enough for the servant that he be as his Master."

In Pao Ting Fu, a hundred and twenty miles southwest of Peking, the China Inland Mission had a business agency; but missionary work was prosecuted only by the American Board and the Presbyterian Board, the former having been established many years. In this region, though comparatively few Protestants were killed, the leaders in the Church were hunted down remorselessly, and the Christians who escaped with their lives, in most cases lost all else.

THE STORY OF CHANG CH'ING HSIANG

(Recorded as he gave it orally.)

I had intended to remain in T'ungchou and study in the summer school; for I was to graduate from the North China College in a year, and wanted a little extra study. But by the time school closed, May 23d, such alarming reports had come of Boxer troubles in Pao Ting Fu that I felt I must go home to care for my widowed mother. She and my married sister were the only Christians in the family except myself, and my mother, being a Bible-woman, was well known, not only in Pao Ting Fu, but in the villages and outstations, which she had often visited with Miss Morrill; so she would be in special danger if trouble broke out. Our home was in a little village less than a quarter of a mile from the west gate of the city.

Boxers were already practicing in Pao Ting Fu, but for a month after my return they performed their rites in private. I went every day to the chapel on one of the busy streets of the city to help Pastor Meng talk to the throngs who flocked in. Never before had the chapel been so crowded, and the audience would sit quietly, giving no sign either of assent of dissent. But often we would hear the loud voice of a passerby singing: "What! preaching here yet? It will not be long before they are all killed."

By the 20th of June we knew that the missions in Peking and T'ungchou had been burned and hundreds of Christians massacred. During the next few days the storm which had been gathering for months grew more threatening. The Boxers began practicing openly, though we did not yet see them in battle array on the streets. Already there had been several battles with the Roman Catholics intrenched at a village thirteen miles south of Pao Ting Fu, battles in which the Pao Ting Fu Boxers were leaders. Often during the past months we had been assured that the Boxers had no enmity against Protestants; but the reports from Peking convinced us that they would not long continue to discriminate.

Toward the end of June several of the mission helpers and students were persuaded to return to their homes in other places to care for their families. Threats were growing louder, and it was only a question of a few days when the trouble would culminate. Faithful Pastor Meng read the signs of the times. Unwilling to desert the Church and the missionaries, he decided to send away his oldest son, Ti-to, in the care of the chapel-keeper, Mr. T'ien, and we had no thought of going. Flight and concealment were impossible for the missionaries, and we would stay with them.

Chang Ch'ing Hsiang

My mother was still living in our home in the west suburb. On the 27th of June, when I was in the street chapel as usual, a report reached me which made my heart stand still. A Christian had been killed at the west gate. I started for home. Not daring to go by the west gate, as the Boxers in that vicinity knew me, I ran to the south gate, and thence homeward. Imagine my joy when I saw my brother and sister, and they said, "Mother is safe; you 'll find her in the inner court." There I heard her story. The Boxers had caught two Catholics. One had been chopped to pieces close by our gate, the other in the west gate of the city. All thought that the blood-maddened mob would rush into our yard. My mother sent my brother and sister-in-law to hide in a neighbor's house. "You are not Christians, and they will not search for you." Then spreading a mat under a tree in our yard, she sat down and awaited the death which seemed inevitable. "Were you not afraid?" I asked. "No," she said smiling; "why should I be afraid?" I said: "It is sure death to stay here. Don't you think you had better hide away with relatives in the country until the storm has passed?" "No," was her reply; "you know how I love Miss Morrill and Miss Gould. I will not leave them; if they die, I will die with them." "Then let us go to the mission to live, where we can die together." My mother assented, and a cart was hired to take her to the south suburb early the next morning.

It was now the 28th of June. That very morning, Mr. T'ien and Ti-to had fled. Our city chapel was a rented house, and the landlord refused to let us occupy it longer, fearing that it would be burned. So I spent several hours with Pastor Meng, sending our furniture and books to a temple where a magistrate had given us permission to store them. About three

in the afternoon I said to Pastor Meng, "I am hungry; I 'll go to the mission and get something to eat, then come back." Ging toward the south gate, I noticed that the inns were swarming with Boxers, whom I did not recognize. Evidently there was a gathering of the clans from outside. I had hardly reached the mission when a Christian, whom I had left helping Pastor Meng, rushed in, pale and breathless, "The Boxers have seized Pastor Meng," he gasped. It took only a few sentences to tell his story. The Boxers had burst into the chapel without a second's warning, and laid hands on the pastor; the other man, who happened to be in the rear of the building, jumped over the back wall and escaped.

I knew that this was the beginning of the end, and went with a heavy heart to carry the sad tidings to Mr. Pitkin. Soon the rumor reached us that two young men, mission-helpers, had been seized in their lodgings not far from us. There was no foundation for this report, but at the time we saw no reason to doubt it, and fully expected that an attack would be made on us that night. We were a little company, and Mr. Pitkin's revolver was our only weapon of defense. I went to the room of Pastor Meng's sister, Mrs. Tu, who had been a Bible-woman for many years, to tell her about her brother. The brave little woman did not break down, though she said at once that there was no hope for him. As I was leaving she said to me: "Why should you young men who are educated for the service of the Church throw away your lives? You can protect no one by staying here. If all die, who will lay the foundations of the Church again after the storm has passed? The work of us old people is finished; yours is not. Why not escape before it is too late?"

I shall never forget my last talk with Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill, and Miss Gould that evening. We had little thought that the night would pass in peace. I had just told them that the Boxers had seized our two helpers close by. "We shall see the Lord soon," said Miss Morrill; "they have only gone a little earlier." They asked me if I would not try to get away, and when I said I had no thought of leaving, Mr. Pitkin laughingly asked if I would be his cook. We parted with the usual salutations, the last remark being that the day was very hot. I never saw them again.

Momentarily expecting an attack, I did not sleep that night. At the first flush of dawn I went to my mother's room. Very solemn and tender were the words which she spoke to me. "My dear son, now that things have come to a crisis, I want you to leave me. You can not save my life by staying. I have consecrated you to the service of the Lord, and I can not let you sacrifice your life for me. To-day or to-morrow the blow will fall, and I want you to go now. If you delay, the Boxers may be upon us. Did not God save your life yesterday almost by a miracle, when Pastor Meng was killed? God wills that you should live."

I will pass over the anguish of those moments. Before many people were astir I had made my way through the south suburb, where I was so well known, and at home found my sister, still alone. "Are you not going to the mission?" I asked. "No, I prefer to die here. But you must not stay. I have heard the Boxers talking on the city gate-tower, pointing to this place, and saying that they must seize you and Mr. T'ien. Go quickly." When I bade my sister farewell she wept bitterly, and I tried to comfort her, saying, "If it is the Lord's will, we will soon meet again here; if not, we will have a happy reunion in heaven."

I crossed the river and hired a donkey to carry me a few miles. I had no definite plan, but thought I would go not far away, and return soon. I did not recognize the boy with the donkey, but I noticed that he stared at me curiously. After going less than two miles we approached the village of Wu Li. Fearing the Boxers there, I told the boy to take a branch road by the railway. "Why do n't you go through the village?" he asked. "Are you a Christian?" "That has nothing to do with our business," I replied. "I shall pay you just the same at the end of our journey whether I am a Christian or not."

I will anticipate a little by stating that the boy hastened back to Wu Li after I had dismissed him, and told the Boxers that I was going south on the road to Wang Tu. They started some armed men on horseback in pursuit. These men must have passed me on the highway, for I afterward learned that they reached the city of Wang Tu several hours before I did. How did I escape their notice? Surely this was God's special protection. After the donkey-boy left me, as I was trudging along the hot, dusty highway, an open cart came slowly behind me, in which sat a handcuffed prisoner with men guarding him. It was a dirty cart, with a most disreputable passenger; but I was exhausted by traveling and loss of food and sleep, and when they gave me permission to get in, I lay down beside the prisoner, covered my face with my handkerchief, and was soon in a dead sleep. There I must have been lying when the Boxers passed, and as they returned that day by the same road, they must have twice passed that strange vehicle along the road.

I reached Wang Fu, thirty miles from Pao Ting Fu, about sunset, and went into an inn in a suburb, close by a yamen. Two men stared at me as I entered,

and seemed to be talking about me. Soon I caught the remark, "I am sure he is the one who went to Hsiao Hsin village to preach." They were yamen attendants, whose home was in the village near by, where one of our chapels was located; and though I did not know them, it was evident that they had recognized me, and that I was not safe here. I went toward the south gate of the city near by to see whether there were any Boxers in the neighborhood, and saw a company of them eating just outside the gate. I had no time to lose, and at once I turned my face homeward. About three miles from Wang Tu I came to a village where a Christian family lived. I had only visited this village once, and thinking there was little danger of recognition, I ventured to pass through it to see whether the family had been molested. As I reached the place a young woman who had studied in our boarding-school came to the gate. In answer to my hasty inquiries she said that they were still living peacefully. I had just begun to tell her about Pao Ting Fu when, from the south end of the village, the cry arose, "A Catholic has just come. Let us seize him!" The cry was followed by the sound of rushing feet, and as I fled northward I was followed by a mob of villagers armed with spades, rakes, clubs, and other implements. They were not Boxers, but had not the order been given that they should allow no stranger to enter their village? I knew that if I ran on the highway I must pass through many villages, and would surely be seized as I ran, so I bounded through grainfields and made my way to the railroad. It was already twilight, else men would have been working in the fields, and my flight would have been intercepted. The cries of the pursuing mob rang in my ears. Could I outrun them? A man with a shovel seemed close upon my heels.

I called out, "If you come too near, I 'll stone you." The race for life continued in the deepening darkness, and not until we had run three or four miles did my pursuers give up the chase.

Still I did not dare linger; for I knew that I had been recognized in Wang Tu, and expected that horsemen would follow on my track. Perhaps it was only imagination, but I was certain that the sound of horses' feet was borne on the night wind. There was no moon, not even a star, and soon rain began to fall. The railroad bed had been newly laid with broken stone; in the light one could pick a smooth path, but in the dense darkness my bruised feet struck the sharp edges at almost every step. Then came a strange light on my pathway which will never fade from my memory. Directly in front of me clouds hung on the horizon, palpitating with almost constant lightning flashes. Each flash seemed to light up the road for miles before me, and my tired feet could pick their way among the cruel stones. It seemed like God's finger beckoning me to that little home outside the city, close to which the railroad ran. If men had been in search of me that night, those lightning flashes would have betrayed me to them; but just after day broke I saw the walls of Pao Ting Fu.

Can you picture my sorry plight after that terrible race of thirty miles? For two days I had eaten nothing; my shoes, worn to shreds, were far behind me on the road; my stockings were clinging in tatters, and five toenails had dropped from my bleeding feet. My legs, swollen far beyond their natural size, ached intensely. I could not bear to grieve my sister by the sight of my suffering, so I went to the home of other relatives in the village. They hardly knew whether to cry over my misery or to joy over my de-

liverance; for they had heard that I had been killed by the Wu Li Boxers. "You must n't stay here an hour," they said. I replied, "It is impossible for me to walk a step farther; if I must die, it will be here." Then I lay down on the ground, completely overcome with fatigue and drowsiness. But they would not allow me to sleep long. Finding shoes and stockings for me, and smoothing my disheveled hair, they started me off about three-quarters of an hour after my arrival. Two men walked beside me as we passed northwest across the railway, and we met no one who knew me. Safely outside the environs of the city, my friends went back and I continued my journey toward the northwest. My swollen legs gave me no pain, my bruised feet ached no more, the sleepiness and weakness had disappeared. The day was almost gone when I reached a little inn in the mountains. As I was resting in the inn I heard men outside talking about a fire in Pao Ting Fu. Hastening out, and climbing the mountain-side, I could see plainly that the fire was in the north suburb of the city where the Presbyterian mission was located. Had our mission in the south suburb already been destroyed? No words can tell the anguish in my heart as I went back to the inn. I had no definite destination when I started on my flight; but the next morning I decided to go to the home of a man, not a Christian, whom I had known from childhood, as his business was in Pao Ting Fu. About noon I found Mr. Yü in his village home with his family, among whom were his three sisters, all of whom had studied in a school taught by my sister. Mr Yü received me most kindly; but I had just seated myself to eat the food which they prepared for me, when several of his neighbors came and called him out. Soon he came back, sighing deeply.

"Do they know me?" I asked.

"They say you are a Christian pastor."

"Truly I am unworthy of that title. How many people are there outside?"

"Over a hundred. They say that the foreigners are the most proficient in arts of malignant witchcraft, that the native pastors are not far behind them, while the common Church members rank third in the devilish art."

"It is not likely that they will let me go. But you go out and tell them the exact truth; that I am not a pastor, but that from a child I have been a Christian; that I have studied many years in the Christian schools, and am still a student."

Mr. Yü repeated my words to the crowd, adding that he had known me since I was a child, and that my character was without reproach. "You are all my neighbors," he said, in conclusion; "let him go for my sake." Then he came back, saying, "They consent to your release, since you are only a student; but you must go at once."

A heavy rain was falling. Mr. Yü gave me an umbrella, and walked with me up the narrow mountain valley in which the village was located. It was a little path which we followed, and we met no one. He walked with me almost a mile, until we were in sight of the mountain pass which I was to enter. Then I urged him to go back, saying in farewell: "You understand something of the truth which I believe. If the Lord spares my life, I will see you again." As I climbed the gorge in the rain, and looked up at the mountain wrapped in mist, I thought: "Perhaps this man is the only friend now left me on earth. If I had not God for my refuge and strength, what could I do?" Afterwards I knew that on this very Sabbath morning

our mission was destroyed and all of the missionaries and many Christians massacred. Yet as I made my way alone up the mountain, my heart was not overwhelmed with either grief or fear, for it was full of God's sweet comfort. "God has a plan in it all," I thought.

My friend had warned me that my mountain journey would be dangerous. "There are wild beasts there, and after you enter the pass you will find many branching ways. If you go wrong, you may get into mountain solitudes and be unable to make your way out. Your chances of death are many, of life few," he said sadly. As I entered the pass, I prayed that God would guide my steps. Almost immediately I came to forking ways. Lifting my heart again in prayer, I took one of the paths, and very soon came upon three men who had taken shelter from the rain in a little temple by the wayside. One of them was a tobacco merchant. They asked me where I was going. "To Kuang Ch'eng," I replied, naming a city about seventy miles northwest of Pao Ting Fu. "My way also lies in that direction," said the merchant; "go with me." He was a stranger, and did not suspect that I was a Christian. As the rain ceased, we journeyed on together, and when we stopped that night in an inn where he was well known, his introduction of me as a friend overcame the scruples of the landlord against admitting a stranger. How again and again God sent strangers to guide me, to take me with them to inns, to give me of their food, to lend me a donkey or mule to ride when they saw how I stumbled on my maimed feet, and to show me many other kindnesses, I can not tell, for my story is growing too long. From June 30th, when I last left Pao Ting Fu, until July 18th, when I reached Tai Yuan Fu, I traveled over four hundred miles, and

very few steps of that circuitous route over mountains and through towns filled with Boxers did I take alone.

The last hundred and thirty miles of my journey was made with strange traveling companions. One day I started out alone, praying as usual that God would send me friends. When I had gone about seven miles I heard a noise behind me, and saw a caravan of mule litters, escorted by forty or fifty soldiers and many attendants. I stood by the roadside, and as they passed I saw by the banners that soldiers of the famous Jung Lu were escorting the family of the governor of Shensi, and mixing with the soldiers in the rear I learned that they were bound for Hsi An Fu by way of Tai Yuan Fu. One of the soldiers soon made friends with me, and suggested that I fall in with the retinue, as it would be safer and pleasanter than traveling alone. Little did they think that they were protecting a Christian, and that but for them I should probably have fallen into the hands of the Boxers, who were then swarming like bees over all that country.

I dropped behind the cavalcade as we approached Tai Yuan Fu on July 18th. Nine days before, the soil of that now notorious city was stained with the blood of forty-five missionaries, slain under the eye of the governor of the province, and, during the dark days that followed, Boxer swords had been cutting down Protestants and Catholics, old and young. I did not know all this, but before I reached the east gate I met twelve or fifteen Boxers dragging a Catholic woman to execution, and so knew that the Boxers were devastating this region, too. I entered the east gate unnoticed. The great east street was filled with uniformed Boxers in battle array, accompanied by a rabble of men and boys. In the door of every shop on the street stood a man with a sword in his hand, to show reverence to

the Boxers as they passed. I asked where they were going, and was told that it was to the slaughter of some Catholics. As I walked on through the city I saw the ruins of a cathedral. "The missionaries and Christians must all be dead," I thought; "I can find no refuge here." I left the city by the south gate, and bought a little food. I had just about three cents left. No one in this Boxer-infested country would dare harbor or feed a penniless stranger. I knew not where to find one Christian, if indeed any were left alive; and, of course, a single question would betray me into the hands of enemies. The next day found me in Tai Ku, thirty-six miles away, hoping against hope that I might find our missionaries still alive, or see my college classmate, K'ung Hsiang Hsi. I learned by indirect inquiries that the missionaries were still living, and found my way without exciting suspicion to their compound. It was raining hard, and no one was in sight on the street as I stood at the gate knocking. But I could get no response. In despair, I ventured to ask a shopkeeper to direct me to the home of K'ung Hsiang Hsi. Following his directions, I knocked at a large gateway. A man opened it just a crack, asked me my errand and where I was from; then shut the gate and went in. My classmate was concealed inside, and they were constantly on guard against devices of the Boxers to get possession of him. So before they admitted me they had him conceal himself in the room where I was to meet his uncle, and he was to remain quiet unless he recognized me. He came out with a bound as soon as he saw my face. We had strange, sad stories to tell of the events which had filled the weeks since we parted. I spent the night there, and they tried to devise plans for my safety, as it would soon be known that they were sheltering a stranger.

Hsiang Hsi gave me money, and proposed that I go to a school taught by his father, about three miles away in the country, where I might find a safe refuge. It was while I was there, on the last day of July, that the six missionaries of Tai Ku were killed; then, for three or four days, the Christians were hunted down and slain like sheep. Again I sought Hsiang Hsi, and found him completely overwhelmed with grief for the missionaries, not caring whether he lived or died. I told him that I was going back to Pao Ting Fu. He urged me to stay, saying that they would try to find another refuge for me, since the school was unsafe; and when I insisted that I must go, he again gave me money.

Before I left, Hsiang Hsi's uncle urged me most earnestly to repent of my evil ways and recant. "And it will not do," he said, "just to recant with your lips, but you must really hate Jesus. If you do not recant from your heart the Boxer chief will know it just by looking into your face." I laughingly replied that I had repeatedly walked streets thronged with Boxers. He said, "But if one of the god-incarnated leaders should set eyes upon you, you would be seized immediately."

On this return journey, God provided traveling companions for me all the way from Tai Ku to Huai Lu, a hundred and twenty miles from Pao Ting Fu. I reached Huai Lu on August 14th, the very day the relief army reached Peking; but of the stirring events of the past two months I knew absolutely nothing. I only heard that Boxers were still rampant in Pao Ting Fu. Again my money was reduced to a few cents. As I prayed for guidance, I heard two men talking, and knew from their conversation that they were on their way to Chao Chou, thirty or forty miles to the south-

east. By listening, I learned that this region had not been desolated by the bloodshed and anarchy which had spread into nearly every city of North China. We had a little branch Church there; I would go and see if any Christians were still living.

The second day I reached the vicinity of the city, and found the way to the home of a deacon, who proved a good Samaritan indeed to the ragged, footsore, haggard boy who knocked at his door. I was half starved, and was crippled by a terrible ulcer on my leg. The deacon told me that a good official had managed to keep down the Boxers in that region up to this time, but they had heard that the Boxers in Pao Ting Fu had the Church register in their possession, and they expected to be hunted down at any time. "Are you not afraid to take me into your home?" I asked. "No, indeed. If we die, we will die together." The deacon called a doctor to care for my sores, provided me with warmer clothing as the weather grew colder, and when my strength returned I helped him by working in the fields.

I staid here about two months; then the long silence was broken by a brief letter sent from Pao Ting Fu to the Church at Chao Chou. This letter stated that the foreign army had arrived in Pao Ting Fu, and with it had come the younger Pastor Meng from Tientsin; then there were one or two questions in regard to the state of the Church at Chao Chou. This was all. I did not yet know the fate of the missionaries or of my mother and sister, but I started immediately for Pao Ting Fu.

Though I had months before persuaded myself that there was no hope of seeing my dear ones again, a keen pang smote me when I entered our village and found only ruins on the spot where our home had stood.

Even the trees had been dug up from the yard. I went quickly to my aunt's home, and she received me as one risen from the dead. The answers to my first eager questions filled my heart alternately with grief and joy. The missionaries were all numbered with the martyrs, and my mother, too; but my sister had escaped most marvelously, with the greater number of the Christians, and she was living now in the Christian colony which Pastor Meng had gathered together in the south suburb, near the ruins of the mission. There we had a solemn, tearful reunion. There I heard that my college teachers were all alive, and most of my schoolmates. It was Thanksgiving-day when I appeared among them in Peking. They had heard that I fled into Shansi; but as the months went by, they had given up all hope of seeing me again until united with "that great multitude which no man can number."

MRS. CHANG, THE BIBLE-WOMAN

Mrs. Chang had her first instruction in Christianity as nurse in a missionary family. By her kindly disposition and her receptivity to the truth she won all hearts. Her oldest son and daughter were already away from her influence, but the youngest daughter and her little son, Ch'ing Hsiang, were at once placed in the mission schools. Ch'ing Hsiang was then a round-faced, bright-eyed lad, the joy of his widowed mother's heart; and as his quick mind and loving heart developed, and he rose to the grade of a senior in college, she looked forward to the time when she might see this boy, whom she had made a special offering to the Lord, a pastor and leader among his own people.

For eleven years Mrs. Chang helped Miss Morrill in her country tours and in her house-to-house teaching

in village homes. Dearly she loved this missionary who had given so many patient hours to her instruction; and the love was mutual, for Mrs. Chang's sincerity and faithfulness and willingness to endure hardship made her Miss Morrill's burden-sharer and companion.

Mrs. Chang was sixty years old in 1900. The story of her faith and devotion during the first weeks of the Boxer trouble has already been told. Love was the magnet which drew her into that doomed mission compound. She could not bear that Miss Morrill and Miss Gould, who had forsaken all for her and her people, should die alone, unfriended; and the struggle and victory of that night before she sent from her her beloved son, only those mothers can understand whose love and hope and ambition have centered on one who was consecrated to some special work. "I have consecrated you to the service of the Lord, and I can not let you sacrifice your life for me."

It was on Friday morning when her son left her. We knew not what arguments persuaded Mrs. Chang to flee from the mission Sunday morning, just as the Boxers attacked the place. We only know that the devoted band of missionaries had repeatedly urged their native friends not to share their fate. Perhaps Mrs. Chang heard from Miss Morrill the same earnest persuasions which had sent her own son off in the morning twilight just two days earlier. We know that bitter tears ran down the old face as she turned away.

The story of the weary flight is told by a niece who shared her wanderings. The two women, unused to walking, drenched by rain, meeting frequent repulses and alarms, made their way through unknown villages, and that night found refuge with a Christian family, far away. There they knelt in the darkness,

and all prayed together. The report spread through the village that Christians had sought shelter there, and, fearing to involve their host in trouble, Mrs. Chang and her niece left very early in the morning. Soon they came to a river. Mrs. Chang was too weak and weary to stem the current, so her niece carried her over. Then they lost all sense of direction, and wandered aimlessly until a man found them, and, with fair pretenses and promises, persuaded them to go to his house and occupy some empty rooms. When they reached the house he questioned, then threatened them, taking every cent which they possessed, and the next morning, before it was light, he forced them to leave. In their perplexity they turned toward Pao Ting Fu, a friend who happened to meet them acting as their guide. It was dark when they reached the west suburb, and sank down exhausted in the garden of a neighbor. Mrs. Chang's feet were swollen with three days of constant walking over rough roads and fields. She said to her niece: "Leave me, and flee alone; do n't let me be the cause of your death. My time to die has come; I can not walk another step." Mrs. Chang's last night on earth was spent in the garden alone. Wednesday morning, as she was trying to crawl out to find food, the Boxers found her, carried her to a village not far away, and there many hands rained sword-blows upon the defenseless body as it lay by the roadside, until it was literally minced. No one dared to bury the poor remains, and when, long months after, her sons searched for her body, they found only a skull.

TI-TO, SON OF PASTOR MENG

In Chapter ~~IV~~ III is recorded the martyrdom of Pastor Meng. Here we continue the story of his thirteen-

MENG TI-TO

year-old son, who was sent away with the pathetic words, "I want one member of my family left to take up the work after I am gone."

There was no mother to bid Ti-to farewell. An invalid for many years, she had entered into rest a few months before the Boxers set up their altar in Pao Ting Fu. He looked for the last time into the faces of two brothers and a sister, then just before the dawn of the day when his noble father was seized by the Boxers, Ti-to started on his wanderings with his father's friend, Mr. T'ien. Determined that not one member of the family should be left, the Boxers searched for him in all directions; but Mr. T'ien had taken Ti-to to the home of a relative only a few miles from Pao Ting Fu, and they escaped detection. This relative feared to harbor them more than two or three days; so they turned their faces northward, where a low range of Sierra-like mountains was outlined against the blue sky. Seventeen miles from Pao Ting Fu, and not far from the home of an uncle of Mr. T'ien's, they found a little cave in the mountain-side, not high enough to allow them to stand upright. Here they crouched for twenty days. The uncle took them a little food, but to get water they were obliged to go three miles to a mountain village, stealing up to a well under cover of darkness. In that dark cave hunger and thirst were their constant companions, and the howling of wolves at night made their mountain solitude fearsome.

Ti-to had lived five days in this retreat when word was brought to him that father, brothers, sister, his aunt, his cousins, and all of the missionaries in Pao Ting Fu belonging to three missions, had been cruelly massacred, and that churches, schools, homes, were all masses of charred ruins. O, little lad in that lonely, grewsome cave, hungry, thirsty, hunted like a wild

beast! what wonderful trust in the Heavenly Father kept you from giving way to despair?

After twenty days of cave-life, Mr. T'ien's uncle sent them warning that Boxers were on their track, and they must leave their mountain refuge immediately. Then began long, weary wanderings toward the southwest over mountain roads, their plan being to go into Shansi. When they had traveled about a hundred and twenty miles they were robbed of every cent they possessed. They were advancing into a famine-stricken region, into that province whose soil was already stained with the blood of scores of missionaries and thousands of native Christians. "We might better turn back," they reasoned, "and die with our own people. Let up go about the towns and villages where Christians lived, and see if any of them have escaped." Retracing their steps and going to some villages where there had once been chapels, schools, and happy Christian homes, they found only deserted ruins. A few Christians had been protected by influential heathen relatives, and, by paying a heavy fine to the Boxers, had saved their property from destruction. But even these did not dare shelter our fugitives long, and dangers awaited them on every side. One day in their wanderings they had just passed the village of Chang Ma, about twenty-two miles south of Pao Ting Fu, when a band of Boxers, some armed with rifles, some brandishing great swords, rushed after them shouting, "Kill! kill! kill the erh mao-tzu!"

Escape was impossible. Before this howling horde had overtaken them, a man who was standing near them asked Ti-to, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes," the boy replied. "My father and mother were Christians, and from a little child I have believed in Jesus."

The Boxers closed in about them. Mr. T'ien was

securely bound, hand and foot. Ti-to was led by his queue, and soon they were back by the Boxer altar in the villege. When the cruel knives were first waved in his face, and bloodthirsty shouts first rang in his ears, a thrill of fear chilled Ti-to's heart; but it passed as quickly as it came, and as he was dragged toward the altar it seemed as if some soft, low voice kept singing in his ear the hymn, "I 'm not ashamed to own my Lord," and all fear vanished.

At the Boxer altar Mr. T'ien spoke no word for himself, but pleaded most earnestly for the little charge committed to his care, telling how all his relatives had been murdered, and begging them to spare his life. Perhaps it was those earnest, unselfish words, perhaps it was the boy's fearless mien and winsome face, that moved the crowd, for one of the village Boxers stepped forward, saying: "I adopt this boy as my son. Let no one touch him. I stand security for his good behavior."

Twenty of his neighbors, though themselves Boxers, joined him in this guarantee. So Ti-to was snatched back, as it were, from the very jaws of death. And his noble friend, Mr. T'ien, saved himself in saving the boy; for the Boxers released him, bidding him fly immediately, as they could not protect him from other bands.

Ti-to's deliverer was one of three bachelor brothers, all notorious bullies, the terror of the region. But it was evident that Mr. Chang's heart was completely won by the boy. For three months he kept him in his home, tenderly providing for every want. Such was the terror which Mr. Chang inspired in the village that not even a child dared ask Ti-to whether he belonged to the hated Christian sect. Let Ti-to tell the story of those days in his own words:

"Of course, I could not pray openly. But sometimes, when my adopted father was away with other Boxers on their raids, I would shut the door tight and kneel in prayer. Then every evening, when the sun went down I would turn my face toward the west, and in my heart repeat the hymn:

'Abide with me; fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O! abide with me!'

"But finally my adopted father noticed this, and asked: 'What do you mean by turning your face toward the sunset every night?' and after this I did n't dare do it any more.

"Mr. Chang was in Pao Ting Fu when my father was killed, and told me how they stabbed and tortured him. I supposed that my uncle and his wife, who had gone to T'ungchou, had been killed, too, and all the missionaries in China. But I knew that the people in America would send out more missionaries, and I thought how happy I would be some time in the future when I could go into a chapel again and hear them preach."

But Ti-to had not so long to wait for his day of joy. In October expeditions of British, German, French, and Italian soldiers from Peking and Tientsin arrived at Pao Ting Fu, and the Boxer hordes scattered at their coming. With the Tientsin expedition marched the younger Pastor Meng, who had started back from T'ungchou with his family after mission meeting, but only reached T'ientsin in time to share the terrors of the siege there, then to wait through the long months until this expedition started. When he reached Pao Ting Fu he heard the story of Ti-to, and

rejoiced that one dear one had escaped from that fearful slaughter. Soon to the brave boy living with the Boxers came the glad tidings that his uncle was still living, and had sent for him to come home. Mr. Chang loved the boy so deeply that he could but rejoice with him, sad though he felt at the thought of parting with him. Fearful of some treachery, or of harm coming to Ti-to, he went with him to Pao Ting Fu, then returned to the village home from which the sunshine had departed.

That winter and spring Ti-to studied in the Congregational academy, temporarily located in Peking: "I am not sad or lonely," he said. "How could I have thought, a few months ago, that I would so soon be with our missionary friends; that I would have a chance to study; that I could go to church every Sunday with hundreds of God's people who had escaped from the Boxers? God had been very good to me."

Ti-to is now studying in Japan. Surely for this boy, so wonderfully preserved amid dangers seen and unseen, with the memory of his father's parting words, "If we are all killed, who will preach Jesus to these poor people?" God has some work to do. Consecrated by his father's martyrdom, kept by the power of prayer, we shall watch with interest the unfolding of this beautiful life.

MRS. KAO AND JESSICA

It was in the winter of 1887 that a sweet-faced young woman with a manner of great refinement was baptized at Pao Ting Fu. Christianity meant something to her. It meant ostracism from the circle in which she had moved, but it meant also great joy and peace. It was written on her face that Sabbath morning. Her husband also was a Christian, and

their only child, a little adopted daughter, at once began studying in a Christian school.

Mrs. Kao had an unusually bright mind, and soon she could read Christian books readily. She also showed rare gifts in telling the gospel truths to others, while her natural attractiveness and charm of manner helped her to win hearts. "What a fine Bible-woman Mrs. Kao would make," one of the missionaries said long years ago, "if only she was n't so timid, so afraid of ridicule!" But the love of God and pity for her suffering sisters soon overcame this natural shrinking, and for many years Mrs. Kao did the work of a Bible-woman in the city of Pao Ting Fu, talking to the women who came to the dispensary clinics, and visiting homes wherever she could gain access to them.

Jessica also developed into a girl of strong character and sweet winsomeness, and the love and sympathy between mother and daughter was rarely beautiful. Jessica graduated from the Bridgman School in Peking in February, 1900, then came a few months of quiet rest at home. Soon the outward quiet was disturbed, and on the night of June 28th, Mr. Kao, who was connected with a drugstore in the city, came home with the alarming tidings that Pastor Meng had been seized by Boxers.

"And who knows how soon our time will come?" he said sadly.

"Watch and pray, for ye know not the hour." Mrs. Kao and Jessica must have watched and prayed that night; for, like the One who struggled in Gethsemane, they walked with calm faces a few hours later to meet their foes. Had Mr. Kao known how soon that hour would come, he would not have left his wife and daughter alone that next morning. He had not been gone long when there came an angry knocking at the

gate, with shouts of "Kill! kill!" and as the gate burst open, loud voices called out, "Where are the Kaos?" Frightened women and children living in the quadrangled gathered trembling at the opposite corner of the yard, but Mrs. Kao stepped fearlessly to her door. "We are the Kaos," she said in a clear voice; "these other families are not Christians. Please permit my daughter and myself to put on our long garments and hair ornaments, then we will go with you." Soon two calm-faced women were standing in the courtyard; cruel swords were brandished on all sides; rough hands were outstretched to drag them onto the street. "Take and bind them," called out the Boxer leader. Gently Mrs. Kao remonstrated: "We are women, why bind us? We are believers in the Lord; if we promise not to run, we surely will not do it."

"Bind them tightly lest they escape," came the loud order, and, with thumbs tied together behind their backs, the women were driven from their home.

At the gateway Mrs. Kao halted for a moment, and, facing the terrified women in the court, she said: "Sisters, I have been the cause of great fear coming to you to-day. Farewell. If I am permitted to see you again, I shall rejoice; if not, I hope that we may meet in heaven. I should be so glad if you all believed in Jesus."

The pale-faced girl standing by her mother's side also spoke her farewells. Then out into the hot, dusty street, thronged with rude, jostling crowds of men and boys, the women were pushed by their captors. "Aha! See the followers of the foreign devils whom the Boxers have captured!" "They 'll soon be done for." "Is n't that Mrs. Kao, the woman-preacher?" "Yes, and that pretty girl must be her daughter,—the one who has been studying for years with the foreign

devils in Peking." "What a pity!" "Hush! do n't let the Boxers hear you, or they 'll nab you, too."

Neither of the women was strong, and Mrs. Kao's feet had been crippled by tight binding in her girlhood, so it was impossible for her to walk very fast. At nearly every step the Boxers tried to hasten their poor captive by striking their backs with the blunt edge of their swords. Jessica pleaded, "My mother's feet are small, and it is n't easy for her to walk. Do n't hurry her so;" but the girl's entreaty fell on deaf ears.

Nearly a mile away was a Boxer temple, and soon Mrs. Kao and Jessica stood in its court-yard, the blazing sun beating down on their uncovered heads. Mrs. Kao turned to the Boxers with the earnest plea, "If you intend to kill us, do it now; do n't heap repeated insult and torture on us." Then looking in her daughter's face, she asked, "Are you afraid?" "Mother," replied Jessica, "Jesus is with you and me; is there anything to fear?" "Let us pray together," said the mother; and, with arms still tied behind them, they knelt down in the midst of their clamorous, crowding persecutors.

The next scene is in a small room in this same temple, where for two days they were imprisoned together. Many were the words of counsel which the mother had spoken to the young girl; precious was the comfort which had come to both as, time after time, they knelt in prayer. Once when they were praying the mother started up with face all aglow. "Jessica, I see Jesus has come; do you see him?" "Mother," said the girl, "I believe that Jesus is always with those who love him."

The second night which they spent in their prison, the northern sky was bright with flames from the Presbyterian mission, where eight Americans, men, women,

and children, had ascended to glory in a chariot of fire. The next morning was Sunday, the first day in July. Mrs. Kao's three loved missionaries of the Congregational mission were in the hands of the Boxers, and at nine that same fateful morning cruel hands separated the mother and her child. Mrs. Kao, like her Master, received a mock trial, and now, like him, she was led outside the gate to that spot in the west suburb where common criminals are beheaded. In the midst of the pushing, scoffing crowd, on this Via Crucis, perhaps these words were in the woman's heart, "Let us go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach." Perhaps the vision-seeing eyes looked not on the passion-distorted faces, the bloodstained swords, but on a form bearing a cross, and a face sweet with divine compassion. So she was strengthened for the last agony.

The Boxers had mocked Mrs. Kao as they led her from the temple by saying that they were taking her to her mother's home. As they passed through the west gate, and turned toward the execution-ground, they said with a sneer, "This is your home." Mrs. Kao entreated, "Kill me in some secluded spot, that my body may not lie exposed on the street, causing fear and horror to all who pass." "Do as she requests," said the Boxer leader. Mrs. Kao continued her supplications to the leader. "Great teacher-brother, I am only a condemned criminal, but I ask of you one favor. Please give me a little time to pray to my Heavenly Father." "We 'll give you a moment," they said, moved by some strange compassion. Kneeling in their midst she prayed, "Father, forgive these men; they do n't understand what they are doing;" then followed brief petitions for her daughter, her husband, and her-

self, and with a face radiant with peace, Mrs. Kao rose to her feet.

For months a headless body, wrapped in a straw mat lay in a shallow grave by the execution-grounds. Then loving hands placed it in a coffin, and in a new God's Acre close by the ruins of the mission, where lie martyrs of three nations, there is a simple slab marked with Mrs. Kao's name. But the brave soul which entered the homeland through the gate of pain that Sabbath morning heeded neither the jeers of the mob nor the grand pageant when her mangled form was laid to rest. Her eyes had seen the King in his beauty.

And what of Jessica? For some strange reason she and two schoolgirls were taken to a government orphan asylum in the city, in charge of an official and his wife, the Boxers keeping a watchful eye on the place. The three Christian girls soon won the heart of the official's wife, the T'ai-t'ai, and she did everything in her power to mitigate their lot, treating them like her own children, and constantly praising them to her husband. Though grieving for their martyred parents, these girls committed their trust entirely to the Lord, and their hearts were fearless and peaceful. Once they had a long conversation with the official in charge, and explained to him that the "Jesus Church" meant only good to the people, and that the stories about their digging out eyes and poisoning wells were all malicious lies.

A trunk containing Jessica's clothing and jewelry had been taken to the orphan asylum, and its value excited the cupidity of some of the attendants. They said, "If these girls are killed, we can get all of their clothing." So both in the asylum and at Boxer headquarters, they kept telling the following story: "Those Jesus

Church girls, whom the Boxers have so graciously spared, should be grateful, obedient, and quiet; but on the contrary Jessica says she do n't want to live on this earth any more, but wants to go to her mother. What base ingratitude to us! Moreover, even in their present dangerous plight, they still sing and pray and explain the doctrines of their Christian books, having not the least repentance in their hearts." The enraged Boxers said, "Since they want to die, let them come out, and still die under the edge of the sword."

Hearing of the danger which threatened the girls, the T'ai-t'ai went to her husband, and pleaded with tears for them, saying that this was the plot of wicked men. "From the first day they came, there has not been a single wrong word or act." Because of the influence of this official's wife, they were saved from the hands of the Boxers; but the officials consulted and decided to transfer them to another asylum in the city, called "The Associated Charities."

It was July 28th when the girls went to their new prison. There they found three Catholic girls, accompanied by a woman, and the seven were locked into a gloomy little court by themselves, where they had far less of freedom and comfort than before. But in their dark cell there were no spies to watch them, and comfort came as they sang and prayed together.

It was the 12th of October, three months and a half after they were imprisoned. The allies had come to Pao Ting Fu, the Boxers had fled, the prison doors were open, and a man worn with travel and suffering came to the asylum. It was Mr. Kao, and a fresh pang smote his heart as he saw Jessica's thin, pale face, showing so plainly the marks of disease and grief. "Mother was killed by the Boxers," were the girl's first words; then she listened while her father told of

his wanderings to distant places, and of his many deliverances.

Mr. Kao took Jessica to live in a room connected with his store. She said: "Father, don't grieve for mother. I will not marry, but will stay here and care for you, and try to do some work for the Lord, who has spared my life."

But long grief and suffering had told too sorely on the frail body of the girl of nineteen, and day by day she drooped. Day and night her father cared for her most lovingly; but neither medicine nor care availed, and after the father and daughter had spent over a month together, another day of separation came. When the end was near, she called her father to her side, and said: "Jesus has come for me, and I am ready. The last commands which my mother gave me, I have kept. Now I am going before you to see my mother's face. Father, the one important thing is, that you should hold fast the holy truth of God, and go, as I am going, to the heavenly home." Then with radiant face, she said, "Father, I see my mother," and a few moments later, peacefully and quietly, the spirit took its flight.

THE PRESERVATION OF A BIBLE

This Bible had been given to an old woman by Mrs. Tu, the Bible-woman. When the trouble came, the old woman, who was the only Church member in the family, was obliged to leave her home and hide away. Her daughter-in-law said to herself, "That book must be saved at any cost; it will be wanted some day." She took it in the night and buried it in the garden. After the rains came she dug it up and found it wet through. She dared not leave it around where any one could see it, but at night she spent many hours in wiping and

pressing the leaves. When all alone in the daytime she would put it in the sun and stand guard at the door. In the night, after her husband had gone to sleep, she would rise and open the book to dry. After the trouble was over, and the people had returned to their homes in peace, this was found to be the only Bible in that region, and for months it was the joy and comfort of many.

FATE OF TWO PRESBYTERIAN HELPERS

Lu Shang Chi and T'ien Pao Hsiang, with the daughter of the one and her three sons, and the wife of the other, took refuge in the mountains and were living in a cave. The Boxers of a very disreputable village on the plain heard of it, but knew not how many Christians there might be, nor whether they were armed or not. These Boxers arranged a hunt. Fully one thousand people, armed with spears and cutlasses and swords, spread themselves over the mountain, and literally searched it as lost children are searched for. The refugees, of course, were finally discovered, and, notwithstanding all entreaties, were killed one by one, the children being killed last, and the bodies all rolled down the declivity, a distance of about twenty feet. Their bodies lay there for some days before any one dared to move them; and then a poor mountaineer gathered them together, and laid over them many slabs of slate, but no earth. When, after the capture of Pao Ting Fu, Mr. Lowrie sent a man to make inquiries, he reported that the mountaineer who was said to have buried them would not acknowledge it, lest he might be suspected of complicity in the crime. The son of T'ien Pao Hsiang was then sent to the official at I Chou to ask him to make inquiries. The result was that the mountaineer led the party to the place where

the remains were lying beneath the slabs of slate. There were not sufficient bones to make one complete huframe frame, but clothing enough remained to identify some of the victims. The I Chou official bought seven coffins, the bones were distributed among them, and buried on April 13th in the Presbyterian mission compound at Pao Ting Fu.

THE EXPERIENCE OF WANG CHIU TE

Wang Chiu Te, after seven or eight years of training in the Presbyterian Boys' Boarding-school in Peking, for a year instructed Dr. and Mrs. C. V. R. Hodge, of Pao Ting Fu, in the Chinese language. He tells his own story:

On June 30th, the Presbyterian mission buildings outside the north gate of Pao Ting Fu were burned, and the people there were killed, the missionaries and a number of Church members together. I was then at the home of my classmate, Wang Tien Ch'en, ten miles away. When we heard the news, we were in despair. There was no place to which to escape. Some one said. "To the west there is a mountain called Wolf Mountain, very high, with only one road of ascent. On the top is a temple, and water. There you might hide." So we packed up our things. Two Church members went with us, and two men showed us the way, carrying rice, flour, and a kettle. When we had gone seven miles it began to rain, and rained all night. The next day it still rained. By afternoon we had gone twenty miles and reached a mountain ridge, in a little temple, on the top of which we rested. The two men who were conducting us went to a small village to inquire whether there were any Boxers there. They learned that the Boxers were very numerous, and that if any one came along speaking other than the Boxer

dialect, the men of the village would kill him. So Wang Tien Ch'en and I dared not say a word. For four hours we debated as to whether we could live there, but concluded that we would have to retrace our steps. So we started back. When we were about ten miles from Chia Chuang, my friend's home, the sun went down, and it began to rain again. On the level the water was a foot or two deep; every stitch of our clothing was wet; the mountain road was slippery and very hard to travel. A moment of carelessness and one would fall into the ravine. Weeping as we went, we traveled all night, and returned to Chia Chuang. The second day there came men from Yao Chuang, who surrounded the house, intending to bind us and turn us over to the Boxers. Fortunately some of the villagers pleaded for us, so that they did not bind us, but said they would go and summon the Boxers to kill us. So we hid in the home of another man. At three o'clock, when it had just stopped raining, a great many men came running from the east, saying that foreign soldiers had come. When we heard that, we rejoiced greatly, and ran after the crowd. We ran for five miles and came to a village just at dark. The men of the village said they would let no one enter whom they did not know. At the end of the street was a gate, and outside of it stood men examining every one. If there were any different dialects, or any who had joined the Church, they killed them. If friends came, they leaped the wall and entered. The sister-in-law of a Church member had gone to this place and was living in the home of relatives of a neighbor. So we begged the neighbor of that Church member to speak for us to his relative about permitting us to spend a night in his home. The family agreed to let us stay. After this family had finished their

evening meal, some of them led us to the rooms of the head of the house to retire. As we were about to go to sleep, people from Chia Chuang came running up who reported that we were Christians. The family ordered us to go at once. We had scarcely leaped outside the wall when there came men of the village searching for us. We just missed by a few minutes being seized by them. Two men with a gun escorted us out of the village, and directed us to follow the great road. We did not return to Chia Chuang, but stopped in the house of a friend. This friend said, "Yesterday, after you had run away, the men of Yao Chuang came again with foreign guns and swords searching for you. You had better get away promptly, for they said they would come again to-day to look for you." So we hastily ate a little food and discussed plans for flight. We decided that our best plan would be to pretend that we were beggars. So we begged our friend to give us some ragged clothing. He found some for us, and a couple of earthen jars. We put on the clothes, took sticks in our hands, and carrying the jars ran to a sorghum-field and curled up there. There we wept awhile, saying to one another, "There is no help for us in this place; we can not escape destruction; perhaps the best way will be for each one to seek safety for himself." So we separated, Tien Ch'en going toward Pao Ting Fu, and I making for Peking. There were Boxers in every village, so that I dared not enter. At night I slept in the open fields.

I reached Peking July 6th, just as the sun went down, and found that there were Boxers in every street and lane, keeping strict watch. I thought that I must lodge in an inn, as there was no other place to sleep, the Boxers being everywhere on the lookout. So I went to an inn, and the innkeeper said, "You

come to lodge in this inn; have you a surety?" I replied, "I have none." He said, "If you have no surety, you must be an erh mao-tzu, one of those who scatter poison and smear blood." I replied, "I am not." He said, "You look very much like one." Then he reviled me, and ordered me to get out at once, saying, "My inn does not lodge your kind of men." As he was reviling me, his son went in search of Boxers. I had not gone more than two hundred and fifty feet from the door when the Boxers came in pursuit. I ran some distance, while they pursued and yelled, "Cut him down!" I thought that this time there was no escape, and I must die. Beside the road was some cultivated land with a little clump of sorghum growing. I lay down there. I was not to die this time. North of this road was another, and they went by that road in pursuit of me, keeping on until eleven o'clock, and then returning. They came back by the southern road, but did not see me. At daylight I reached the suburb at the Ch'i Hua Gate, and then followed the stone road toward my home, thirty-five miles to the east, arriving there at night. At a glance I saw that the houses were all burned, and the people were gone, I knew not where. My sadness and distress it is impossible to express. And I dared not see any one. The men of my own village were appointed to search for us by night and give us over to the Boxers. So I passed the night in a sorghum-field. By day I also dared see no one. Hungry and thirsty and with the sun beating down upon me, my suffering was inexpressible. By the evening of the 8th I could stand it no longer, so I sought the home of my father's elder brother. When he saw me, he said: "Have you come back? We all thought you had been killed." He also said: "Your grandfather, mother, two sisters, two brothers and

their wives, and four nieces have all been killed. We do not know whither your father and oldest brother have fled." When I heard these tidings, it was as if a knife had struck to my heart, and I was overwhelmed. I said: "I also will not live. Buy me a little opium to eat. I shall die, and that will end it." He said: "That won't do. I will give you some food to eat, and you return to the sorghum-field to hide." I reasoned with myself: "If I take poison and die it will be a sin. I would better return to the sorghum-field."

The next day Boxers went along the edge of the field within thirty or forty feet of me, but did not see me. That day also I ate nothing. At evening my uncle found me, and brought me something to eat. He said, "Your oldest brother has come back," and led me to meet him. We looked into each other's faces. On the 10th, together with Mr. Li, a Christian of the same village, I again hid for a day outside of the village. The next day some learned that we were near the village, and went to call the Boxers to seize us. They came, and when they were forty or fifty feet from us they did not see me, but saw Mr. Li, and chased him. They pursued him to the village, but did not find him. That night we went to the Northern Mountains and hid in a cave. Later a friend took us to a place where we staid until late in August, when we went again to my uncle's. He locked us up in a room, and we did not dare even to talk. After a few days we were seen through a crack in the door; so that evening a friend led us to Peking, and we met again with all the brethren who had survived the summer.

When I think of all that I went through, I realize that all depended on the Lord's deliverance and protection. Many times I was snatched from the very

verge of death. The sad part of it is that of my family, old and young, eleven were killed, and even their bones burned. This still makes me, at every recollection, very sad of heart.

"I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting, where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph, Lord, if thou abide with me."

CHAPTER X

MARTYR DAYS IN SCATTERED LOCALITIES

"I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick."

In this chapter are narratives of experiences in widely-separated localities, reaching north to the Mongolian Plains and south to the Yang-tse. These glimpses will give an idea of the widespread devastation, but no complete history is attempted.

IN MANCHURIA

[Liu Fu T'ien, a graduate of the Presbyterian College at Teng Chou Fu, Shantung, writes as follows of his experiences in Manchuria, where he had been teaching for two years before the Boxer outbreak:]

Late in June ominous rumors became current: "The heavens are dry; there is no rain. This is because of the foreigners and the Christians, who have provoked the wrath of the gods. Hence the gods have sent forty-eight myriad divine soldiers to exterminate them." Boxer drill began; from Tientsin we heard of the ravages of fire and sword. Often my wife asked, "How can we escape from this danger?" and I would reply, "Fear not. We can only pray for God to care for us."

On the 2d of July a man came from Moukden to Fa

K'u Men to tell us that our church, hospital, and missionary residences in Moukden had all been destroyed, and the missionaries had fled to Newchwang. The Roman Catholic cathedral had also been attacked, and when the first onset of the Boxers had been repulsed, the soldiers had joined forces with them and there had been a terrible slaughter, two or three hundred Christians perishing with the priests and nuns.

When we heard this we urged our missionary to flee at once; but he was determined to stay with us for life or death. Again we entreated him, and he decided to go.

That night I could not sleep, and, together with my wife, I asked the Lord whether or not we should flee. After praying three times I opened my Bible, asking God to direct me, and saw Rev. xviii, 4: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues." Thanking God for his guidance, I closed school the next day, and silently prayed that God would send some one to guide us to a place of refuge. Unexpectedly a Church member named Wang came along with a cart about ten o'clock, and I, with my wife and little child, and Elder Hsü with his family, also two schoolgirls, started northward to Mr. Wang's home, Elder Hsü and I walking beside the cart, each carrying a child. Neighbors and others stood watching our departure, many with tears streaming down their faces.

During the next week three chapels in different places sheltered my little family. Nearly every day came word of the burning of chapels and the slaughter of Christians. The Fa K'u Men Church was destroyed only two days after we had left. No chapel would furnish safe refuge, and we sought another shelter. A Christian told us of a secluded hut of three rooms near

the Mongolian sandhills, and, carrying my child, I helped my wife over the wall, and secretly by night guided by two Christians, we walked over the rough country to this hut. The old farmer's wife had a kind heart, and she consented to harbor my wife and child, while I, sad and anxious at the separation, went back to the village. Had I not depended upon God's comfort, I must surely have given way to despair.

After two days I went to see my wife. She said: "I thought that in this secluded spot we might be safe; but it is not so. A man came here, and, learning that I am a Christian, he has published it everywhere. Moreover, this old lady's son has gone to another place to learn the Boxer rites."

For two days I hid in a ravine near by, whence I could watch the hut where my wife and child were staying. My heart was oppressed. I had not even a hat to shelter me from the heat; hunger and thirst came together. Where could I look for salvation? I had a Bible with me, and, as I read, comfort came to my heart. In my extremity one of my scholars sought me out, then returned to his aunt's home to get food and drink for me.

That night I went into the village to inquire about another refuge. A Christian said that he had a cousin named Liu about three miles away, who might take us in. I went to see Mr. Liu, who said: "I 'll shelter your wife and child, but you must never come near. If only your wife comes, the neighbors will think that she is a relative of mine." So I took my wife to his home, and returned to the village.

That night I heard that the district magistrate, in obedience to an imperial edict, had issued a proclamation promising a reward of fifty taels for the capture of every Christian leader, commanding the extermi-

nation of Christians, root and branch, and the confiscation of all their property. All who sheltered or helped Christians would share their fate. The magistrate dug an immense pit for the burial of Christians, and enlisted Boxers to execute his commands.

The Christians fled for their lives. I alone remained in the village. Hiding in a vineyard, I prayed: "Lord, you are my Shepherd, my Rock. Soul and body are in your hands. Let me hide in your bosom, and not fall into the hands of wicked men." Long I prayed, and when I came out the villagers drove me from the place, saying, "To-morrow the Boxers are coming."

It was raining and dark. Whither should I go? There was no one to direct me, so I sat down under a tree. I longed to go to my wife and child; but had not Mr. Liu said that he would shelter them no longer if I went to his house? In the morning I decided to go to the home of Mr. Ai, a relative of the pupil who had befriended me.

Mr. Ai's home was about two miles away, and for the sake of my pupil he took me in. At nine o'clock that morning my wife appeared at the door, her baby in her arms.

"Why have you come?" I exclaimed.

"I came near never seeing your face again," she said.

Then she told me in detail how Mr. Liu, taking advantage of these troublous times, had plotted to take her to another place, but God had moved her heart to detect his wicked device. So, allowing Mr. Liu to go ahead with her baggage, she had watched her chance to hide by the wayside. She knew that Mr. Ai's home was not far away, and had paid a shepherd boy to guide her.

Not planning to meet, we had met. Though I hated Mr. Liu for his evil intent, I thanked God that through it I had been reunited with my wife and child.

Mr. Ai did not dare to let us stay in his home; but an old lady related to him took pity on us, and said that we might live in her vegetable garden, which was surrounded by a wall and contained a little hut. She promised to take food and water to us, but cautioned us that we must not go to the garden until dark.

But before dark ten armed yamen runners came searching for us. Warned in time, a man led us over the wall into the garden, where we hid in the hut and eluded the search. Together in this quiet spot we read our Bible, and thanked God for his mercy.

In this room we lived for four days; then a new danger came. The villagers suspected our whereabouts, and the old woman wanted us to leave. Suddenly I thought of a Mr. Ch'u, who was employed by Mr. Ai as teacher, and who had offered to befriend me. So I asked the woman to request him to come secretly to talk with me. Just as we were talking, a large company of Boxers surrounded our hut on all sides. We could only hear the sound of swords, spears, and chains. I asked Mr. Ch'u to go out to look, while my wife and I knelt, beseeching God to save us. Soon I was seized by the Boxers. Binding my arms behind my back, they started to drag me away. My wife and child wept bitterly, and besought Mr. Ch'u to save me. Moved by compassion he came forward and offered to stand security for me.

He said to the Boxers: "Wait until morning, and we 'll talk the matter over. Why should you in the dead of night make such a disturbance, setting the dogs to barking and scaring every one?"

The Boxers set me free, and, returning to the little

room, I clasped my wife in my arms, and knelt to thank God for sending this man to save me at a time when hope was lost.

Early the next morning the Boxers wished to take me to the Boxer headquarters at K'ang P'ing Hsien, to get the reward of fifty taels, but Mr. Ch'u opposed them. A Boxer called out, "Take all three of them to the southern ravine, and let them die under the sword." Mr. Ch'u and Mr. Ai resisted them, even to the point of bloodshed, and the Boxers, seeing that Mr. Ch'u was wounded, were frightened, knowing that he was an influential man. We hid in a hayshed belonging to Mr. Ai. This was the second time that Mr. Ch'u saved us.

Then the Boxers made a plot, saying, "Let Mr. Liu spread a feast for us, then we will let him flee." I did not suspect that this was a plot to hold me until they could summon soldiers to seize me. About nine in the morning my wife heard the bugles of soldiers, and, looking out, we saw ten cavalrymen riding straight toward Mrs. Ai's house. Fortunately Mr. Ch'u stood in the schoolroom door and invited the lieutenant in.

The lieutenant said: "I hear that Mr. Liu, a poisoner, is concealed at Mr. Ai's. We have come to arrest him."

Mr. Ch'u said, "There is no such man here."

"To-day a man came and reported that yesterday, in cleaning out a well, poison was found, which must have been put there by Mr. Liu."

"There is no such man and no such affair."

The lieutenant asked no more questions, and soon rode away.

This was the third time that Mr. Ch'u saved us, and we thanked God with glad hearts.

After noon, Mr. Ai charged me to flee as soon as it was dark. At five in the afternoon a stranger

rushed in saying, "The officers know that Mr. Liu has not gone, and have sent soldiers to arrest him. They are almost here." In great confusion my wife and I climbed over the wall, and rushed into a neighbor's house. The woman said, "Who are you?" and when I explained she pushed me out. My wife stood there with her child in her arms, and when she saw that they would not let me stay she cried, "Leave me, and escape quickly to a distance."

With agonized heart I forsook them and fled. A man with a sickle in his hand pursued me, but fortunately he was stopped by men sent by Mr. Ch'u. Afterward I knew that this man had been hired by a Mr. Chan to capture me and hand me over to the Boxers, because he wished to take my wife as a concubine. So time and again he plotted against me; but four times my Heavenly Father sent Mr. Ch'u to rescue me from danger.

After several days spent with friends many miles to the south, I started, July 25th, to see my wife. I had heard that Mr. Ch'u had sent her to his home on the borders of Mongolia. Great was our joy when we met, but it was clouded by the illness of our little boy.

My wife said, "When you fled from Mr. Ai's did you know that you were pursued by a man with a sickle?"

"I knew it."

"At that time the woman to whose house I had fled pushed me out. Where could I go? Clasping my child in my arms, I hid in a grove. I could hear the mob crying, 'Pursue him quickly.' Some one cried out, 'Teacher Liu ran toward the east.' The tumult lasted a long time, and I did not know whether you were living or dead. How can I tell my grief? I

could only pray God to comfort and protect. Darkness fell, and all was quiet. How helpless was I with my little child! When my heart was burning with grief, Mr. Ch'u sent his younger brother to find me. He said: 'Do n't be afraid. I 'm going to saddle a donkey and take you to our home.' So we started off in the darkness, members of the Ai family going several miles to protect us. Mr. Ch'u's brother, leading the donkey, walked the whole twenty miles. Truly we should praise God for our marvelous escapes."

Mr. Ch'u advised me to leave the next day to avoid exciting the suspicion of neighbors. Again I went southward, and saw the flames kindled by the Boxers, and heard the stories of the sufferings of my friends. I went forty miles, and had not a cash left. Word came that the Boxers were upon me, and I fled into the dense forests on the banks of the Liao River. In this desert solitude I might have starved but for some bread which a friend had given me.

About twenty days passed on these wanderings, and I can not tell my sufferings. August 14th I again went to Mr. Ch'u's to see my wife and child. Mr. Ch'u's son and his wife were not willing to shelter them longer; so we started southward, I carrying the child and leading my wife. The heat was intense; we had no food; no one dared to shelter us. The child cried with hunger and thirst. Every well was guarded, lest it be poisoned, and we did not dare ask for water. Once we got into an inn just in time to escape a company of Boxers who were guarding two large cartloads of Christians whom they had captured.

I can not tell all of our sufferings, of our narrow escapes, of the stories which we heard of the martyrdom of Elder Hsü, who had fled from Fa K'u Men with us, and of other friends. At last we reached the home

of a distant relative, and in October we returned to Fa K'u Men, the Boxers having subsided. For four months we had been wanderers, and we had found shelter in more than twenty places. From danger after danger God had delivered us. Should we not praise his grace?

IN KALGAN

Early in the morning, May 21st, three students started from T'ungchou for their homes, a five days' journey to the northwest. The one who told this story, Yen I, had just finished his Junior year, and Wan Hsin had just graduated from the academy. They saw Boxers on their way, but they were only "drilling" as yet. On the third day the paths of the students diverged, and Yen I walked on alone toward Kalgan, where his parents were living. As he sat in a teashop in a suburb of the large walled city of Hsuan Hua Fu, he heard men talking about the Boxers, who were enlisting recruits in the city. So here were these dreaded foes only a day's journey from Kalgan!

Yen I's home was in the hospital premises belonging to the mission of the American Board, about a quarter of a mile from the compound where the missionaries lived. Both places were outside the walled city. Yen I's mother was a Bible-woman, and every day she would take her books, and go from house to house teaching the women. His father sold matches, and his three brothers worked in shops.

The very next day after he reached home his uncle came to report that he had seen a Shantung man in the city, going from shop to shop demanding money, and showing an official document licensing him to enlist Boxer recruits. That night the Shantung man took up his abode close by the hospital. The next day

two boys submitted themselves to his hypnotism, then the number multiplied, and the street was thronged, while the young Boxers practiced only a few feet from the hospital gate. Boys who were reluctant to join in the rites were seized, and compelled to go through the strange "drill." Every day Yen I stood and watched them, and, sitting in his own home, he could hear them talking about burning the hospital, repeating the usual slanders about the digging out of eyes for medicine, and how poison had been sent out from the dispensary to throw into wells. "These Catholics go from house to house smearing the gates with blood!" exclaimed an angry voice. "But this hospital belongs to the Jesus Church," said another. "These missionaries are Americans, and they have committed no evil deeds."

Yen I still went about the neighborhood, and when opportunity offered he would point out the danger of following the teaching of the Boxers. But the contagion spread with alarming rapidity in city and suburb. Yen I went to the mission to carry the warning, and, as he sat talking, a company of Boxers came almost to the mission gate, going through their drill. Mr. Sprague went out and exhorted them to scatter; but they only withdrew a short distance, and continued their rites. Yen I returned home, and decided to take his mother and his fifteen-year-old sister to their old home, over twenty miles away. Mrs. Yen was so well known as a Christian worker that she would be one of the first ones whom the Boxers would try to seize upon when the execution of their murderous threats began.

Sunday evening, June 10th, these three, whose fortunes we are to follow, left their home. Our story would be too long were we to tell the experiences of

the other members of the family. Neither can we record here the wonderful escape of the missionaries. Mr. and Mrs. Sprague and Miss Engh were alone that Sunday morning, but before night Mr. Williams, Mr. Roberts, and Dr. Murdock had returned from the annual meeting at T'ungchou, and soon all were fleeing for life across the Mongolian plains into Siberia.

Our three refugees found a Boxer band already organized in their old village home, but relatives in neighboring villages offered them a shelter. Mrs. Yen and her daughter lived with a married daughter, and Yen I went to work for an aunt in a village over two miles away. A literary man set to work at once to bring Yen I into trouble. One day Yen I led his aunt's donkey to the public well, and the literary man at once started the report that he had seen the "erh mao-tzu" throwing poison into the well.

But Yen I did not have long to think over his troubles. Two or three weeks after his mother had taken refuge in his sister's home, a cousin came in great distress, crying: "Your mother can't stay at your sister's; they are going to kill her. Take her to our house at once."

Yen I hastened to the rescue, and learned that the rumor was afloat that Roman Catholics were concealed in the village. A rough from another village had come to his sister's gate and called out, "Are there Catholics here?" Neighbors appeared on the scene and denied that any of that sect were concealed there. "You can't deceive me!" exclaimed the man. "I have learned by divination that there surely are Catholics here;" and he strode off boasting that he would soon bring the Boxers to make an end of them.

Under cover of darkness, Yen I took his mother and

young sister to the home of an uncle in another village; then hurried back to tell the aunt who had sheltered him of his mother's safety. He found that Boxers had already gathered in the village, and after he had eaten he proposed to leave; but his aunt persuaded him that it would be better to wait and start before light the next morning.

In the evening a man of the village came in, saying, "Why are you staying here? We are all in fear because of you." Yen I replied, "I 'll leave, but it 's too late now. I 'll start early in the morning." The man went out, muttering something about his head aching, and commenced practicing Boxer gymnastics close by the gate. Soon other Boxers joined him, and a rabble gathered. Thirty or forty Boxers pushed into the yard. Yen I had been left alone in the room. The Boxers seemed reluctant to advance and drag him out; they were not yet accustomed to bloodshed, and they did not know in which room the young man was hiding. So they hung back, still brandishing their swords. In the darkness, Yen I slipped outside the door and stood watching them. There seemed no way of escape. Going back into the little room, he knelt for a moment in prayer. Then again he slipped out into a little pocket of the yard made by two houses standing at right angles a few feet apart. In this pocket was a cart, and from this he managed to climb to the roof of the adjoining house and jump down into the street. As he went over the roof he heard a boy's voice cry out, "See, there 's some one on that house!" but all were busy searching the rooms for poison and the well-poisoner, and the child's words were not noticed.

By this time Yen I had a good start toward the

mountains. For two hours he ran; then, wearied, sank down in a mountain ravine to rest. The cold night wind pierced his thin garments; anxiety for his mother and sister oppressed his heart. Before day broke he made his way again to his sister's house, entering without attracting attention.

There we will leave him while we tell the trials of his mother and younger sister.

They received warning that the Boxers were coming to seize them, and late in the afternoon two donkeys were saddled for flight. The Boxers were all in a temple, practicing the usual rites preparatory to capturing their victims. No one saw the two women and the man accompanying them, as they passed down the quiet street and were soon in the shelter of a deep ravine which effectually screened them from view. About a quarter of an hour after they had left, the Boxers surrounded the house which had harbored them and searched every nook, even lighting lanterns and peering into the dark corners. Mrs. Yen was already in the home of her sister, less than a mile away. In this yard was a sort of cellar or pit where potatoes were stored in winter. There they took refuge, knowing that a neighbor's call might any moment betray their presence if they remained in the house. But gradually the secret leaked out that Christians were concealed there. A little child ran in breathless to warn them. They saddled a donkey; then the two women and a friendly relative made for a ravine close by their door. As they fled up this ravine they heard the shouts of the mob as they searched their abandoned refuge. The Boxers thought it must have been a mistaken rumor that they were concealed in the cellar, and did not pursue them. Soon darkness fell. In the branching, roadless ravines they lost their way, but after

wandering about all night, they succeeded, before light betrayed them, in reaching the home where Yen I had taken refuge.

They were not allowed a long breathing-spell; for soon their presence was suspected, and a plot was laid for them. A man in the village daubed his gate with a mystic symbol in red; then two wandering beggars were seized, and the story was started that these beggars had been hired by the Christians to write the blood character, and bring madness to the brains of the unhappy inmates of the home. There was no well in the village, but all the water was brought from a public well two miles away. This well, rumor said, had been poisoned by Yen I. He was the special object of their hate. The villagers began to gather in great excitement, and word was sent to another village to assist them in ridding the country of this pest. They came running with hoarse howls, even villagers who had no weapons snatching hoes, pitchforks, or clubs. There was no escape for the women, who could not run fast on their little bound feet. Perhaps if Yen I left, the Boxers would not hurt them. Yen I determined to flee. He told his mother how to talk to the mob, to demand proof if they brought charges against her, and to show no fear. As yet they had heard of the killing of no women, and they had a chance for life. Just as the mob was gathering, there came up a sudden thunderstorm, and the rain fell in sheets. It takes a very mad Chinese rioter not to seek shelter from such a downpour. Besides, were their victims not in a trap? So each for himself sought a refuge from the storm, and Yen I was out of the house and down in a ravine before they reappeared. A little girl whom he knew called to him as he rushed toward the ravine, but he did not stop to answer.

Soon he heard his pursuers, and heard the girl calling to them, "He has just run off that way." But that country is full of deep ravines, little caves, and sunken roads. In a sheltered nook Yen I crouched, and his enemies rushed by only a few paces away. A little later, as he made his way across the country, he saw, with a thrill of horror, a band of Boxers leading his mother and sister to another village.

Mrs. Yen and her daughter had crouched in a cellar when the mob poured in. The most influential man in the village was related to Mrs. Yen's son-in-law. He came forward and tried to disperse the mob. Enraged at not finding the women, they turned on him, and Mrs. Yen came out of the cellar and confronted them. A man sprang forward with a club, and the cry arose, "Beat her to death." But others protested, and in the momentary lull Mrs. Yen said: "Of what crime do you accuse me? Bring your evidence. Have I broken the laws? Then take me before your magistrate, try, and condemn me." They told the story of the beggars and the blood symbol. "Bring the beggars here," said Mrs. Yen. "When did I give you money for writing that symbol, or poison for putting in wells?" The beggars protested that they had never even seen her face. How could she have hired them? Then the villager who had been summoned to help exterminate the public enemies, exclaimed in disgust, "Why did you summon us if you had no proof against them?" They vented their rage by helping themselves to whatever they wanted in the house which had harbored the Christians and smashing the furniture. Then, after a council of war, they decided to take Mrs. Yen and her daughter to the leading village in the neighborhood for trial by the Boxers there. It was while they were being led to this village that Yen I saw them.

This large village was one where a relative of Mrs. Yen's lived, and where she was well known as a Christian. The wife of one of the Boxers had studied in the Kalgan mission school when a little girl. Many of the Boxers had been to the Kalgan dispensary for medicine, and had eaten at Mrs. Yen's table. When they saw who it was that was brought before them for trial, the knives which they had been brandishing fell by their sides, and they stood with bowed heads and shamed faces, silent. Then one voice called out, "Bury her alive," and the dread cry was echoed by others. But still the Boxer band hung back. Then four men, notorious bullies in the neighborhood, who must have had some sparks of goodness left, came forward to plead for the helpless woman. "Why have you brought this good woman here to kill? We have known her from childhood; she has often been here to preach, and through her influence many have received healing at the Kalgan dispensary. Her husband, too, is a kind, good man. She has not harmed us; she has no enmity against us. Why kill her? But if you must kill her, let it not be here." Then the Boxers of the village muttered, "We 'll not kill her, but she must leave." It was already dark, and the four champions pleaded, "Let her stay here just the one night in the house of her relative."

So once more a roof sheltered the heads of the poor fugitives. But the Boxers did not disperse. As the darkness deepened, their anger and courage seemed to increase. Just as they were about to break in, Mrs. Yen's husband arrived in the village. He had fled from Kalgan into Mongolia several days after our three refugees left, and was now searching for his family. Hearing the mob at the front gate, he stole around to the rear, and by the time the mob broke

into his yard he, his wife, and his daughter were crouching behind the brick bed. The Boxers looked in at the windows, but failed to see them, and the shout went up, "They have escaped; pursue them."

Just then came another diversion. Two strangers had arrived at an inn, with a bottle of red liquid used for dyeing thread. The rumor reached the Boxers that two "erh mao-tzu," with blood for writing cabalistic letters, were in the village inn, and with mad howls they rushed to the slaughter. While they were doing these innocent traders to death, Mrs. Yen and her daughter made their way unobserved through a hole in the back wall, two relatives soon joined them with donkeys, and in the dark night they turned their faces toward Kalgan. To go to Kalgan seemed to Mrs. Yen and her daughter like marching into the jaws of the lion; but where else could they find shelter? By afternoon of the next day the two donkeys which the women rode were too tired to move, and they stopped by the roadside to rest. Without warning, a band of Boxers burst upon them, their swords fairly dripping with the blood of a victim whom they had just slain. They had recognized Mrs. Yen's brother-in-law, and the thirst for blood possessed them. First they must say their prayers and read their incantations; then to the slaughter. With rare eloquence the men with Mrs. Yen and her daughter pleaded for their lives. "But see how barren the fields are!" the Boxers said; "for months there has been no rain. Is this not the fault of the foreign devils and their followers?" Still the man protested that they were innocent, and while the parleying was going on the women mounted their donkeys and again a strange power held back their pursuers.

They were then ten miles from Kalgan. When

they had gone six or seven miles further, rain began to fall in torrents. Still they pressed on until the tired donkeys could go no further; then, drenched and cold, they sat behind a wayside hedge and watched a company of Boxers file along the road. Friends met them from the city. "You can not possibly get in," they said. "Every street and alley is guarded, and fences are thrown across the entrance to streets and alleys, so that no stranger may slip past the guards."

On a street near the edge of the town lived one who was not a Christian, but whom they had befriended. Perhaps here they could find a refuge, if only they could steal past the guards unobserved. Thither they made their way, and when torrents of rain sent the soldier sentries from their posts, they succeeded in getting unobserved into this shelter. There they were not betrayed by the neighbors, and the weary feet rested for eight days. We will leave them there, and follow Yen I's fortunes—or, rather, misfortunes. That sad day when he saw his mother captured he went to the mountains, intending to make a circuit through their solitudes and reach Kalgan, where he knew his mother would try to go if she escaped. Hungry, thirsty, cold, he spent that night in a cave. The next day, with a shock of surprise, he came face to face with a college-mate and his father, who were fleeing from Kalgan. "There is no safety for you in Kalgan," they urged, "and the Boxers have just killed a man across the river. Turn back with us." They ventured into an inn, and ate a little; then again Yen I went to the mountains. We can not tell in detail the story of those next days of torture of body and mind, or of the time when he was seen in the mountains and fifty or sixty Boxers came searching for him. Tormented by hunger and by anxiety for his friends, he

at last resolved that, live or die, he would try to make his way to Kalgan. Still keeping in the mountains, he met one day two little girls, and asked them whether a Mrs. Yen was staying in their village. Staring at him with frightened eyes, the girls courtesied politely, but not a word would they speak. Had they not heard that there were followers of the foreign devils in the mountains, and that any one who spoke to them would go insane?

There were no springs in these mountains, and the poor refugee, wild with thirst, drank with grateful heart some rain water which he found in a hollowed rock. On the 2d of July, after eight days in the mountains, he approached Kalgan. He had a cousin there, and he stole into her garden and concealed himself until rain drove away the men who were working there. Then he appeared before his cousin, who received him as one risen from the dead. He heard with great joy that his mother was also concealed in Kalgan; but he could not go to see her. His youngest sister had been taken to the home of an uncle seven miles away, where she was not known as a Christian, and there her father joined her later.

The mission buildings in Kalgan had been looted, but not burned. Only two days after Yen I arrived, the Kalgan Boxers went to the large city of Hsuan Hua Fu to invite the Boxers there to help them wipe out from Kalgan every trace of the foreigners and their followers. Our tempest-tossed friends must flee before they returned. So on the 5th, just six days before flames consumed the mission buildings, Yen I and his mother were again wandering in search of a hiding-place. Seventeen miles away, hunger compelled them to stop at the home of a distant relative for food, and they were recognizeed as Christians by

the villagers. "I 'll call the Boxers," exclaimed a man, hurrying off. "Send them away," called an old man, in great wrath; "they 'll bring disaster on us all." Yen I's mother started to go, but the relative objected. "Where can you go? Stay, and I will protect you with my life." The brave woman refused to let him make this sacrifice, but accepted his offer of a horse, and was soon out of sight.

Word now reached the refugees that all the Boxers in the vicinity of the home of Mrs. Yen's brother, who had received them on their first flight from Kalgan, had now dispersed, and there Yen I and his mother found refuge for many weeks, until the terrible storm of persecution had spent its fury. The Boxer frenzy, with its wild superstitions and uncanny hypnotism, had reached such a pitch that public sentiment rose up and compelled the disbanding of these spirit-possessed madmen. It was well enough to slaughter the Catholics, but when actual insanity possessed them, and they went about in the night indiscriminately hacking up any persons whom they might find sleeping in their beds, these once lionized pugilists became unpopular. Moreover the rains had fallen, and men were too busy in the fields to practice this new cult, which in their idle hours had fascinated them. Two of Yen I's brothers soon joined them in this uncle's home. It was not generally known that they were there. The neighbors did not care to give information which might bring the now-dreaded Boxers upon them. There, in a few weeks, they heard that a great foreign army had driven the Boxers from Tientsin. Then they saw proclamations commanding that Christians should be protected. Strangest of all, the emperor and empress dowager passed only three miles from their haven of refuge, fleeing to Hsi An Fu from the foreign

soldiers. The storm was over. Again they could venture out into the sunshine. Friends came from near and far to congratulate them. In October they ventured back to Kalgan—poor, burned, forsaken Kalgan, where the Church seemed to be uprooted. In November she paid the penalty for her sins. Yen I saw the soldiers of four nations looting her wealthy shops, and then turning back to Peking with four thousand costly fur garments and thirty thousand taels of silver.

Thirty-one members of the Congregational Church were slain in Kalgan and its outstations. Most of the victims were from Yü Chou, nearly seventy miles away. There six women found a common grave in a well, into which the Boxers threw them, burying them under stones and earth. Among those who "witnessed a good confession" was Wan Hsin, who had left the North China College in company with Yen I. Among the survivors were several college graduates, who, with their families, had wandered "in deserts and mountains and caves."

IN TIENTSIN

As in Peking, so in Tientsin, the experiences of Christians can be divided into two general classes; for hundreds were gathered with the missionaries in the Foreign Settlement, and hundreds more knew the horrors of fire and sword and flight and massacre. The experiences of the siege in Tientsin are given in Teacher Chang's story. Of those outside who suffered martyrdom, few details are available. Two girls from the Tientsin boarding-school of the American Board, and a student in the North China College, were among the slain; also the mother of one of the girls, herself a Bible-woman. This earnest, faithful soul, through

whose devoted efforts many had been won to Christ, was in Tientsin just before the full fury of the storm broke loose. When asked by the missionaries if she had not better stay with them instead of going back to her work in the country, she replied: "O, no! I must return and comfort the Christians. I taught them, you see, and must stand by them. Some of them are so afraid of what the Boxers may do. I am not afraid of them. They are all of the devil anyway. They can not harm the soul, only the body."

TEACHER CHANG'S STORY OF THE SIEGE OF TIENTSIN

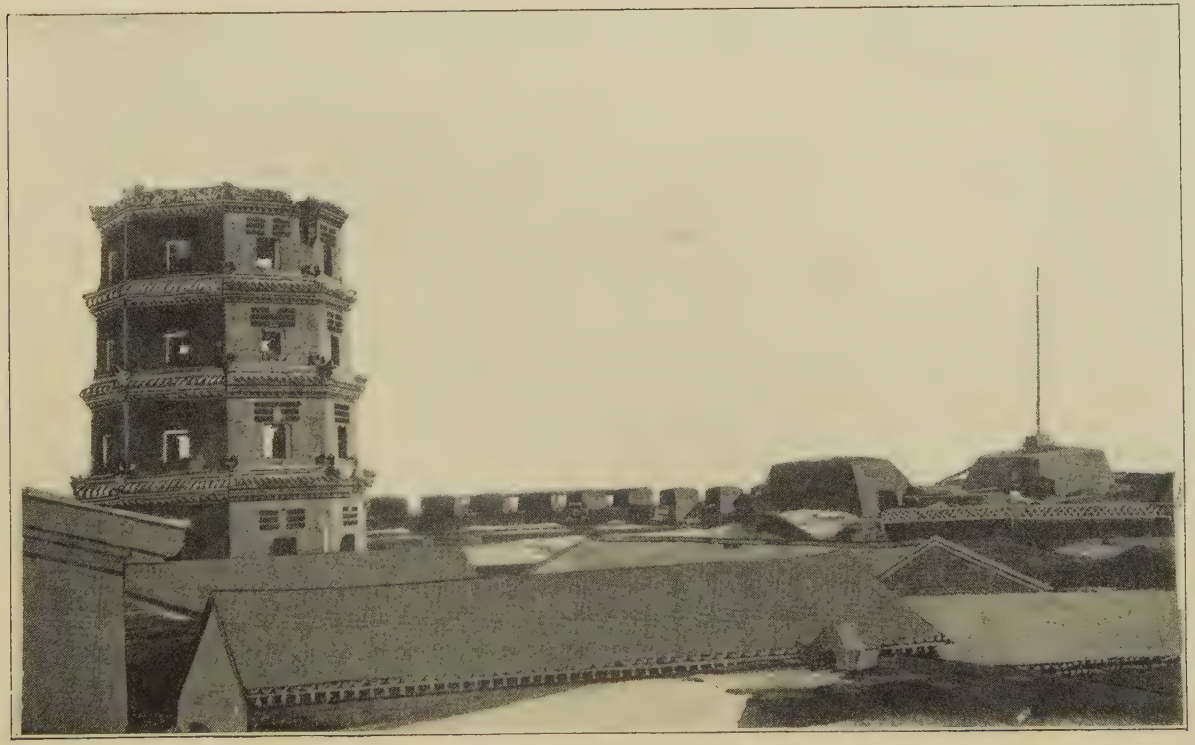
[Teacher Chang assisted Dr. Goodrich, of T'ung-chou, in the work of Bible translation. He also taught two classes in the college, and was a deacon in the Church. His family consisted of his wife, his aged father, and three children. The oldest son, Li Wei (Levi), a bright, gentle boy, was a member of the freshman class in college. We omit Teacher Chang's detailed account of his last days at T'ungchou, and of his flight to Tientsin, whence he and the younger Pastor Meng, returning from mission-meeting, planned to continue their journey to Pao Ting Fu. But a telegram from Mr. Pitkin warned them not to attempt the dangerous journey. Teacher Chang gives the following account of the siege of Tientsin:]

Already the country about Tientsin was in commotion. Admiral Seymour's expedition was starting for Peking; Chinese soldiers and uniformed Boxers swarmed in the native city and surrounding villages. Christian refugees were pouring into all the missions at the Foreign Settlement. A chapel in the native city was burned, then another, until all were gone. On Sunday, June 17th, we gathered for our usual morning

service in the Congregational chapel at the Settlement, and just as we came out from church we heard the booming of cannon. The bombardment of Tientsin had begun. I stood and counted over eighty cannon explosions within the next hour. Our position grew more dangerous day by day; for the defenses by the mission were guarded only by twenty-five American marines. It was necessary to contract our lines. The native converts, numbering about five hundred, were permitted by Mr. Cousins to occupy the great storehouses of Jardine, Matheson & Company. We could take little food with us, and only the kindness of Mr. Cousins saved us from starvation. He gave us rice from the storehouses.

We were closely besieged by a great Chinese army and innumerable Boxers. Not only the foreign soldiers were on guard night and day, but all of the merchants, missionaries, and other residents of Tientsin who had arms, must assist in the defense, while those who had no weapons directed large companies of native Christians in their work on barricades and other fortifications, in dragging the cannon from place to place, and in other work both arduous and dangerous. In all this weariness and danger, God's marvelous help and deliverance were constantly manifested, greatly increasing our faith. I can mention only one or two instances.

One day as we were dragging a heavy cannon, a shell fell and exploded close beside us, yet not one was injured. A rifle bullet cut away the clothing from the breast of one of the Christian men, but there was not even a mark left on his skin. When the shelling was especially heavy, the women and children all took refuge in a large cellar. One day, the wife of Pastor Meng, who was not well, lagged behind the others. She had just risen when a shell came through the



FORT NEAR VICEROY'S YAMEN AT TIENTSIN

(From where the foreign settlement was shelled.)

wall, and exploding sent showers of fragments on the place where she had been lying. Before we left the mission compound, the day after the Aiken house had been burned by an exploding shell, over twenty of us, who had no other shelter, lay down to sleep on Mr. Wilder's veranda. Mr. Wilder was always so exhausted by his hard labor during the day that he slept soundly as soon as he entered his room; but that night, because we were lying on the veranda, he came out to speak to us. Just then a shell exploded in his bedroom, several pieces falling on his bed, even on his pillow.

The dangers and temptations of those weeks brought out some beautiful proofs of Christian character. The work demanded of the Christians, even of those who had never been accustomed to labor, was very heavy, and we had to perform the most menial tasks. One day there was a large handleless pail overflowing with putrid filth, which had to be emptied. Pastor Meng, seizing it in both hands without showing a sign of disgust, carried it out to empty it. Hearing a laugh as he did it, he said, "If Jesus were in my place, what would he do?" and I said, "Even as you have done, and joyfully, like you."

One evening I was much worn out with the unaccustomed labors of the day. A foreign merchant came up, and noting my unusual size said, "Why are n't you drawing a cart?" I replied, "I fear my strength is not sufficient." In a rage he seized me with both hands, and giving me a ferocious kick, sent me to drag a cart, which is usually drawn by two men. Mr. Wilder, who was standing by, said, "This man is a teacher." "If he were an official he 'd have to drag that cart," raged the merchant. Huang Shu T'ang, a member of our senior class in college, stepped forward, saying,

"I will help you pull the cart." We worked a long time, other carts also helping to build the barricades, until all the streets were blocked except far to the northwest. Most of the other carts were dismissed, and I was made to drag my cart quickly to this place. On all sides the bullets were flying like rain. Huang Shu T'ang and I worked there in the darkness until the barricade was finished, and the other carts all left. I asked the merchant if I might leave, but he scornfully ignored me. My heart was in a tumult, my body was completely exhausted. Crouching down with Huang Shu T'ang, I prayed silently to my loving Savior. In a moment my body was free from pain and weariness, great peace filled my heart, and I seemed to have left earth and all its trials. As I recall this experience the rapture of that moment seems to come to me again. And I can never forget the love and unselfishness of Huang Shu T'ang that day.

The siege of the Foreign Settlement in Tientsin lasted nearly a month; then the allies captured the native city, and our enemies scattered. It was more than a month longer before Peking was relieved. Early in September, Dr. Goodrich, who had come from Peking, took me and my family with him to Shanghai. My old father dreaded the sea voyage, so I left Li Wei to care for him in Tientsin. My boy had greatly endeared himself to me during those weeks of trial. Frail in body, of a gentle, quiet disposition, he said little of his religious life, but by loving thoughtfulness for his grandfather and parents, and by tender care for his little sisters, he showed his deep Christian character. In his unselfishness he took on his slender shoulders burdens too heavy for him to bear. Working in the fortifications in the hot sun was hard for him, for he had never worked before; the food was poor and

scarce; he slept part of the time in a damp, foul place. When I left Tientsin he had dysentery, but he assured me that it was not important. He tried to pull his mother and little sisters to the station in a jinriksha; but the perspiration rolled down his face, he stopped completely exhausted, and I went to his relief. We had to hurry to catch the train, and when I took my last glimpse of my boy through the car window, he was walking slowly homeward, looking back over his shoulder at the train.

After reaching Shanghai I heard that Li Wei was working in the American hospital, and that the nurses were much pleased with his faithfulness and diligence. Then came a letter from Pastor Meng telling me that Li Wei had gone to be with the Lord. He had never recovered his health after the hardships of the summer, and after a severe illness of several days, in spite of all that loving care could do, his life ebbed away. It was late in September. His grandfather, Pastor Meng, a classmate, and several others were in the room. Pastor Meng said, "It is hard to understand God's ways. If he takes you now in your youth, does it not grieve your heart?" With a smile he answered, "I want so much to go to him." Then weakness and pain overcame him, and his grandfather said, "Let us pray for you, asking the Lord to come quickly and take you home." So Pastor Meng knelt in prayer; then rising, he and one of the students sang, "Heaven is my home." Just as they were singing the words, "I shall reach home at last," Li Wei went to his heavenly home. (This bright, beautiful boy is not counted with the Boxer victims, but by his sufferings during the siege and by his trustfulness in his Heavenly Father, he is entitled to be numbered with the martyrs.)

IN SHANTUNG

Yuan Shih K'ai, who followed the infamous Yü Hsien as governor of Shantung, made heroic efforts to suppress the Boxer movement inaugurated by his predecessor, and to this alone is due the fact that comparatively few lives were lost in this province. But nowhere were the temptations to recant more seductive, nowhere was the persecution more prolonged. The Christians endured two years of constant suspense, of repeated lootings, of homelessness and hunger. In a few localities the sword did not spare them. Several narratives of English Baptist Christians in the Pin Chou district have already been given, and two are added here.

Mr. Su, who lived in the city of Pin Chou, when he was seized and bound by the Boxers, took from his belt a string of cash, and, handing it to his father, said: "Your son, while living, has not been able to manifest to the full his filial devotion. I give you this money toward the account of my heart indebtedness to you."

Kneeling he prayed, "Heavenly Father, receive my spirit." Then he commenced to pray earnestly for the Boxers. As soon as his words fell on their ears they exclaimed in a rage, "You thing, you! When about to die do you still revile us?" And the cruel swords sent him into the presence of his Heavenly Father.

At a village in this same district old Mr. Li was hunted down in his peach-orchard. The Boxers asked, "How many in this village have studied the foreign doctrine?" "Just my own family," replied the old man, shrinking from implicating others. "Hereafter will you continue to study or not?" Bowing his head he thought for a moment, then looking his persecutors in the face he said with a loud, clear voice, "Though

you kill me for it, yet do I propose to study the doctrine." And they did kill him for it.

IN HUPEI

In the Heng Chou prefecture alone thirty places of worship belonging to the London mission were destroyed. The Christians showed a splendid fidelity. From all the outstations in this province there came but one report—that the Christians had remained immovable.

IN CHEKIANG

Mr. Shoemaker, of the Presbyterian mission in Ningpo, writes:

"While hostilities against the Christians in this region did not result in any loss of life, yet in many instances the test of faith was no less severe than where the outpouring of the life's blood sealed the testimony with the indisputable stamp of genuineness. Escape seemed to lie within the reach of all who would deny their connection with the religion of Jesus.

"At a church in a rather lawless neighborhood near the seacoast, several Christians were captured and held for ransom. One of them was swung up by his hands, which were bound together behind his back, and repeatedly threatened with death. He did not cease to exhort those about him to accept the gospel and worship the true God. His friends finally paid the ransom demanded. During these days of suspense and dread, the attendance on the Sabbath services was larger than usual. The Christians seemed to draw close to God as their only source of help. In the Ningpo church some were timid, a few fell away, but the older converts all stood firm. One poor, blind fellow was roughly dealt with by his neighbors, but his faith was

firm. Another member, who is a cripple, was so bold in preaching on the streets when the danger was most imminent that other Christians urged him not to run unnecessary risks. He replied, 'If we stop preaching now as soon as the danger comes, how can we have any face to preach again after the danger is past?' An old woman of seventy-seven, who had been a Christian for forty years, was comforted by her neighbors, who said to her, 'You have set before us all these years an example which we could not come up to, and we will see that no harm comes to you on account of your religion.' In all our Churches the Christians were threatened, ridiculed, and mocked; and yet, with a few exceptions, they stood firm, and ceased not to go regularly to their appointed places of worship. They met the crisis bravely, and would not have hesitated to give their lives if they had been required.

"About two hundred miles south of Ningpo, in this province, Christians belonging to the China Inland Mission showed the same stanch faith. Over four hundred families of Christians and inquirers suffered property loss, many being stripped of all their possessions. Their lives were threatened, and dozens of them lived in mountain caves to escape violence. Some died from the fright and hardship of those months, but only one was actually killed.

"Ah Sai En Pa was over sixty years old at the time of his death. The earnest old preacher was much loved by the Christians, who knew him as a man of prayer. Before starting out to his work in the morning he used to pray three times, because, as he said, Christ prayed three times in the Garden of Gethsemane. He urged the older Christians to much prayer, saying that the young and strong slept soundly all night; but those who were advanced in years were wakeful

during the night, or wakened very early in the morning; and this was an indication that God would have them use these waking moments in prayer.

"At the time of the persecution he was stationed at one of the centers where the Boxers met for drill, and they early began to threaten old Ah Sai En Pa with violence; but the gentry and scholars managed to prevent any trouble until the proclamation of the empress dowager for the extermination of the foreigners and the foreign religion was made public by one of the leading officials of the district. Hearing that he was in actual danger, he tried to escape by the river, but did not succeed. Late the same evening one of the Boxers worked himself into a frenzy and declared that they must have a human sacrifice, in order to set up their flag of rebellion, so they went and took old Ah Sai En Pa. They carried him to a quiet temple, and, first of all, tried to make him worship the idols. This he refused to do, and then they said he must die. He asked time for prayer; but before he had finished they began cutting at his neck with their blunt swords. The murderers were afterwards heard to say that he was still praying when his head was half severed from his body."

"Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that can not fail."

CHAPTER XI

MARTYR DAYS IN SHANSI

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?"

THE slaughter of Protestants in Shansi was not as terrible as the slaughter of Roman Catholics. The known losses are 156 in the China Inland mission, 112 in the English Baptist mission, and 80 in the American Board mission, while the martyrs in smaller missions would bring the total up to over 400. The fidelity of many Christians in this province is remarkable for two reasons; with few exceptions, perfect immunity from persecution was assured to all who obeyed the governor's orders to leave the Church; it was the first generation of Christians who had to stand the test, so none of those in mature life had known Christ in their childhood.

MISS CHANG'S WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE

Chang Wen Ts'ui was always a winsome lassie, with a sparkle of fun in her eyes, and an alert, independent poise of the shapely head with its smooth, dark hair. When she blossomed into womanhood and graduated from the Bridgman School in 1899, no one was more beloved of both schoolmates and teachers. There came a call for some one to teach in a girls' boarding-school in the Shou Yang mission in Tai Yuan Fu, a long, hard journey of two weeks across the mountains. The

Entrance to Mission Chapel at Tai Yuan Fu

lady who came in search of a helper was a stranger belonging to an English mission. The long journey and the untried work must have looked formidable to the young girl, who had never left the shelter of home and boarding-school; but with a true missionary spirit she responded to the call, and in a few weeks brave Wen Ts'ui was in the capital of Shansi, surrounded by girls who soon came to know and love her.

Miss Coombs, the lady in charge of the school, had been in China only a few months, and how much Wen Ts'ui's efficient help meant to her is shown by a passage in her journal. Writing of one of the schoolgirls, a sister of K'ung Hsiang Hsi, who had just given her heart to Christ, she says: "Humanly speaking, she is Wen Ts'ui's convert, and Wen Ts'ui is winning many converts for her crown. Her influence almost shames me as I think of former days, and her life causes me constant admiration. She is only twenty-one, and is betrothed to a Chihli student. Without her, my work here would be practically impossible. Ignorance of custom and language are a constant bar between me and the children, and women too. But Wen Ts'ui and I understand one another wonderfully. She is indeed my right hand. We are friends, and talk freely together, and pray together about all the encouragements and the difficulties."

So a year passed peacefully, then came mutterings of the approaching storm. Still no shadow fell over Wen Ts'ui's heart, full of hope and of faith in the God who had never failed her, and the danger came to her very door before she realized it.

Now we will give the story in her own words:

"It was the 27th of June, a hot, dusty day, when we closed school, and the pupils who lived in the city at once went to their homes. Eleven were still with us,

waiting for friends to come for them. Weary with the last days of school, and not feeling at all well, I lay down most of the afternoon, and was sleeping peacefully at five o'clock, when men and boys began to gather outside the compound gate. Serious trouble was not anticipated, and no one woke me. At six o'clock Miss Coombs went to Mrs. Stokes's house for the evening meal, and soon a message came that we were all to go at once to Dr. Lovitt's court, as the Boxers had come in force. I was wakened, and hastened with my eleven pupils into this innermost court of the compound, where all of the missionaries soon joined us. The yelling crowd at the gate increased, and soon the bookshop of the front chapel was in flames. God helped us by sending a shower which put out the fire; but soon it was kindled again, burning the chapel, the hospital, our school-buildings, and two missionary homes. By nine o'clock the flames had crept close to the place where we were hiding. The missionaries unlocked a little gate opening upon an unoccupied piece of ground, and urged all of the Chinese Christians to escape; but one old man named Lao Chen, myself, and the schoolgirls still remained. About ten o'clock the mob set fire to Dr. Lovitt's house, and we fled to our last refuge, a tiny kitchen close to the back wall of the compound, where twenty-one of us gathered. All this time my heart was perfectly calm, and I seemed to hear a loving voice saying, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

"An hour passed; the flames would soon kindle on our little shelter, and our last forlorn hope lay in flight. Dr. Wilson and Mr. Stokes guarded the rear, the other missionaries walked in front, and behind them followed the schoolgirls, with Miss Coombs leading a lame schoolgirl, and Lao Chen carrying a sick girl

who was too weak to walk. Hastening through the south court we came to the large court, no one hindering us. Though there were flames on four sides of us, we walked through the midst with safety, and came to the great gateway leading to the street. This was ten feet wide; but in the middle the Boxers had made a great bonfire to cut off our avenue of escape. Only a passage of a little over three feet was left at one side, and Mrs. Lovitt's dress caught fire as we passed; but it was soon extinguished, and the beautiful promise came to me, 'When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned.' As the missionaries went through the gate, the rabble crowded upon them, one man blocking the path until a shot from a revolver carried by one of the missionaries laid him on the ground. I could not see those in front of me for the dense smoke, and could hear nothing but the howling of the mob as they scattered after a few more shots were fired into the air. I was too weak to keep up with the missionaries and schoolgirls in front, and still further back were Miss Coombs with the lame girl, and the old man staggering under the weight of the sick scholar. In the confusion the other missionaries did not notice that Miss Coombs was not with them. Near the gate I stumbled over the body of the man who had been shot, and, seeing no one whom I knew when I rose to my feet again, I walked to the corner of the street, where I waited in the darkness until I heard the sick scholar calling my name, and soon the old man came with her on his shoulder. 'Where is Miss Coombs?' I asked. 'We saw men drag her back toward the fire, and then saw nothing more of her,' said the girl, sadly.

"I heard afterwards of Miss Coombs's fate, and will tell you now. She was struck on the head with a

brick, and both she and the lame girl fell. She said to the girl, 'Don't be afraid; we shall soon see Jesus.' She then rose and begged them to spare the girl's life, and some one led the girl away. Then they threw Miss Coombs on the fire in the gateway, and when twice she rose out of the flames, they heaped a door and tables and boards on top of her. A young official, Mr. K'ung, went with another man to look for her the next day, and found only a few charred bones which they buried amid the ruins of the mission compound. Just at the time when the flames were devouring this living sacrifice, two Christians who had escaped from the compound, but who were on neighboring housetops, said they seemed to see the heavens opened just above the fire, and a beautiful face looked down. They did not know then what had happened to our beloved teacher; but I think they were looking into the face of the Pitiful One, who had come to welcome his child as she went up in the chariot of fire.

"The old man was too tired to walk on with his burden, and we sat on a doorstep in the dark, deserted street for a long time, half hoping that Miss Coombs would come. A man came by with a lantern, and stood for a minute throwing its light into my face. I must have made a strange picture. Both shoes had been lost in my flight, and my hair was all disheveled as I rose from my afternoon's sleep. It was after three in the morning when, after slowly making our way through streets and alleys, we reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Beynon, who gave us a warm welcome. This was not far from Mr. Farthing's place, where the missionaries had taken refuge.

"I had taken cold in the chill night air, and for three days my throat was so sore that I could eat nothing. After staying part of a day at Mr. Beynon's,

I went with the sick girl and her mother to her home. Many people stared at me as we passed through the street, and I heard them saying, 'She is English; she does n't look like us.' By this time there was much bad talk in the city, and when we reached the house of my friends, the landlord would not let me stay; so I started out into the street again; but they called to me to wait until dark, when it would be safer to go. In the evening the official, Mr. K'ung, and a Christian man took me to another home in the city; but their landlord also objected to my remaining there, and on the 2d of July Mr. Beynon sent for me to come back to them. They treated me like their own daughter, and I did not want to leave them. Three days later the missionaries received a message from the governor, Yü Hsien, saying that if they would go to a certain place, near his yamen, he would protect them, but that he could give them no protection if they refused to go. The missionaries were perplexed to know what to do, and so was I; but I thought I would stay with them, wherever they were. To my surprise, Mr. K'ung and the Christian who had befriended me before, came for me that night at nine o'clock, and, though I was reluctant to leave the missionaries, Mrs. Beynon urged me to go. I went with them, thinking of God's promise to Jacob, 'I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest.'

My friends took me to the home of a wealthy Christian photographer, Mr. Chu, and there, on the 8th of July, we heard that all of the missionaries had gone to the place near the governor's yamen. The next day a Christian young man came running into Mr. Chu's, pale with excitement. He had started down the street by the governor's yamen, on his way to see the imprisoned missionaries, when he was startled to

see them coming up the street in a long line, each with a rope tied tightly around his forehead and passing back to the next one. Men, women, and children, they formed a strange procession. 'And they must have been marching to their death,' he said, 'for that is the way they lead condemned criminals out to execution.' We heard later that thirty-three Protestant missionaries, twelve Roman Catholic missionaries, and several native Christians were slaughtered together that day at the governor's order.

"Then for days there was a carnival of crime, as Catholics and Protestants were cut down by scores. Our trouble came the very next morning. At about ten o'clock a mob broke in, and began to loot the photograph gallery. I fled, with Mr. Chu's family and an old Mongol lady named Miao, through two or three quadrangles of buildings to a court in the very rear of the compound. We could hear the mob shouting and smashing the furniture, and knew they would soon be upon us. There was no gateway by which we could escape, and the house was a high one. Mr. Chu piled up tables and benches and while he was helping his family up on the roof, Mrs. Miao and *I* scrambled onto the window-ledge. How could we ever reach that high roof? It seemed as if wings were given us; for even fat Mrs. Miao, so clumsy that she could hardly climb a doorstep, went up without the least trouble. From this high house we climbed down onto smaller houses, then over a low wall into a deserted, dirty stableyard belonging to a neighbor. Here we hid as best we could.

"At noon friends came for the Chu's, and Mrs. Miao and I were left alone. Mr. Chu promised to come back for us after dark, but it grew late, and the owner of the place would not let us stay longer, so we could only go out upon the street. It seemed very

weird and sad wandering about those strange streets, for I did not know a single place in that great city except my school home. Mrs. Miao said, 'I know some Christian homes; let us go there, and see if they are still alive, and if they will take us in.' They would not let us in at the first place; then we went to the room occupied by a cook at the mission and his family. We found a tiny kitchen in the same court, where we could lodge one night by giving ten cents; but the landlord would not keep us any longer, and moreover we had no money for rent. 'Let us go to Mr. Chang's,' said Mrs. Miao; 'perhaps they will pity us.' And they did; but after we had been there only two or three days the rumor spread that a fat old lady and a girl, both Christians, were living with the Changs. Our room was close to the street, and on the 13th of July we heard a band of Boxers coming. But close at their heels came the police official in charge of that district. 'What are you doing here?' he said. 'This Chang family has already given up the false doctrine in obedience to the command of the government, and burned incense. They are now good citizens and must not be molested,' and he showed a document to prove that they had recanted. The Boxers had no proof that other Christians were concealed there, and we raised our hearts in a prayer of thankfulness as we heard their retreating footsteps.

"But the landlord knew now that I was living with the Changs, and refused to let me stay. Mr. Chang said, 'I will take you to a village eight miles from here, where I know a family who, I think, will conceal you.' Very, very early the next morning Mr. Chang took me in a covered cart to the city gate; then, as the cart would not take us any further, we walked. Not daring to go in the main road, we followed the

pebbly river-bed. I was not used to walking, and my shoes were an old pair with very thin soles, which had been given me. After walking about three miles my feet were so sore that I could not possibly take another step. God had provided a strange resting-place for me there. It was a sort of excavated village, consisting of about a hundred cellar-rooms, approached by a very narrow passage, easily guarded. It had been prepared as a place of refuge from robbers. Making our way in, we learned that only two families were living there. We found the man in charge, and begged him to let me stay in one of the cellars. He said kindly: 'The other cellars have not been occupied for years, and are not fit to live in. You had better stay in my house. There are no Boxers here. The young lady can stay with my wife until all is peaceful in the city.'

"In this house I rested for nine or ten days. Mr. K'ung and other friends in the city, not knowing my exact whereabouts and hearing nothing from me, grew very uneasy, and finally sought me out in my strange hiding-place. The next day, the 24th of July, he came for me in a cart, and took me to his home in Tai Yuan Fu. And now I must tell more about this God-given friend, who had come to my rescue more than once, and whose home was to shelter me for eight long months. Mr. K'ung was a man of about thirty, belonging to the official class, though not at this time holding any important office. He attended church quite regularly, and was a true believer, but he had not yet been baptized. He had a sweet wife and a little girl two years old. The officials knew of his leanings toward Christianity; but his position and wealth, and the fact that he had not been baptized, screened him. Again and again the Boxers threatened his life; but they never ventured to invade his home.

"These friends treated me like a beloved sister, and no suffering or privation came to me all these months except grief for my martyred friends, for the persecuted Christians about me, for father, mother, brothers, sister, teachers, and friends in the home across the mountains, who, I supposed, had all been killed. Here nearly every day stories reached us of the cruel torture of native Christians, and of the massacre of company after company of missionaries in our province of Shansi. In Tai Ku, thirty-seven miles away, lived Ruth, who had graduated from the Bridgman School one year after I did, and, like myself, had come to Shansi to teach in a girls' boarding-school. A man who came from Tai Ku late in July told me that, though in great danger, the missionaries and Ruth were still living. A few days later a young man came and told us that he fled from that compound when the houses were all ablaze, and that our friends there were numbered with the martyrs.

"Later a new governor was appointed in place of Yü Hsien, and proclamations were posted commanding the Boxers to disperse. Persecution of the homeless, starving Christian remnant ceased. The emperor and court staid in Tai Yuan Fu quite a long time, on their flight from Peking to Hsi An Fu.

"In January a great joy came to me. A Shansi Christian returned from a trip to Peking with news about many friends whom I had mourned as dead; for I had supposed that I alone was saved of all the Christians belonging to the province of Chihli, and that all of the missionaries there had been slain. Still this man knew nothing about my own family.

"Late in March came a day of mingled joy and sadness, when my brother, Wen Tou, was led in to see me. A few hurried questions, then I knew that father,

mother, and my younger brother had been killed at my home, far south of Peking. My sister, Wen Mei, who was studying in the Bridgman School, and this brother, a student in the North China Academy, had passed with the missionaries through the siege of Peking.

"My brother told me how for months they supposed that I was dead. Then a Christian who managed to make his way through to Peking reported that he had heard it rumored that I had been saved by an official in Tai Yuan Fu. Later messengers confirmed this report. But what plan could be devised for getting me safely through the disorderly soldier bands and bandit swarms of Shansi, and then over the Chihli plains, ravaged by German and French soldiers? Finally Miss Russell had hired a mule litter to start from Peking for me, sending an older man to accompany my brother.

"Mr. K'ung was away from home when these friends came for me, attending to the burial of missionaries in a distant city. Mrs. K'ung proposed to go with me, that I might travel in greater security; so we waited for her to send a message to her husband. The answer came that she might go. Because she was going with me, the Tai Yuan Fu officials sent two soldiers to guard us on the long journey through Shansi, and gave us a yellow-dragon flag, which would make the robbers doubly afraid to molest us. It was the 4th of April when we set forth on the dangerous journey. We could not go back over the direct road through Pao Ting Fu; for the mountain passes swarmed with Chinese soldiers, and beyond were hundreds of French and German soldiers. So we went northeast toward Kalgan. On the borders of Chihli our two soldier guards must turn back, and now we faced two dangers, robbers and foreign soldiers.

"One day, as we were journeying on the great road

between Kalgan and Peking, Mrs. K'ung, her child, and I in the mule litter, my brother and the older man riding on donkeys, we saw about twenty German soldiers approaching. The man driving the mule litter was wild with fear; but I lifted my heart in prayer, and kept calm. Fortunately an officer was with the soldiers, and a Chinese interpreter. My brother gave them the letters, written in two or three languages, which he had brought from Peking, asking any foreign soldiers whom we might meet on the way not to molest us, as we were Christians. Soon the officer and his interpreter appeared at the door of my litter. 'Are you Christians?' they asked. 'Yes,' I said. The door was closed, the soldiers mounted their horses, and we went on our way in peace.

"About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of April our litter turned down the street in Peking where our mission had once stood, and stopped at a gateway not far from its ruins. My brother had gone ahead to tell the good news of our arrival, and before I could get out of my litter Miss Russell and my sister, Wen Mei, were beside me. How can I describe the meeting with them, and later with the dear school friends who had survived the storm?

"To-day I want to praise God in the words of Psa. civ, 4-8: 'They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses. And he led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!'"

So Wen Ts'ui ends her own story. But we must close it to the sound of wedding-bells or their Chinese

substitutes. There was a noble young man who waited all those months in deep anxiety for tidings of the sweet girl who had promised to be his wife. Chinese etiquette forbade his speaking of her except to his most intimate friends; but he helped to make the plans for her rescue, and the day when she arrived in Peking all the etiquette of the Orient could not keep his face from beaming with joy. On the 14th of June there was a wedding in the mission, and many were the friends who rejoiced with these two who had escaped so marvelously. Wang Wen Shun graduated from the Theological Seminary just before the Boxer outbreak, and was in the legations during the siege. Extracts from his story are given in Chapter III. Theirs is a very happy home, and our Wen Ts'ui will always be a help to her husband in his work as an evangelist. They are now in charge of the outstation at Lu Kou Ch'iao.

MISS COOMB'S SCHOOLGIRLS

Two of the girls whose escape from the burning mission Wen Ts'ui has described in the preceding narrative were taken by the Shou Yang magistrate to their homes. One of these, a girl named Pu T'ao, came from a home where both father and mother were earnest Christians. They were very fond of their daughter, who was one of the brightest students in the Tai Yuan Fu school. Once, when Pu T'ao returned home for a vacation, the neighbors constantly ridiculed her unbound feet, and, in order to help her bear the persecution, her mother unbound her own feet. Sad indeed was the last home-going of the girl; for she found that father, mother, and elder sister had all been killed by the Boxers.

Five of the girls were separated from the missionaries in their flight in the darkness. They reached the

east gate of the city, but were turned back by Manchu soldiers, and, after hours of wandering on the city streets, they were taken to the yamen of the district magistrate.

"Why do you follow the foreigners?" he asked, sternly.

"We do not follow the foreigners; we follow God."

"Why do you read the foreigners' books?"

"We read God's Book."

"Why have you got your feet unbound?"

"Because God never meant that we should have crippled feet."

"What do you gain by all this?"

"We gain Christ and eternal life."

For about three months these girls were sheltered and fed in this yamen; then they were sent to their homes.

MR. WANG'S STORY

Mr. Wang was an evangelist in Northern Shansi, in the Swedish Union mission, which was affiliated with the China Inland mission. From his long and interesting story, as published in *China's Millions* for January, 1901, only extracts are taken, and for the sake of conciseness some changes are made. Speaking of a magistrate who protected the missionaries, and sent them away under guard, though it led to his being assaulted by the mob and beaten, Mr. Wang says:

"This official was kindly disposed toward Christianity, because when he was a child he had been at a mission school. For the Church members he hired a long cart, so that at Hun Yuan none were killed. At a later period, when they had returned, they were chased about the city and abused, being daubed with filth because not one of them would recant.

"Late in June things became so bad that the magistrate wanted me also to get away. He told me to put on the dress of a yamen courier, gave me one of the yamen horses, and wrote a letter to the prefect at So P'ing Fu. As bearer of an official letter I would be much safer, though I was well known all along the road.

"In So P'ing Fu I went first to the yamen to deliver the dispatches, and then to see the missionaries. Four of us went to see the magistrate, and he promised to furnish an escort to the boundaries of his own district. We returned to the chapel much pleased that there appeared to be a way of escape, and were busy getting ready, when a mob gathered. The door was forced, and we fled to the yamen. The chapel was soon after burned.

"It was ingeniously proposed to represent to the people that I had come to the city with imperial orders from Peking requiring all foreigners to be sent there in manacles. In this way the lives of the prisoners could be saved from the mob. As I had the yamen horse to take back, and my own family to look after, it was thought best that I should return to Ying Chou.

"After I had been asleep some time, being very much exhausted, I was loudly called by name, and every one saw that mischief was meant. I could not escape; so I went out and found a great crowd of Boxers and Manchus, who began to beat me terribly, and dragged me off toward the burning chapel, intending to throw me into the fire. Soon I lost consciousness. I learned afterwards that the Boxers felt of me to see if I was really dead, and, seeing no signs of life, they did not care to drag me the rest of the way simply for the trouble of throwing me into the fire. Moreover, two men who were standing by befriended me, begging

them to let me die where I was. These friends felt my heart and pulse, and, seeing that I had no mortal wound, they waited for me to revive. The mob, meantime, left me to go back to the yamen and try to kill the missionaries. There were ten or more Christians there whom they beat severely; some of them probably were killed, but they did not get at the missionaries.

"My benefactors helped me up, and took me back to the yamen. There they gave me my horse, clothes, bedding, and my dispatch; and while one of them led my horse, the other carried me on his back outside the city. They helped me on the horse; but I was so weak and faint that one of them had to support me while the other led the horse. They went with me to the end of the first day's journey. On the way I met travelers who told me that thirteen foreigners had been killed near So P'ing Fu that morning. They were probably manacled, and could make no resistance.

"In my feeble condition I was three days in getting to Ying Chou. When at a town thirteen miles from there I was told that it was useless to go on, as the place had been destroyed June 29th. I heard also that my mother and others had been started by the magistrate in a cart for So P'ing Fu, but that they had been overtaken by the Boxers half a day's journey distant, and brought back. My mother, brother, sister, my little child, and an old lady named Wu were burned alive. Not only this, but the head yamen runner, who had escorted them, was thrown into the fire, the cart was burned, the mule killed and thrown into the flames, also the dog and chickens in our yard. People were not tied, but were just thrown into the fire and driven back whenever they tried to get out. It was a slow and bitter death, which I do not like to think of. The magistrate did his best to save the life of his own yamen

servants, but was told that if he pressed the matter he himself would be thrown into the fire.

"Notwithstanding these dreadful stories, I could not give up the idea of returning to see for myself if this was true. About three miles from the city a band of forty or more Boxers set on me, ordered me to get off the horse, tied me tightly, and dragged me on to the city. My arrival was soon reported to the magistrate, who heard that the Boxer chief was trying the case. He sent a polite invitation to the chief to come to him, which he did.

"Then the magistrate said that he had long felt grave doubts as to whether these were true Boxers, and whether they were, as they pretended, proof against arrows and bullets. He now proposed to test this. "Let your men go through their spells and make themselves invulnerable if they can, then I will attack them with guns. If you are not hurt, you may kill the courier Wang in any way you like; you are true Boxers, and I will be one, too; otherwise I shall know that you are not the true Boxers, and that your claim is a fraud.' The chief assented, but wished not to stand in the ranks himself, but to one side, so that he could tell when the spirits had really arrived. To this the magistrate agreed.

"By this time it was nearly midnight; but the story having got out, the whole city was there with torches and lanterns to see the spectacle. There was a temple on the city wall, and in front of that the Boxers were drawn up, making their passes in the air and otherwise practicing for the trial. The four yamen men that the magistrate had appointed to guard me wanted to see the sights, and loosed me, so that we could all look on together. The magistrate had given careful directions and looked himself after the loading of the guns with

bullets as well as powder. Foreseeing that there was to be trouble he had engaged two hundred experts to be his guard, and it was these men whom he set against the Boxers. They waited until the chief had cried, 'The spirits have come!' when the magistrate, who had a gun himself, gave the order, 'Open fire.' Four or five of the Boxers were killed outright, and not a single man among them was without a wound. They all scattered.

"The magistrate now summoned me, and told me how he had been unable to protect his own yamen headman, and said that it was not safe for me to remain. He gave me twenty taels of silver and an official dispatch which I was to take to Tai Yuan Fu, mainly as a protection to me in traveling."

This dispatch saved Mr. Wang's life. After many thrilling adventures and a sojourn of two months in the mountains he reached the coast. He closes his story with the words:

"It is a great joy to me to see so many Christians together again, and to tell and hear of God's mercies."

HIS CROSS ON THEIR FOREHEADS

At the P'ing Yang station of the China Inland mission, where twenty-seven Christians were killed, eighteen others had a remarkable experience. The Boxers, who always claimed that they could see a cross on the foreheads of Christians, cut a cross with their knives on the foreheads of these eighteen men, and kept them in the scorching sun to make the scars permanent. Later these men were taken to the local official, and there they were beaten from four hundred to five hundred strokes with the bamboo, after which they were imprisoned for several weeks. Truly they bore branded on their bodies the marks of Jesus.

In Tai Ku lived Mr. Wu, who had been the personal teacher of Mr. Williams, of the American Board mission. He was interested in Christianity and had attended services regularly. After the massacres in that city began he was reported to the Boxers as a Christian, and they went at once and set fire to the house. Mr. Wu came out, and friends interceded for him, stating that he was not a member of the Church. The Boxers then allowed them to extinguish the fire. The Boxer leaders said: "Though Mr. Wu has not entered the Church of the foreigners, he has had much intercourse with them. They have given him medicine which has bewitched him, and has imprinted a cross on his forehead. This must be cut out with a knife. Their directions were followed, and Mr. Wu's life was spared.

There were many other instances where those who were suspected of being "erh mao-tzu" attempted themselves to erase the cross from their foreheads. Where the Boxers attempted the erasure of the imagined mark they sometimes used the knife, but often read charms and gave medicine to cause it to vanish.

TWO ENGLISH BAPTIST MARTYRS

When Mr. Dixon and the other missionaries fled from Hsin Chou, Mr. Chou took refuge with his wife and child in the village where his wife's mother lived. Soon the Boxers had him in their hands and he was beaten until he was insensible. The Boxers searched his clothes, and finding a New Testament, they decided to burn him. They forced every family in the village to contribute a bundle of millet stalks, and on this altar Mr. Chou's body was burned in sacrifice.

Mrs. Liu escaped when her home was destroyed, and found a hiding-place in her mother's house. Immediately the Boxers sought her out; again she es-

caped, and hid in a wheatfield. There she was seized, bound, and taken to the city, her captors raining blows on her body as they went along. Still her faith failed not. Arriving at the city, her tormentors threw her into the smoldering ruins of the chapel and went away. Finding herself free, she managed to creep out of the ruins and through the city gate; but before she reached home, the Boxers laid hands on her again. Casting her again into the fire, they watched until life had departed. Steadfast through this prolonged suffering, Mrs. Liu gave her testimony that His grace is sufficient.

LI YU OR "HEI KOU"

Li Yü was Dr. Atwood's medical assistant at Fen Chou Fu, but his home was at the village of Li Man, eight miles east of Tai Ku. His first thrilling experience during the Boxer troubles was at Yü Tz'u, where he was helping Mr. Davis start a new outstation. It was a turbulent place, and the anti-foreign feeling was very strong. In June a plot was laid to kill him. Roughs went to the place where he lived, intending to kill him, and looted his possessions. Fortunately Li Yü had heard of their plot, and he fled alone from the city. That night, when he passed through the city gates, there were crowds with lanterns and torches screaming, "Kill! kill!" but he walked through the mob unrecognized, and, traveling all night, reached Tai Ku in safety. There he staid for a time with the missionaries; but seeing that a large number of the native Christians had resolved to stay with the missionaries for life or death, and hearing that the missionaries at Fen Chou Fu, whom he had known so long, were almost alone, he cast his lot with them during those last trying weeks of their earthly sojourn. It was July

when he joined them. He went on many a perilous errand,—to Tai Ku for money; to Tai Yuan Fu, to communicate with the missionaries there; to the yamens in their own city, to see the officials. There is a written statement, signed by Mr. Atwater, Mr. Price, and Mr. Lundgren, testifying to his faithful services, as he was constantly risking his life in their behalf. He had transacted much business for Dr. Atwood, and so was well known in the city, especially in the yamens.

At noon on the 2d of August a servant from Tai Ku brought the awful tidings that the six missionaries there, and a larger company of native Christians who would not leave them, had been murdered two days before. Danger was nearer the Fen Chou Fu band than ever, but Li Yü did not leave them. About two days later the district magistrate sent for Li Yü to come to his yamen, and demanded that all the firearms of the foreigners be given up to him. Li Yü replied, "I I know that the missionaries will use their weapons only in self-defense." The magistrate was very angry, and ordered that Li Yü be beaten three hundred blows, with eighty additional blows on his lips, and committed to the jail. Mr. Fay, a faithful teacher who was staying with the missionaries, managed to gain admission to his cell, and writes thus of his visit:

"It was a tiny room without a window, but with a small square opening to admit light and air. It was full of filth and weltering with midsummer heat. As I entered I saw Teacher Li lying on a little k'ang. Seeing me, his eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed, 'Little did I think that I would come to this! Not only am I powerless to help the missionaries, but my own fate is uncertain.' He then showed me his poor, bruised body, with black welts, one piece of mangled flesh half putrid, and the blood flowing from another cruel cut.

His whole face was swollen, and my heart went out in deep pity for him; but what could I do for him?"

The next day Mr. Fay went back with ointment and bandages from the missionaries, and several times after this he took to him food or money.

August 14th, Li Yü heard that the missionaries were to be sent out of Fen Chou Fu the next day with a guard of soldiers, under pretext of escorting them to Tientsin. When Mr. Fay called that afternoon he entreated him most earnestly not to leave the city with the missionaries. "They will be killed a few miles from the city," he said, "and you can not save them by going with them." He also told Mr. Fay that the magistrate had intended to send him that very day to Tai Ku, his native district, but that his superior officer, the newly-appointed prefect, wished to examine him before he left. "If he calls me before him to-day, I shall witness with all my strength to the goodness of the missionaries, and entreat him to allow them to remain in Fen Chou Fu."

The Fen Chou Fu magistrate had been very friendly to Li Yü previous to his beating, and he could not understand his cruel treatment and continuel imprisonment until an under official visited him in his cell, and told him that the magistrate had arrested him to save him from death. He knew of his loyalty to the missionaries; he knew that the missionaries were to be treacherously murdered on the way to Tientsin. This was the device of the magistrate for separating him from the doomed missionaries, for protecting him from the rage of the Boxers, and from the death penalty which would undoubtedly have been visited on him by the newly-appointed prefect, who intended to carry out the governor's orders to exterminate both foreigners and native Christians who would not recant.

Soon Li Yü in his prison cell heard the tidings which he dreaded,—that the missionaries had been massacred seven miles from the city. Then he was summoned to the audience-hall of the prefect. The prefect asked what the foreign missionaries taught in regard to reverence to ancestors, and he replied that the teachings of Christianity were that we should not only reverence our ancestors, but all men. "You lie! Christians have no ancestors," yelled the angry prefect. "I am speaking the truth, your honor," replied Li Yü, whereupon the prefect arose from his seat in a rage, saying, "He is talking idiotic stuff; beat him." The underlings seized him, and laid on the bamboo with such force that blood spurted from the wounds which had but just dried over, and Li Yü was gagged to prevent his screaming with agony. After the beating the prefect asked him for the list of the Fen Chou Church members; but on his replying that the register was in the hands of others, he was sent back to his old cell. The friendly magistrate sent him to Tai Ku as soon as the bitterness of the persecutions there ceased, and in the safe but cruel shelter of the common jail he was confined for a month or two longer. There tidings reached him of his mother, wife, and two children, of their wanderings in the mountains and their bitter sufferings; how they found shelter in wolf-caves, and were living on the green dates brought to them secretly by kindhearted children. When he was set at liberty after the taking of the Shansi passes by the Germans he went in search of his family and found them nearly famished, covered with mud, and with only a few rags for clothing. The little girl had fever as a result of the exposure and hardships, and is still a sufferer from enlarged spleen. His wife's mother, who had very small feet, could not escape, and although she was

not a professing Christian, she was killed by the Boxers.

It was through Li Yü's hands that official relief was distributed to the starving Christians of Tai Ku and Fen Chou Fu after a foreign army had brought the mandarins to a slow but sure repentance. It was through him that famine funds from Christian America brought relief to friend and foe alike during the long months of scarcity after Dr. Atwood visited Shansi in 1901.

KILLED BY MISTAKE

Mr. K'ang was a man in middle life, who had been a member of the Church at Tai Ku for about three years. Christianity meant much to the simple-hearted farmer, and although reading was not easy for him, his New Testament was his constant companion. His wife still clung to her idols, but his oldest daughter entered the school at Li Man, and a boy of fourteen studied in the school at Tai Ku.

Mr. K'ang was a man who had never made an enemy. When the Boxer band was organized in his village, five miles from Tai Ku, its leader was a young man who had been his warm friend. One day early in July this Boxer, with a few followers, knocked at Mr. K'ang's gate. When Mr. K'ang met him he said: "For many years we have been brothers. I do not want to injure you, but I am now subject to the gods. If you will renounce your religion and worship the gods, all will be well. Will you worship them now?"

"I shall not worship them," replied Mr. K'ang.

The young man who had been talking with him so calmly exclaimed in excitement. "Then I must invite the gods." Turning his face toward the southeast, he lighted a stick of incense, made several prostrations,

wallowed in the dust, then rising with a maniac's fury and strength, he seized Mr. K'ang and hurled him into the air. He landed several yards away, and the "god-possessed" Boxer started for him again. The shoes had fallen from his feet, but springing up he climbed a tree, leaped the wall, and started for Tai Ku, pursued by Boxers. He won in this race for life, and spent some time with the missionaries.

The day of slaughter for Mr. K'ang's village came in August, after the Tai Ku massacre. He was working in the garden of a neighbor when a friend hurried up, calling out, "Run for your life! The Boxers have surrounded your home." He escaped to the mountains. Meantime the Boxers had burst into his home, and killed his wife and oldest daughter. Two of his children escaped to the house of a neighbor in the same yard. In the confusion of the attack a strange mistake was made. Before the Boxers started out for this slaughter they had been told that there was a non-Christian family living in the yard. As they entered, a little child belonging to this family ran screaming across the yard, and was instantly impaled on a Boxer's spear. The parents, wild with grief and anger, screamed out: "We are not Christians! Why are you killing our children?" The Boxers stood still in dismay, exclaiming, "We killed him by mistake!"

A notorious village bully, whom all feared, swaggered into the yard. "Killed him by mistake! And yet you say that you are possessed by the gods. Here you are killing even those who are not Christians. Do you intend to slaughter us all? Is this a case of murder? Shall we demand the death penalty?"

The days of indiscriminate slaughter were past, for proclamations were out restraining the Boxers from involving "the innocent." It was proposed that the

house, garden, and fruit-orchard of Mr. K'ang be given to his neighbors to atone for the loss of their child. They refused to be satisfied. Then some one said: "Are not two of the K'ang children here? Take them in place of your child." So the Boxer leader arranged with the parents that they should adopt these children, taking also all of the property. In this strange way the lives of the two children were preserved and the house and orchard were also saved from destruction. After many months a tardy justice gave back to Mr. K'ang his surviving children and his property.

THE STORY OF TAI KU

Of only one mission station in Shansi can anything like a complete picture be given. Six missionaries of the American Board mission in Tai Ku laid down their lives, and about eighty Protestant Christians, while only forty are left.

K'UNG HSIANG HSI, THE COLLEGE STUDENT

(Taken by permission from "Two Heroes of Cathay.")
[Condensed.]

Back into the centuries before Christ, K'ung Hsiang Hsi traces his ancestry; for he is a direct descendant of the great K'ung Fu-tzu (Latinized to Confucius). His mother died when he was a little child, and with his father and his baby sister he went to live with a wealthy uncle, who is now an official of the fifth rank. The boy's finely-chiseled face, his refinement of speech and manner bear witness that his was the heritage of more than two thousand years of education and wealth and rank, the best that the old China could give.

But to this boy had come a new and better her-

itage. For him there was a spot in that city far dearer than that Christless home of ease and comfort. He had gone to it first one Sunday when only eight years old, holding his father's hand. To the motherless boy, with his sensitive, loving heart, the world had seemed very big and cold, and a new warmth and love came into it that first day when he gathered with other children about the kind-faced missionary lady. The next Sunday he perusaded his father to take him again; then that mission compound became his home, and for eight years he studied there. Mrs. Clapp gave him the first mother-love which his lonely heart had known since his mother died. Later Miss Bird joined the mission, and became the guide and inspiration of his life. It was the Tai Ku missionaries who sent Hsiang Hsi to the North China College, near Peking, five hundred miles from his home.

On May 21, 1900, Hsiang Hsi, then ninteen years old, completed the Junior year in college, and soon started for Tai Ku, traveling from Peking to Pao Ting Fu by the railroad, which a few days later was destroyed by the Boxers. On June 2d, after darkness had fallen, he reached the mission compound in the city of Tai Ku. He found there only Chinese friends; for the missionaries were spending the hot summer days in the new buildings in the south suburb. Very loving was the welcome which he received the next morning from Mr. Williams, Miss Bird, Mrs. Clapp, and later in the day from Mr. Clapp, who had gone to an outstation to hold services.

Hsiang Hsi settled down to help the missionaries as usual in their summer work. Miss Bird studied Chinese with him every morning, and not a shadow of impending calamity darkened those first happy days of reunion. To be sure, there were reports of the

Taiku, Looking East from West Gate

persecution of the Catholics in other places, but the Boxers had not yet been allowed to set up their altars in Tai Ku.

So two weeks passed. Then came a letter from Mr. Pitkin with the startling report that the North China College had been destroyed. It was the last sure word which crossed the western mountains for many a weary week, though rumors of terrible things reached Hsiang Hsi's ears.

Before the first Sunday in July it was known that some of the missions in Tai Yuan Fu, thirty-seven miles away had been burned, and that Miss Coombs had perished in the flames. Mr. Davis and Miss Partridge came in from the stations of Jen Ts'un and Li Man to join the Tai Ku missionaries. Definite plans were reported for attacking the mission outside the city, and as there was no strong wall about it the missionaries and the little Christian community which was sharing their dangers, moved early that Sunday morning to the city compound. There they worked for hours bricking up gateways, fortifying as best they could the place where for a month they were to remain in a state of semi-siege.

Native Christians—men, women, and children—gathered with the missionaries until the company numbered about forty. Day and night patrols were established. Again and again the crowds outside their bolted gate would cry, "Kill the foreigners!" and when no mob was assembled, a solitary passerby would often call out a prolonged "Sha-a-a" as he passed the houses. Then the sound of a rude street ditty would float over the wall:

"Soon will our Boxer braves
Wipe out the foreign knaves,
Then will the heavens drop rain,
And peace return again."

We can record only one of Hsiang's Hsi's special adventures during this first week of July.

His sister had studied with Miss Partridge and Ruth in the school at Li Man, and was at the south suburb with them that Sunday morning when they took refuge in the city compound. Her unbound feet would proclaim the fact that she was a "follower of the foreigners," and expose her to insult, if not to actual danger, in her uncle's home in Tai Ku. Neither was her father willing that she should remain with the missionaries. So Hsiang Hsi engaged a cart and took her to her grandmother's home several miles from the city. On the way out they had met no one who recognized them, but Hsiang Hsi had a narrow escape on his return. About five miles from the city his carter stopped and entered a shop for a smoke. Close by, on a level spot of ground, Boxers were practicing. As Hsiang Hsi sat on the cart watching them, a man at the shop door called out, "Do n't you Christians say that there are no gods?" "No," Hsiang Hsi replied quietly; "but we say that there is only one God. Have n't you heard the first commandment?" The man continued his rude questions, with the evident design of calling attention to the fact that there was a "follower of the foreign devils" in their midst. Three Boxers from the crowd suddenly rushed down the road toward his cart. Two brandished clubs, the other carried a huge knife. Barefooted, with disheveled hair, wild eyes, and lips swollen with the rage of their mad orgies and the sight of a hated Christian, they called, "Sha! Sha!" and came forward with great leaps. Quick as a flash Hsiang Hsi jerked his pistol from his belt and aimed toward them. They stopped, panting like wild beasts baffled in pursuit of their prey, and swung their weapons in fierce frenzy. Several men

came forward and drew the madmen back, doubtless more concerned for their safety than for that of the young man with white face and firmly-grasped pistol. Hsiang Hsi called for the carter, who had not dared to come out to his rescue, he lashed the mule to a gallop, and soon the murderous cries of the enraged Boxers died away in the distance.

The next Sunday, July 8th, news was brought of the first martyrdom among the Tai Ku Christians. The missionaries had been killed or driven out from all of the mission stations in this region except Fen Chou Fu and Tai Yuan Fu, and the reports brought by trusty messengers of the circumstances of those imprisoned in the latter place were most ominous. Hsiang Hsi still staid in the mission compound, and Miss Bird refers to him in her journal as "our T'ungchou student, who has stood by us so bravely when he might easily be in a place of perfect safety among his heathen relatives;" and again she says, "He is a great comfort now, and he is capable and energetic, as well as true." The greatest of Hsiang Hsi's trials was his father's importunities to leave the doomed missionaries. Day after day he came, and with tears entreated his son not to throw away his life. "Go home with me; death may come here at any time. Are you not my only son? What good will it do your friends for you to die with them? If you live, you can devote your life to preaching Christ to these deluded people. Have you no love for your poor father?"

The uncle with whom Hsiang Hsi and his father lived wrote letters reminding him in sterner words of his duty to his family. "Are you not of the noble clan of Confucius, the only son of your father, his hope and pride? Where is your filial love?" This uncle believed in the Boxers, and was convinced that certain death

was the fate of all in the mission compound. But neither entreaties nor arguments availed with Hsiang Hsi, to whose burdened heart death seemed almost better than life, and who knew that once in his uncle's house he would be beset by constant temptations to recant. His uncle had even threatened to get him away from the fated compound by having him arrested for unfilial conduct. Better a few months of imprisonment, a beating of a few hundred strokes in a yamen, than death as a Christian. Hsiang Hsi was constantly on his guard lest his relatives take him away by force, and hardly dared to leave the compound, suspecting that men had been stationed near with orders to seize him if he appeared on the street.

As dangers thickened about the little band of missionaries, they often urged their Chinese to leave them. "Brother," said Mr. Williams to Hsiang Hsi, "you can not save our lives by staying with us. Would it not be better to hide somewhere? Then, when the trouble is over, you, with your education and knowledge of the truth, could take up the work which we shall lay down." Under the date of July 11th, Mr. Clapp wrote in his journal: "His friends are using every means to get him away from us. As he is imminently in danger of being killed if he stays here, and to go to them would ensure personal safety for a time, it is very hard for him to decide to remain. May God help him to be true to his Savior, is all we can ask." Hsiang Hsi never for a moment wavered in his decision not to desert his friends.

July 11th was the saddest of all sad days at the mission, for it brought tidings of the Tai Yuan Fu massacre. The next day our Tai Ku band heard that the governor had sent strict orders to the local magistrate to destroy them July 20th, and they wanted

Hsiang Hsi to go to ask his uncle what he thought of this report, and also to learn the details of a plan which he had proposed for hiding the missionaries away in an old fort in the mountains. The uncle told Hsiang Hsi that he was on no account to return to the doomed compound. "If you could save one or two of the friends who have done so much for you by sacrificing your life, I would let you go." "But I must go back now," the boy replied. "The missionaries sent me, and I must give them your answer." Then his uncle commanded him to come directly home after he had delivered his message. If he failed to do so, he would have him arrested for unfilial conduct.

Soon Hsiang Hsi was back with his friends. He and several other Christians urged the missionaries to try at once to make their escape in the night. It was only a few miles to the lonely mountains, where they might, perhaps, travel unnoticed. Going south, they would soon be beyond the power of Shansi's terrible governor, and might make their way through more friendly territory to the sea. These faithful Chinese would stay with them for life or for death. On the 13th and 14th this plan was discussed, and at one time it was decided to go; then other counsels prevailed. Hsiang Hsi still pleaded that at least one or two of the missionaries flee in disguise with him, and though they refused to separate, he kept close at hand one of his own garments, hoping that at the last moment one would wear it as a disguise and escape with him. If he could not save even one, still he would stay and die with them.

Miss Bird told Hsiang Hsi that his presence was a strength and comfort to them all, but she said repeatedly, "Hsiang Hsi, I don't want you to stay and die with us; when the end comes, I want you to try to

escape over the wall." Hsiang Hsi has in his possession to-day a touching memento of Miss Bird's thoughtful love. It is a belt which she made for him, sewing into it small pieces of silver, that when he took his flight he might not go penniless.

Hsiang Hsi testifies to the courage and quiet trustfulness of that little company. Day and night he was with them, sometimes on patrol duty, sometimes taking the hours when he might have slept for quiet heart-to-heart talks. They went about their duties as usual, meeting each day for prayers, trying in every way to help and strengthen the Chinese who were sharing their perils. One day, when Hsiang Hsi urged Miss Bird to flee, she said: "If the work which the Lord wants me to do in China is not yet finished, the Boxers can not harm me. I will just trust in Jesus. The suffering will not be long; then I shall be with him."

The night of July 12th, Hsiang Hsi committed to his father's hands, for concealment according to his directions, letters written by Miss Bird and Miss Partridge to their loved ones in America. Hsiang Hsi promised them that, if he survived them, he would himself place them in the hands of some foreigner. Not since May had messengers succeeded in making their way to the coast, and Hsiang Hsi knew that these last letters were more precious than rubies. On the 14th of July, Miss Bird sat in her room writing another farewell letter to her mother. Hsiang Hsi sat there too, and, hearing his sobs, Miss Bird came to his side, and said, gently: "Hsiang Hsi, do not grieve so for me. I am not afraid to die. And whatever comes to me, I know that my mother will not regret my coming to China. I do not know whether I have helped a single soul; but if I have, I do not regret coming."

The letter which had just been written was given into

Hsiang Hsi's keeping, and he said that he would go at once and conceal it with the others in his uncle's home. He must go there that night anyway, for he had promised Dr. Sang to see his uncle about helping him and other Christians to escape from Tai Ku.

"Are you not afraid that your family will prevent your coming back to us?" asked Miss Bird.

"My things are all here yet; I will surely return," he said, confidently.

As they sat talking, Miss Bird was called to supper. "Are you not going to see Mrs. Clapp?" she asked. "It is just supper-time; I will see her when I come back." So they parted, and Hsiang Hsi will not see the face of one of that beloved company of missionaries again until they meet where partings and heartaches are no more. Hsiang Hsi succeeded, as he had predicted, in getting away from his uncle's home; but just as he got back to the mission he met a young man, Chen Fu, who was going outside the city to join the Liu and Sang families and Ruth, who were to start that night to find a refuge in the mountains. Hsiang Hsi went with his friend outside the city to see him and the others started safely on their journey. He expected to be back in the mission in an hour or two, so no farewells were said. Outside the city he found the band of refugees had not succeeded in hiring carts. He staid to help them until darkness fell and the city gates were closed. He could not return to the city that night. Ruth gave him a bundle of her clothing for his sister, and the Sangs gave him some valuable surgical instruments to hide away for them. He must take them to his house; but he must not show himself there lest he be forcibly detained. The city gates opened at daylight. His family were late risers. He thought that he could steal into the yard before any of

them were up, leave his packages, and be back in the mission before any one saw him. But his family had been on the watch for him all night, and he was hardly inside the yard before his father and a servant were ready to prevent his departure. He was to be imprisoned in his own home. Vainly he pleaded to be allowed to go back, if only to say farewell. What would his friends think of this desertion? What if death should come to them before he could explain or say one last parting word? His wild grief only confirmed the belief of his relatives that he had been bewitched. He could not eat or sleep, and lay most of the time half stunned with grief.

Still his thoughtful love for his teacher did not cease. He knew that she lacked cool, summer clothing, so he took a white linen garment of his sister's, and persuaded his father to go with it to the mission compound. In the garment he wrapped a piteous note. "I am a prisoner. Fly? I have no wings. Die? Death will not come to me." Miss Bird could only write a few words in reply as Hsiang Hsi's father waited impatiently; but she told him that he would find the thoughts of her heart in the first chapter of Philippians, beginning with the nineteenth verse. In those beautiful words she expressed the hope that Christ might be magnified in her body, whether by life or by death. "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." "Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better." So her last word to her beloved pupil was, "For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe in him, but also to suffer for his sake."

On the evening of July 30th, Hsiang Hsi's uncle came to the distracted boy with the good news that it was rumored on the street that an edict had been

issued commanding that foreigners be protected. "To-morrow you may go to visit your friends." A great load rolled from Hsiang Hsi's heart, and for the first time he slept peacefully through the night. The next morning he bathed and changed his clothing for the first time during his imprisonment, ate his morning meal about eleven o'clock, and then, exhausted and weak, lay down for a nap before going to the mission. Even as he slept the tragedy impending for so many weeks was being enacted. He was roused from sleep by his cousin, who rushed wildly into his room crying, "The Boxers have come!" Not far behind was Hsiang Hsi's uncle, pale with fear lest he had already left for the mission. He had heard on the street that the foreigners were to be attacked in force that day. "They are burning the mission compound outside the city," he gasped. "O!" said Hsiang Hsi with a great feeling of relief, "we expected that they would burn those deserted houses a month ago." But he had hardly ceased speaking when some one came in saying, "It is the houses in the city which are burning." Hsiang Hsi made a rush for the door, but his uncle was there before him, and soon he was securely locked in a room in an inner court.

But they could not shut out sight and sound from the almost frenzied boy. From his latticed window in his prison chamber he could see the smoke from the houses half a mile away, and hear the howling of the mob and the report of rifles. Gradually his passion of grief gave way to calm. "They are not afraid; I will not fear for them." Night came while the savage mob was still raging over the burning ruins, where, half buried in the bricks and stones which had been hurled at them, lay the headless bodies of six missionaries and eight faithful Chinese who had perished with

them. Later Hsiang Hsi heard the stories of that massacre, but at the time imagination spared him none of the horrors. All through the night his cry was, "If I could only have died with them!" All the next day he was locked in his room. Then the story of the tragedy left him not a ray of hope, and there was no more need of bolts and bars.

There was a reign of terror in Tai Ku. Eighty Protestants and many Catholics were killed in the vicinity during those fearful weeks, and of the forty Christian survivors some had recanted, though in many cases the friends of the Christians, without their knowledge or consent, had gone to the officials and obtained certificates of recantation for them. Houses in which even one Christian book was found were burned to the ground. Hsiang Hsi's family searched for all of his school-books and Christian books and burned them, fearing that the house would be searched by the Boxers, and all the inmates killed if the books were found. But by a strange providence a tiny New Testament which had been given him by Miss Bird fell to one side when the books were placed in the furnace, and with a thrill of joy he pulled it out from the ashes which had concealed it. Then he succeeded in hiding it in a disused building in a back court where furniture was stored. There was a deep cupboard filled with old papers on which dust had gathered. Wrapping the tiny book loosely in some of the papers, and disturbing the dust as little as possible, he placed it in the cupboard. Members of his family came more than once to that very cupboard to search, but seeing the dust undisturbed turned away.

Hsiang Hsi's uncle constantly urged him to recant, writing out for him a form to which, by threats and entreaties, he tried to get him to sign his name. Still

he refused. "Though I knew that the Boxers would kill me, I would not recant or burn incense." Imprisonment and punishment seemed light things to the lad whose heart was breaking with agony for his friends. "Surely the boy has been bewitched," groaned his uncle, and every day he burned incense and read Buddhist prayers for him. "Why not confess your sin in forsaking the gods of your fathers, and cease to bring calamity upon us? The Boxers will surely find that you are here." At last the father himself wrote out a statement that his son had studied with the foreigners many years, but that several weeks before he had taken him away from the mission, and that now he could no longer be regarded as a Christian. This his uncle gave to the official, and because of the high position of the K'ung family, it was accepted as a recantation.

But some who had recanted had afterward been killed by the Boxers. Rumors were abroad in the city that Hsiang Hsi was still alive. Several servants of the K'ung family left, fearing that search would be made for Hsiang Hsi, and that they would be involved in the trouble. "If I stay here," said the lad, "you may all suffer with me. I will run away somewhere; then if the Boxers kill me, I alone will suffer." "No," said his friends. "Then we would not even know where your bones lay. Stay here, and if you must die, let us have the comfort of laying your body in the grave." Then, as danger grew more imminent, his father tried to persuade him to commit suicide by jumping into a well. "Spare me the pain of seeing you murdered and your body mangled and dismembered," he pleaded.

On the night of August 8th the rumors which had been current in regard to the K'ung family became more alarming. Everywhere it was said that two foreigners were hidden there, and that search was to be

made at once by the Boxers. Hsiang Hsi's uncle knew that this was no idle threat, and that this search would surely lead to the discovery and murder of his Christian nephew, and probably of himself and family. The next morning his uncle came into the room in which he was hidden, and bade him prepare clothing and a little bedding for a journey. A closed cart was waiting. In the back was a place usually packed with luggage in which Hsiang Hsi was stowed, and his bedding was piled in front of him to the top of the cart so that it looked as if his uncle and cousin, who rode outside, were the only occupants of the cart. That very noon a literary man, a friend of Hsiang Hsi's father, appeared at the door of the K'ung family drenched with perspiration, crying, "The Boxers have just killed a woman, and are on their way here."

Meanwhile Hsiang Hsi and his uncle had reached a shop belonging to the family in a village about three miles from Tai Ku. Arrangements had already been made with the man in charge of the shop to find a hiding-place for Hsiang Hsi somewhere in the country. If any house could be found to harbor him, half the value of the house would be paid for sheltering him a month or less; and if he lived there over a month, the entire value of the house would be given. At this shop, Hsiang Hsi's uncle left him, anxious to return to his threatened home in the city, and promising to send word when it seemed safe for him to return to Tai Ku.

The shopkeeper made arrangements with a relative named Wang, who was visiting him that day with his family, to accept the terms offered by Hsiang Hsi's uncle. This family lived five miles from Tai Ku. Until dark Hsiang Hsi remained concealed in the inner court; then he was taken to the home of the Wangs. It consisted of three rooms. The middle one was a

square hallway, with doors opening on either side, one leading to the large family room, the other to a very small room in a somewhat ruinous condition, dirty, dark, musty, used as a storeroom. In this room Hsiang Hsi was concealed, with orders never to let himself be seen or heard. Here he was shut in to his gloomy thoughts, without a book, a paper, even a Bible, for solace, while the summer damp steamed in his face, and swarming vermin made his retreat loathsome.

The end of August came, and Hsiang Hsi was rejoiced to see the face of his father, and to know that he, too, had succeeded in hiding from his ruthless foes during those long weeks of separation. He had come to tell his son of a new hiding-place where they might live together. A wealthy man, a cousin of Hsiang Hsi's mother, had closed the shop connected with the extensive premises where he lived in the village of Wang Ts'un, and was living in peace and plenty with few to interrupt his quiet. "Bring your son here by all means," he said, as soon as he heard the story of the past months. "Why did n't you come to me with your trouble long ago?"

Another night journey with his father brought Hsiang Hsi to this new refuge. There they staid about three weeks; then his uncle came with a cart and took him back to his home. On that journey Hsiang Hsi rode inside the cart, and his uncle rode outside, a pistol ready at his hand. Still he lived in semi-concealment, and Christian friends who came to seek for him were told that he was not at home. By October the danger seemed over, and he was free to seek out any Christian who might have survived. Then it was that a new bitterness stole gradually into Hsiang Hsi's heart. During all those past months of danger and agony, faith and hope had never deserted him. Had he not

read in history that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church? Was not the Bible full of promises for just such times of persecution? But when he saw the physical suffering and poverty of the "remnant," and heard the scoffs of their enemies, the light in his heart began to fade, and the question "Why?" handmaid of insanity and skepticism, began to ring in his ears. The leaders in the Church, those who were best grounded in the faith, the more spiritually-minded, were nearly all among the martyrs. Of the survivors, many had recanted, and though this recantation had, with many, been only nominal or indirect, it accounted in a measure for the spirit of discouragement which prevailed. It was year of drought and famine. The homes of the Christians had been burned, their property all destroyed. Though their lives were no longer in great danger, persecution and insult awaited them everywhere. They heard that there were great foreign armies in the province to the east, but not one of the Shansi Boxers had suffered for his crimes; and though missionaries were waiting not far from the borders of Shansi, longing to hasten to the relief of the Christians, no foreigner could yet venture into that bloodstained province without an army to protect him.

In January the bodies of the fourteen who had suffered martyrdom in Tai Ku that last day of July, and which three days later had been hastily buried in a garbage pit outside the city, were disinterred by official command, and those who knew and loved them best were asked to identify the precious remains. For hours Hsiang Hsi stood by that pit trying, by the clothing and by the other tokens which he knew, to recognize the dear forms, headless though they were. Was it easy, standing there, to remember that the

corruptible had put on incorruption, that the mortal had put on immortality? After the remains had been placed in coffins, Hsiang Hsi still stood by the pit in which were burning the mats which had been wrapped about the poor bodies, bits of wood and cloth and refuse. The temptation came to end his agony by casting himself down into the flames. "What right have I to live when they are dead!" he cried in anguish.

In March he turned his face toward Peking, where the college teachers and classmates who, he feared, had all been killed, were living. Perhaps there some light would come to his darkness, some hope to his despair. He could not venture to take those precious last messages written by the missionaries to their loved ones, which he had concealed so cunningly that no one had found them. The passes in the mountains were still guarded by Chinese armies, and every traveler was searched.

The railroad had been repaired and carried him quickly over the last stage of his journey. At the first sight of familiar faces tears flooded his eyes, and, though the loving greetings of his teachers comforted his sore heart, they also reminded him of the lost ones. For weeks the very mention of Shansi would bring tears to his eyes. He could not join his collegemates in their studies. The one longing of his heart was to go to America to offer consolation to the friends of those who had died for Shansi. How this longing has been realized, how it has been expanded into the purpose of preparing himself in Oberlin College to take up the work laid down by her martyred alumni, is told in "Two Heroes of Cathay." Mr. K'ung and Mr. Fey, whose story is told in Chapter V, are now studying in Oberlin, Ohio.

Before coming to this country, Hsiang Hsi made

the long journey into Shansi to take out from their hiding-place the priceless missives which had been intrusted to him a year before.

CH'ENG TENG YUAN

For weeks the doomed band at Tai Ku had been shut away from the outside world. Was it only Shansi, with its wicked governor, which was in mad turmoil, or were the terrible stories about Peking true? Was the whole of China bathed in blood? Was there no one to rescue those who waited at the gates of death? The Tai Ku missionaries had made many an effort to send a telegram or a brief message to Pao Ting Fu or Tientsin, but all in vain. It was near the end of July when a man, who for weeks had shared the dangers of that mission compound, volunteered to carry a letter to Pao Ting Fu or to the American consul in Tientsin. It was a farmer, Ch'eng Teng Yuan, who offered to go on this dangerous mission, with the faint hope that thus he might save the lives of the missionaries whom he loved. He was a man, not yet forty, who had a little farm about three miles from Tai Ku, but who, after his wife's death, spent much of his time with well-to-do uncles about seven miles away in the mountains. Nearly every Sunday saw him in the Tai Ku church; for he did not count the weariness of a walk of fourteen miles too high a price to pay for the privileges of that day. When the Boxer troubles began, his first thought was to flee; then, seeing many who were taking refuge with the missionaries, he decided to cast in his lot with them.

That July day when he bade the missionaries farewell, Mr. Williams said to him, "Friend Ch'eng, I hope that God will protect you on the way, but I fear that when you return you will not see me."

There was little money left in that mission com-

pound, so Mr. Clapp gave the messenger only one or two dollars for traveling expenses. He must make the long journey on foot, but he started out with his tiny missive concealed in the quilt which all travelers carry. He walked between thirty and forty miles a day, eager to bring speedy relief to the imperiled company ere it was too late. Earlier in life he had been a merchant in a distant place, so he was accustomed to traveling, and being familiar with the way, he met no difficulty except the lack of money. Soon this compelled him to sell his quilt for money to buy food. Where should he conceal his letter now? Buying a bamboo rod he cut it down to form a cane, and concealed the letter in the hollow center. He was searched repeatedly by soldiers guarding the way. At last he was stopped by a band in a narrow pass.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"To find friends in Chihli; I am anxious about them because of the disorder there."

The soldiers looked at him suspiciously. "It is indeed in great disorder. We can not let you go there."

Many soldiers stood about him as he pleaded to be allowed to go. "No," they said; "the Boxers are robbing right and left, and killing all strangers."

Mr. Ch'eng made a dash to get away, and a soldier struck his back with a sword, cutting through the clothing and inflicting a flesh wound. Still he ran on, and the soldiers did not pursue him.

Would he find any missionaries in Pao Ting Fu to whom he might deliver his message? For a month the eyes which might have read it had been closed in death. He made his way to the south suburb, and gazed sadly on the ruins. He heard that Tientsin was in tumult. Was it any use to go on? Might he not better turn back and tell the Tai Ku missionaries that no help

could come from Chihli; that if they fled, it must not be in this direction? Moreover, he was absolutely penniless. So he decided to turn back. Almost starving, he would sometimes go to fields near the highway and eat the half-ripe corn. On the road westward were many merchants fleeing from Tientsin to their homes in the interior. There were so many that animals could not be found to carry their baggage, and often Mr. Ch'eng earned a meal by carrying a heavy bundle for some weary traveler.

So he came back to Tai Ku; but Mr. Williams's prophesy proved true. He did not see those whom he had sought to save. The massacre of the missionaries was followed by frightful carnage among the native Christians. Mr. Ch'eng sought refuge with his uncle in the mountains. This man, though not a Christian, had heard the truth at the opium refuge in Tai Ku, and believed none of the tales of the superstitious powers of the Boxers. So he concealed his nephew in his home. After a few days a wealthy man in the village heard of it and sent word to the Boxers. To Mr. Ch'eng's uncle he said, "Why do you keep a Christian here? Is it to invite calamity on all of us? Unless you send him away, we 'll not only kill your nephew, but all of your family."

As threats grew louder Mr. Ch'eng's uncle said to him: "You are not safe here. Close by in the mountains there is a cave with a very small entrance. Inside it is cold and dark. I will give you a warm garment, a lamp, and food, and you can hide there for a time."

Several times food was brought to Mr. Ch'eng in his dark, lonely cave. Then for two or three days no one came. He stole out, only to hear the tidings which he feared. All of his uncle's family had been

killed except one lame boy, who had managed to hide away that dark morning when the Boxers came, and to escape to the mountains. The threat against those who sheltered Christians had been carried out.

Mr. Ch'eng wandered away to places where he was not known, then almost starving, went to Tai Yuan Fu to get work. The wicked governor had gone, and Boxers were rampant no more.

FAN P'EI CH'ENG

Another of that Tai Ku company was a man who was was employed to work in the mission compound. Something of his faithfulness and sturdiness may be known from the following incident. At one time, when he was the regular courier, carrying letters from the Shansi mission to the coast, he was sent with a letter to which a speedy answer was desired. Wishing to travel by day and night, and fearing that sleep would make too great inroads on his time, whenever he lay down to catch a little sleep he would tie a lighted incense stick to one finger; when it burned close enough to waken him, he would be up again and off on his journey. Mr. Fan's mother and other relatives, none of whom were Christians, lived in Ch'i Hsien, seventeen miles away. The mother besought her son to leave his post of danger with the missionaries and come home. He refused. Then she employed stratagem. She wrote a letter stating that she had found a wife for him, and asked him to come to attend the betrothal. Mr. Fan spoke in prayer-meeting of his mother's entreaties and schemes for getting him home; then said: "I know that my mother loves me. She is old, and I am her only son. She is anxious about me, and longs to get me away from this place of danger. But I think of the perils of our dear missionaries who have left their

homes and come far across the seas because they love us and want to save us, and I have determined that I will not leave them. My mother bids me go home; I shall not go."

During those weeks of semi-siege some shrank from the danger of going upon the street to get the necessities of life for the little community; but Mr. Fan was always ready to go. On that afternoon of the Tai Ku tragedy when the alarm came, he went to the high roof overlooking the gateway, and threw down a few bricks on the Boxers and soldiers who were crowding the street. Few of the other men followed him there; the flames kindled in the gateway would soon spread to the building on which he was standing; resistance was no longer possible. Running down, and hastening to the rear of the compound which had been fixed as a rendezvous, he saw Mrs. Clapp with her crippled arm, and heard her pitiful question, "P'ei Ch'eng, what can we do? Where can we go?" In the narrow courtyard, as yet undiscovered by their foes, the little band of missionaries were awaiting death. There was no way of helping them now. P'ei Ch'eng thought of his old mother, of her grief if she should hear that he had been killed, and vaulted over the high wall into a vacant court. The Boxers were all in the front of the mission compound, and when P'ei Ch'eng took his flight, only neighbors and others who had gathered to watch the flames saw him. "Run quick," they said, and bowing his thanks, he ran to the west gate of the city. To his dismay it was closed. He climbed up the city wall, hoping to find some place where he could climb down on the outside. Soldiers saw him hastening up and called him back.

"Are you from the mission on the South Street?" they asked.

"I am."

"Then you must not go."

Soon they had him in their hands, and led him to their barracks near the gate. Imprisoned in a little room, he sat and wondered what his fate would be. Night came, and the Boxers who had been busy in that terrible carnage returned to their headquarters in the east suburb. "We must take our prisoner to the Boxer leaders," said the soldiers, and three of them led him out.

When they were within a mile of the Boxer temple one of the soldiers said, "Halt." All stood still. "Don't go on. If we take him to the Boxers, they 'll surely kill him. What a pity! Let 's take him back."

Soon they were in their barracks again, P'ei Ch'eng standing before them.

"Where is your home?" they asked.

"In Ch'i Hsien."

"What reward will you give us if we take you home?"

P'ei Ch'eng promised them about three dollars, and they arranged to send him home early the next morning. Boxers passing to and fro kept coming into the barracks. How could they conceal their prisoner? Telling him to lie down on the k'ang and feign sleep, they covered him with a long cloak. Soon a rumor of this reached the Boxers, and they came in, asking, "Have you a Christian here?"

"No," said the soldiers.

"Who is that sleeping on the k'ang?"

"O, that 's a man who came to bring food to the Boxers from his village who are staying in Tai Ku. The city gates closed before he got out, so he is sleeping here."

The Boxers left, and as soon as the city gate opened

in the morning the soldiers hired a covered cart and put P'ei Ch'eng inside it. A soldier in uniform, fully armed, sat outside. He was taking a criminal who belonged in Ch'i Hsien to the officials there for trial,—this was the story he told. A crowd followed the cart with the supposed prisoner as it drove through the streets of Ch'i Hsien, and stopped before the shop of P'ei Ch'eng's uncle. There the one who had been the cause of so much anxiety was welcomed with great joy. "I have just been beseeching the gods for you," exclaimed his uncle "Your mother is crying every day." He took him to a private room and heard his story; then sent the soldier on his way, rejoicing in the reward of silver. Soon P'ei Ch'eng was with his mother, a mile outside the city wall. "I have daily burned incense for you," she said.

P'ei Ch'eng told his story of those last moments in the Tai Ku compound, with the tears streaming down his cheeks.

TWO FAMILIES, THE SANGS AND LIUS.

Among the Tai Ku martyrs was one whose loving heart and skillful hand had endeared her to many. She had come among them as a bride three or four years before. Her girlhood home was far away in Eastern Shantung, a Christian home of comfort and refinement. She had completed the medical course in a school of the Presbyterian mission. Then she married Mr. Sang, whose birthplace was also in Shantung, and who had returned there for a visit, after spending several years in the China Inland mission in Shansi. Returning to Shansi, Mr. Sang studied medicine with his wife and with Dr. Hall, of the American Board mission at Li Man. He helped Dr. Hall with the men patients, and Dr. Sang commenced her valuable medical work for

Mr. and Mrs. Sang

women. When Dr. Hall returned to America in the spring of 1899, the dispensary was removed to Tai Ku, and husband and wife carried on the work together under the supervision of Mr. Clapp.

The second family was that of Liu Ch'eng Lung, a graduate of the Theological Seminary at T'ungchou, whose wife, a sister of Fay Ch'i Ho, was a woman of rare lovableness.

Into each of these homes a little child had come just a year before the Boxer outbreak, and with Mr. Sang lived his younger brother, a bright boy studying in the Tai Ku school. The two families were very friendly, and when the time of trial came they lived together in the mission compound. In all the company of women no one was more brave and hopeful than Dr. Sang. Her wide experience of life, her well-trained mind, her deep religious nature, carried her through the fearful days with a quiet calm. Miss Bird wrote in her journal, "Mrs. Sang's face is always cheerful."

July 12th word came that the governor of the province had ordered the massacre, on July 20th, of the missionaries and all Christians who would not recant. The missionaries talked of trying to escape to the mountains, and urged the Christians, who for weeks had been sharing their perils, to flee before it was too late. So two nights later the Sangs, the Lius, Chen Yü (a schoolboy), and Ruth (the teacher of the girls' school), started on their flight. They found a refuge in a ruined temple in the mountains about ten miles from Tai Ku. It was necessary for one of the men to go occasionally to a village to buy food. After a few days the amount of food purchased aroused suspicion, and a spy followed to their mountain retreat, returning to report them to the Boxers. There was another

hurried flight; but as they were on their way they were overtaken by a messenger, who reported that the situation in Tai Ku seemed less threatening. The poor fugitives longed for rest and food and friends, so they turned back, traveling in the darkness. They did not dare to go by the direct road through villages, lest barking dogs call attention to them; so the ten-mile journey was lengthened by detours and wandering through grainfields. As the women, with their little children, unused to walking, were weakened by fear and lack of food, the sufferings of that midnight journey must have been intense.

For twelve days after their return to Tai Ku the Sang and Liu families lived, not with the missionaries in the city, but on the mission premises outside the south gate. There they were when the city mission was attacked that last day of July. As soon as they saw the dark cloud of smoke and heard what was happening, they started again on a flight for life. It was after three in the afternoon when they started. Once they stopped to rest in a cemetery, but the owner soon drove them off. By night they were about five miles from Tai Ku, and, finding a large cemetery, they offered the owner money if he would pity them, and let them stay there until morning. He consented; but a man from a large village near by saw them, and knew that they were Christians by the unbound feet of the women and the suspicious circumstances of their flight. Boxers had not been allowed to drill in this village, but the matter was reported to the head of the village militia. Very early the next morning a band of militia hunted down the poor refugees, took their watches, money, and other things of value, then escorted them beyond the bounds of their village. If the

Boxers shed their blood there, who knew what evil consequences might follow?

After these quasi-protectors had turned back, the refugees came to the village of P'ang Ts'un, and soon they were in the hands of the local Boxer band. Some of the leading men in the village protested against their being killed there. "Take them to the district magistrate for trial," they insisted. "No," said the Boxers; "we must take them to our Boxer chief inside the east gate of Tai Ku." It resulted in the seven Christians being taken to Tai Ku by a mixed guard of Boxers and villagers. The three men were bound, and walked with their guards; the two women and children were placed in a large, open cart, and late in the afternoon they approached the walls of Tai Ku. It was the intention of the villagers in the escort to take the Christians in at the west gate of the city, the direct way to the magistrate's yamen. But before they reached the west gate they heard a false report that it was closed, and went to the south gate. It was guarded by soldiers and the evil-visaged brute of a leader refused to let the company pass. The Boxers in the company must have rejoiced when they were forced to go toward the east gate, the Boxer headquarters. Once there, they were surrounded by a tumultuous crowd. Still the villagers pleaded that the lives of the Christians might be spared, or that they might be taken to the magistrate for trial. The Boxers shouted: "Make them worship. Let them recant. If they do this and get security, we 'll not kill them."

There are conflicting reports of the events of the next few moments. It was proposed that the usual tests be applied. One Boxer called out, "Three of them have recanted; four should be killed." Whether

or not any of the company renounced their faith is not known certainly, but while they were discussing the matter of finding men in the city who would go security for them, one of the Boxers suddenly became "possessed of the gods," and leaping up in a frenzy he called out, "You say you renounce your religion, but in your hearts you do not do it," and almost before the words were finished, three of them lay dying at his feet, one of them a little babe, which he slashed remorselessly when he heard its cry. The others were soon slain.

Did some of them, when surrounded by those passion-darkened faces, when they looked at those cruel swords and then at their helpless babes, say, "I renounce my faith?" It may be so. In the brief moment of probation left them, did they see the sorrowful eyes of the Master turned on them, and, weeping bitter tears of repentance, did they meet him in the other world, and did he ask them, as he did Peter, "Lovest thou me?"

RUTH, THE GIRL MARTYR

It was in 1880 that Ruth came into the Christian home in T'ungchou where she was to be a sweet joy and blessing. It was a humble home, with a frail mother, and a regular procession of little brothers followed Ruth into the world, so almost before her hands had learned childish ways, they were busy with ministrations for others.

We all rejoiced with Ruth when her mother decided to send her to the Bridgman School in Peking. "Will Ruth know how to study with one baby in her arms, and another beside her snatching at her book?" we asked. She soon showed that she did know how to study, and, though not brilliant, by her faithfulness and diligence she was ranked as the first scholar

in her class. In January, 1900, came a proud day for Ruth's friends, when with sweet dignity she delivered her class valedictory. With her affectionate disposition, farewells were not easy to say, and only the discipline of long years of self-control enabled her to quiet the waves of emotion which trembled in her voice and filled her eyes with tears. Had the girl graduate been able to look into the future, well might the significance of the farewells have overwhelmed her. Of the schoolmates gathered in the chapel that day twenty are numbered with "the noble company of martyrs," and the chapel, which was decorated in honor of the occasion, within a few months was an unsightly mass of ruins.

Ruth had not many weeks of rest in her T'ungchou home before she started on the long journey to the scene of her martyrdom. Far away in Shansi were girls who had not enjoyed Ruth's privileges. There was no boarding-school for girls in the American Board mission there, and could not be until some well-educated Chinese woman could be found to assist the missionaries. When we heard that timid, home-loving Ruth had consented to take up this new work among strangers, we knew that the call had come to her from the Master whom she loved.

In the early spring days Miss Partridge came to escort Ruth to her new home in Li Man, a village seven miles from Tai Ku. Soon over twenty girls were gathered in the boarding-school, and Miss Partridge's heart was filled with joy over the new work and the new worker; for Ruth won her scholars' hearts at once, and as teacher, friend, and planner, proved her rare worth. She passed two happy months; then came troubled days. One after another of the schoolgirls was taken to her home by frightened parents, and soon Ruth found a refuge with the missionaries in Tai Ku.

There she heard of the slaughter of scores of missionaries and native Christians. Again and again the sound of angry voices was heard on the street; there were sleepless nights, and days of hourly waiting for death. But Miss Bird wrote in her journal, "Ruth is as quiet and self-contained as any one could be." The story of Ruth's flight to the mountains, of five days of wanderings and weariness, has been recorded in the preceding narrative. Back in the compound with the missionaries and about twenty loyal Chinese who would not leave them, Ruth awaited the fate which seemed inevitable.

Of the loved family circle in T'ungchou Ruth knew nothing. Could her eyes have pierced the distance she might have seen them in the Peking Legations, a little brother and sister, drooping in the pestilential air, failing day by day from lack of proper food, and finding forlorn graves amid ruined walls. During those days of waiting Ruth was often seen reading "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and the following letter, written a few days before her death to one of her scholars, the sister of Mr. K'ung, gives us a little glimpse into her heart:

"Peace to my beloved sister, Chi'n Feng.

"Since I parted from you my heart has never for a moment let go of you, but I think of you without ceasing, hoping that the Lord is with you, and that you will not lose that which you have obtained from him.

"I have now gone back into the city, and am living with the missionaries.

"These few days since I returned from my flight have been indeed sorrowful. I know certainly that, if the Lord wills that I still live on this earth, there is no one who can harm me. I now commit myself into

the Lord's hands. Beloved sister, I hope that the time will come when I may see you; then it will be well. If I live I shall constantly write to you, that you may know my circumstances, but I can not write much now. May God be with you till we meet again.

"Your loving friend, RUTH."

The end came the last day of July. Between two and three in the afternoon one of the Christians on guard ran in with the word, "The Boxers have come." Fuel had been heaped up outside the compound gate, and as the flames burst in, Ruth fled with the missionaries to a refuge which had been prepared in the most remote corner of the compound. It was a little court by itself, containing a small house. There were no doors and windows, only an opening which could be closed after they entered. While flames were devouring building building after building in the main court, and other faithful Christians there were offering up their lives, Ruth and the missionaries were hidden in the dark room. A soldier climbed upon the roof of their refuge, and it caved in under his weight, showing the hiding-place. With a shout of delight he summoned the soldiers and Boxers in a temple close by. Fear of concealed mines or traps, or of the revolvers in the hands of the missionaries, still restrained them from rushing in. They thrust quantities of burning fuel into the room, thus forcing their victims out into the little courtyard. Then, still standing outside the wall, they sent brickbats like hail into the yard, until it was heaped with them. Not a cry came from the devoted band. They were alone, with no passion-distorted faces to shut out the blue summer sky. Perhaps, like Stephen, they saw the heavens opened, and the face of Him whom they had followed even to death smiling

upon them. Whether they heard his "Welcome home" before the murderers ventured over the wall sword in hand to decapitate them, we do not know.

A servant who had escaped over the wall lingered in the city until the next morning, when he saw the heads of the missionaries being carried on a cart to Tai Yuan Fu to present to the modern Herod, the governor. Among them was a head with a long braid of glossy black hair, tied with red. We can only guess that it was Ruth's. But we know that to-day Ruth stands with the white-robed multitude who have come "through great tribulation" to stand by the throne.

WU SAN YUAN

"I WANT TO SEE THE FACE OF JESUS."

Among those who are buried with the missionaries in the beautiful cemetery at Tai Ku lies one who looked on the Boxer massacre as a chariot of fire to carry him to the home where for years he had longed to dwell. He thought not of the pain of the translation, but of the glory bursting from the gates of heaven, of the rapture of seeing his Savior's face. Mr. Wu was an old man when he became a Christian, and ever after the one hope of his heart was expressd in the words, "I want to see the face of Jesus." He was much beloved, not only by the Christians, but by all who knew him. When the Boxer trouble came he left his village home near Tai Ku, and went to live in the mission. The leading men in his village wrote out a recantation for him, and took it to the yamen; then sent messengers to Mr. Wu to tell him what they had done, and to bring him back to his home. "We will protect you," they said; "no one will harm you." But the old man, trusting in the Savior whom he loved,

longing to go at once to see his face, decided that he would remain to the end with the missionaries.

When the Boxers broke into the front of the mission compound, a servant who was rushing through the back yard to make his escape, saw the aged man standing, trembling, with his hands resting on a table. Putting his hands on his shoulders for a moment, he said, "Mr. Wu, you will soon go to heaven to see Jesus." The old man's face lighted up with joy, and he nodded his head. It was only a few moments before he saw that face which he had loved, "not having seen."

CH'ENG CHUNG JEN

Mr. Ch'eng had been an opium slave, and it was his release from that thralldom at the opium refuge which brought him to the larger liberty of a child of God. From his village home a few miles from Tai Ku he walked nearly every Sunday to attend Church. When the trouble broke out he left his four motherless children with relatives who were not Christians, and for weeks he helped the missionaries guard the compound at Tai Ku. When the end came he was one of the ten or more who managed in some way to escape from the back of the compound, and to get outside the city into a field of high grain. There he hid until darkness fell; then hurried to a village about seven miles away, where an uncle lived. Either through the treachery of this heathen uncle or the watchfulness of the village Boxers, he was at once seized and bound, and before morning came he was in the hands of the Boxers in the east suburb of Tai Ku. Report says that the Boxers gathered around him with their threatening swords and asked, "Are you a member of the Church?" "I am," he replied. "If you are a Church member we

will kill you." "Then kill me." His body was cut into fragments.

DEACON LIU

The giant frame, the heroic spirit, the eloquent tongue, the earnest heart of Liu Feng Chih made him the best known, best loved helper in the American Board mission in Shansi. He was the firstfruit of the work in Tai Ku, a man who had wasted his substance in riotous living, a gambler, an opium-taker, a man of violent temper whom none dared to offend, yet a man of good education and great ability, a leader in all affairs in his native village. At the age of forty-seven, no longer wealthy, the slave of opium, of which he took about three ounces a day, he went to the Tai Ku missionaries, and, under the care of Dr. Atwood and others, he was soon a free man. He was employed as teacher in the boys' school, where he was constantly under Christian influences, and, after making a careful study of the Bible, heart and head were won for Christ. Wine and tobacco were put away, the quick temper was subdued, and in 1891 Liu Feng Chih was baptized. Although for years he still had charge of the boys' school, he liked best to preach, and often he might be seen in the street chapel while one of his older scholars taught classes for him. His natural eloquence gained new force from his intimate knowledge of the Bible, which he read whenever his duties allowed him a few moments of leisure. During the last years of his life freedom from school duties gave him larger opportunities for Bible study, and for the preaching which he loved.

His wife followed him into the Church a few years later. Though crippled from disease so that her body was bent almost double, she had a sunny spirit, and

under the mellowing influence of Christianity she developed a lovely character.

Mr. and Mrs. Liu were not yet sixty when the Boxer trouble came upon them. Mrs. Liu, with her son, daughter-in-law, and four grandchildren lived in the village of Che Wang, twelve miles from Tai Ku, while Deacon Liu was still at his post of duty in the mission. Once after the storm broke, his family came to him; but when it was plain that the most dangerous place in all that region was that mission compound, Deacon Liu sent his wife and grandchildren back to their village home, and set his face steadfastly toward the martyrdom which awaited him. He was a strength and a comfort to the little band of imprisoned missionaries, going often to the yamen to see the officials, though he knew that all such efforts were useless unless the government's attitude changed.

When a proclamation was issued ordering all Protestants and Catholics to renounce their faith, and those who were living in mission compounds to leave the foreigners, relatives of Deacon Liu who were not Christians renewed their importunities that he leave the missionaries. He never for a moment wavered in his purpose. Then his brother made out a statement that Liu Feng Chih had renounced the foreign religion, and gave it to the officials. He did not know it, he was powerless to prevent it, and neither by friends nor foes was he finally reckoned with the recanters.

For a time, about the middle of July, the missionaries talked of flight, but Deacon Liu refused to go. "I have hoped to shed my blood for the Lord. Flight for me is useless; wherever I go I shall be recognized. If it is the Lord's will that I die, and he lets the Boxers come, I will die here. I shall not go a step from the mission."

To his natural bravery was added a wonderful calmness. He was not afraid of evil tidings; his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. More than once, when the alarm was given that the Boxers were upon them, he sat unmoved in his room. He paid not the least heed to the alarming rumors which came day by day; but when the report of the terrible massacre at Tai Yuan Fu was confirmed, he shed tears of bitter sorrow.

On July 19th Deacon Liu heart a report that the Boxers had attacked his family in their village home, and killed all. The report was exaggerated, but Deacon Liu had no reason to doubt it at the time. Soon after this he was called to the yamen, and told that his life would be spared if he would only renounce his faith and come out of the Jesus Church. "What a coming out that would be!" said he. "With my family all destroyed, what would I come out to? The only favor I have to ask of you is, that when you kill me, you will do it as quickly as possible."

Not even the foreigners were as much hated by those who loved darkness as was Deacon Liu. Was he not recreant to the faith of his fathers? was he not a traitor to his country? In his faithful preaching he had never shrunk from probing the wounds of sin, and hundreds who had resisted the promptings of conscience, stirred by his earnest words, joined the cry, "Kill Liu Feng Chih," which often sounded through the city, and even reached the ears of the untroubled saint who was soon to be their victim.

It was the morning of July 31st, and missionaries and fifteen or twenty Chinese gathered as usual for prayers. Mr. Liu was the leader, and after reading Ephesians, i, 1-6, he spoke with unusual fervor of the early martyrdom in the Church, reviewing the history of persecutions from the time of Christ down through the

ages. For nearly an hour he poured out words of comfort and exhortation to steadfastness; then they sang the hymn, "My soul, be on thy guard," closing with the words,

> "Then persevere till death
> Shall bring thee to thy God;
> He 'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
> To his divine abode."

God fulfilled that promise for Deacon Liu at three o'clock that afternoon. Just as the Boxers entered the mission compound, a young man ran and warned the beloved helper. He still sat motionless in his room, drinking his tea and fanning himself. Of his last moments there are different reports, one being that he slowly out of his room to meet the Boxers, saying, "If you have come to kill, kill me first." All the reports agree as to the perfect calmness with which he went to meet the Master who had died to redeem him from a life of sin.

DEACON LIU'S WIFE

Mrs. Liu was living in the village of Che Wang, twelve miles from Tai Ku, with her son, daughter-in-law, and four grandchildren. The son was a worthless wretch, addicted to opium. Just before the dawn of the morning of July 19th relatives gave warning that the Boxers had come to the village. The son, taking with him his oldest boy, ran at once, and, looking back from a village, two miles away, they saw the flames rising from their burning home. His wife, who had turned back to get some forgotten money, was hacked down by Boxer knives. Mrs. Liu and her three grandchildren had started to flee when the alarm was given; but with her crippled body she could only crawl a few steps at a time. Neighbors half dragged, half

carried her to a temple, the children following. There the Boxers found her, and tried to make her bow to the idols. She said, "I am already bent double; but if you want me to say that I do not believe in Jesus, I can not say so, for I do believe in him." Neighbors pleaded that she might be spared because of her age and infirmity. They went security for her, and there being no Boxer organization in the village of Che Wang, she was allowed to live. It was hard for Mrs. Liu to answer the questions of her little grandchildren: "Why does n't mother come?" "What has become of father?" "Will the Heavenly Father protect us here at the temple?" She replied: "We must trust in God. Our Heavenly Father watches over us and knows all. He will protect us." The heartless neighbors laughed, and told her she had better go to the city of Tai Ku to protect her husband if she felt so confident of protection, for the Boxers had cut off his head. This was not true at the time; but it was a prophecy of what happened only twelve days later. For Mrs. Liu and the little children there awaited a suffering worse than death. The neighbors did not dare to give them food or money; even the single cash bestowed on the ordinary beggar was withheld. One of the children had three cash, and all begged for hours to get two more, so that they could buy a biscuit for the motherless baby. Their home was gone; their relatives dared not harbor them; there seemed nothing left to them but to starve on the street. In an old deserted ruin they found a partial shelter, and here Mrs. Liu spent several months. Her son and his oldest boy returned after a month or two of wandering in the mountains. When he went begging for his mother he was met with curses and asked, "What! is not the old thing dead yet?"

In February death and starvation seemed the un-

avoidable fate of the whole family, and Mrs. Liu's son decided to sell one of his little girls to provide food for the others and opium for himself. Mrs. Liu's words had no influence on her depraved son. The bargain was made, and poor Mrs. Liu had lain two days in a swoon, utterly prostrated with grief, when Li Yü came to her bringing some money, the first drops of the shower of relief coming from America.

In March came an issue of grain by the Tai Ku magistrate as ordered by his superiors from Tai Yuan Fu, who, through fear of the German soldiers, were endeavoring hurriedly to patch up matters with the Christians. Through the help of Li Yü, the Liu family secured enough to keep them from hunger until the arrival of Dr. Atwood in Shansi in July. As soon as possible Dr. Atwood visited the village of Che Wang. A feast was spread for the occasion by the magistrate, who showed the utmost anxiety to atone for the past hardships of Christians, feeling that even his own life depended on it. A demonstration of Christian charity was made in the village at the time. About two hundred of the poorest people in the village were presented with several hundred cash apiece, while a few public remarks explained that Christianity stands to show mercy and love, not to display hatred even of those who have injured us. In Mrs. Liu's extremity, scarce one in the village had been found to take pity on her, and now that she was raised above her poverty and distress she cherished no feeling of resentment toward her neighbors, but pitied them in their hunger and distress.

In a gate-house connected with the park where her husband lies buried, Mrs. Liu and her family are living. In all these troubles through which she passed, her faith was sorely tried, but never was it lost. Serene

and happy with the grandchildren at play in the park near her door, she helps to make their clothes and supply their needs, looking forward longingly to the time when her crippled body shall be laid to rest beside that of her noble husband, and she may join him in the land of peace.

"For such Death's portal opens not in gloom,
But its pure crystal, hinged on solid gold,
Shows avenues interminable, shows
Amaranth and palm quivering in sweet accord
Of human, mingled with angelic song."

CHAPTER XII

IN MEMORIAM

"These are they that come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve him day and night in his temple."

The summer rains of 1901 beat down upon thousands of nameless graves, while for months Boxer bands roamed at will, searching in every lonely hut and hamlet for fugitive Christians who might have escaped their swords. Then came the tramp of armies executing dire vengeance, and again fire and sword wrought desolation. It was the turn of the Boxers to flee, while back from their hiding-places in mountain-caves, and beyond the Great Wall, and from the beleaguered legations, came haggard, anxious Christians. Again they sought the spots which they had once called home. They uncovered the pits into which the coffinless bodies had been thrown; they searched by the wayside for dog-gnawed bones; they tried, amid the ruined walls of cities, to distinguish between the victims of the Boxers and the victims of the allies. Sometimes a long braid of hair, an earth-stained garment, would be the only means of identifying the remains of a loved one. Sometimes no trace could be found.

As the months passed by, long conferences were held between representatives of the Church and officials or village elders. The result was the holding of memorial services for the martyrs, both missionaries and

Chinese. They were gorgeous pageants; they were the most touching services which could hallow the memory of our sacred dead. On the part of the officials they were expiatory; hence the pageantry and pomp. On the part of fellow-Christians who had escaped the edge of the sword they were the tribute of love.

Not until January, when a German army pressed into the mountain passes of Shansi, were the precious remains of the missionaries placed in coffins; and then it was only pauper coffins. But early in July a party of missionaries guarded by Chinese soldiers entered the horror-haunted province. Just a year after the massacre of forty-five missionaries and a number of Christians in Tai Yuan Fu the party was received in that city by the highest provincial authorities, with all possible honor and pomp. Dr. Atwood writes:

"Just a year ago to-day their bodies were lying uncared for near the governor's yamen, only a few hundred yards from where we are now staying. . . . Their radiant glory can borrow nothing from this hollow show. If they can see and know our affairs, they will be satisfied to know that it is for the good and hope of the kingdom in China that we endure official ceremony. . . . The gates are being lifted up that the King of Glory may come in."

Again we quote from Dr. Atwood's description of his reception at Tai Ku, July 23, 1901:

"When we arrived at Pei Ts'un, ten li north of Tai Ku, we saw outside the village a crowd of people, with soldiers and twenty-four flags, two of which proved to be 'Old Glory.' I got down from my cart and went forward to salute the gentry of the town, who had gathered for the purpose in their state clothes. A large

booth of various-colored cloth had been erected for the occasion, and here, amid the booming of cannon, I saluted the Tai Ku district magistrate and the other lower officials and gentry, and, after partaking of tea and cake, we saluted once more, and a detail of soldiers, bowing on one knee, with one hand on the ground, gave the royal "Awh," as I entered the sedan-chair provided by the magistrate for my entrance into the city. Then the cannon fired another salute, and the procession started off, 'Old Glory' leading.

"When we came to the banks of the Wa Ma River, we began to meet crowds of people. Under the shade of the willows, on a grassy spot, was a group of men and boys with cleaner faces and gowns than the others, and from a distance I guessed at once who they were. They were the remnant of our poor Tai Ku Church. A smile chased the shadows from their faces as I passed, giving them a salute from the chair. . . . We wound through the principal streets, around by the yamen, and up to this palatial residence which the magistrate has fitted up in elegant style with K'ung Hsiang Hsi's help.

"The Church members soon began to call, and my heart as well as my hands were full to overflowing. Fa Ch'eng (grandson of Deacon Liu) came in, and I swept him into my arms, and we clung together and sobbed in a helpless kind of way for a moment."

The Tai Ku officials decided to give a beautiful park about a mile east of the city, for a cemetery. Three days after the Tai Ku tragedy the bodies of the missionaries, with the Chinese who perished with them, had been carted outside the south gate of the city, and slightly buried in a pit where ashes and refuse were dumped. In January the poor remains had been iden-

tified by Christian survivors, and under official direction were buried in a piece of waste ground outside the west gate.

On August 9th there was a unique pageant. It began at that dishonored graveyard outside the city wall. Three long pavilions, forming three sides of a square, had been erected, and in these, amid flowers and embroidered silk banners, encased in fine coffins, rested the precious remains of our dead. In the central pavilion were the six Tai Ku missionaries, at the right were the bodies of the ten who had been slain near Fen Chou Fu, while on the left were fourteen coffins marked with the names of Chinese martyrs—Deacon Liu, Ruth, Dr. Sang, and others whose martyrdom has been recorded. After the ceremonies here, a long procession formed. With the thirty catafalques, each borne by twenty men, with the scores of bearers of banners and insignia of honor, went six missionaries, all of the officials and gentry of the city, and the white-robed Chinese mourners. Through the thronged street the procession slowly made its way to the ruins of that mission compound in the city, the sacred scene of martyrdom. After a short service here, the procession started for the cemetery. It stretched a mile through the country roads. In the beautiful park, with imposing ceremonies, the Chinese officials and gentry paid honor to those for whose death they or their predecessors had been responsible. Then they withdrew, and with simple Christian rites our martyred dead were laid to rest beneath the gigantic elms, amid the flowers. Close by the graves of the missionaries were the fourteen Chinese graves, arranged in a semicircle.

Outside the gate of this park stands a beautiful monument. On the central slab of black marble are

Graves of Martyrs in Taiku Cemetery

graven the names of thirty martyrs, while one of the inscriptions reads:

"They sacrificed themselves for the Truth, which shall overflow to the remotest bounds."

God grant that it may!

During September and October funeral services were held for the martyred Christians in nine villages within a radius of ten miles from Tai Ku. Including the Tai Ku funeral, eighty Chinese martyrs were laid to rest.

Memorial Sevices in T'ungchou Outstations

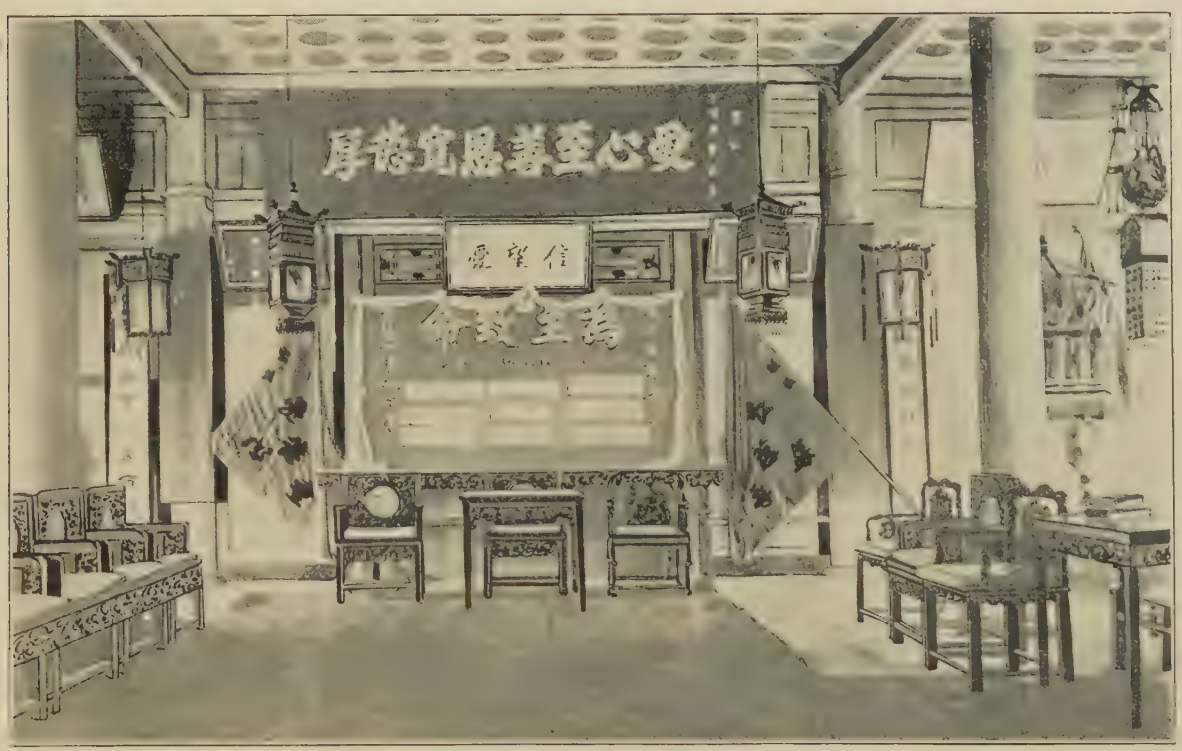
The following account of services held for eighty-three martyrs who were killed in five towns and villages near T'ungchou is taken, with slight changes, from *The Missionary Review:*

In March, 1901, a strange procession moved through the bare, brown fields between Peking and T'ungchou. At the head rode a lieutenant of cavalry with six men; then came two great army wagons, followed by three more cavalrymen; then a long line of thirty-six Peking carts. The first two were occupied by missionary ladies; the others by Chinese men, women, and children. There was also a white sedan-chair, in which a young Chinese woman was carried. Two missionaries on horseback completed the cavalcade. Some of the carts were covered with white, the Chinese token of mourning.

We passed a corner and turned down a street leading to a great threshing-floor on the edge of the village of Fu Ho. In front paced the cavalry, their yellow-lined blue capes fluttering in the breeze; behind lumbered the army wagons and carts. Under a line of booths about fifty yards long, extending along one side

of the threshing-floor, stood a long row of coffins, side by side. They were all labeled, and six little orphans were soon standing by the side of the bodies of father or mother. Kao Hsin, with face very white but very calm, led us from one end of the row to the other. Near the middle was the coffin of his mother, and on it he laid two crosses of flowers which had been handed him as he left his cart. There, too, were his wife and two boys, his wife's mother, and other relatives. Beyond were four coffins marked with the names of teacher Ts'ao, of the college, his wife, and two daughters. His ten-year-old boy, the only one of the family left, covered his face with his hands and sobbed. There were few dry eyes in all the company of Christians. The crowd of onlookers—many of them the leading men of the town who were managing the funeral and entertaining the company, more of them simply idlers who had come to enjoy the excitement—was absolutely quiet, perhaps awed into silence by the pathos of the scene; perhaps some of them humbled with contrition as they thought of their part in last summer's carnival of crime. Now and then we would catch the old-time leer or look of scorn which ever of yore greeted the "foreign devil" when he faced a heathen crowd. But either sympathy for our sorrow or a wholesome respect for the military escort kept the swarming hundreds very quiet.

The funeral services were held the next morning on the threshing-floor. No room at any place which we visited would have held the crowds. The white-robed mourners stood each by the coffins of his own friends, and white sashes for mourning badges were given to all who cared to wear them. The leader stood opposite the booth containing the coffins, and in front of another long booth hung full of scrolls presented



MEMORIAL SCROLL

(Bearing names of 130 T'ung-Chow martyrs, taken in the Hall in Peking, used for two years as chapel by the T'ung-Chow Colony.)

by outsiders, "Dying for the Truth," "Seeing Danger, Sacrificing Life," "His Place is in Heaven," were a few of the mottoes. The eleventh chapter of Hebrews was read, and seemed very appropriate for those who had been "tortured, not accepting deliverance," and "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings," were stoned or "slain with the sword," or had "wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

We stood a long time in the newly-made cemetery while the coffins were being lowered and a touching service held. This "God's acre" will ever be a sacred spot.

At the village of Ts'ao-Fang eleven coffins were arranged under an awning by the wayside, only a few rods from the ruins of one of the homes of the Christians. It was in the early twilight that the Boxers set fire to the house, killing two old ladies and a four-year-old boy. Two eleven-year-old girls, one of them the daughter of Li Te Kuei, escaped in the darkness, and, after perils manifold and marvelous escapes, found a haven of rest with us in Peking last October. Both were with us that day. The coffins which this village had provided were poorer than at the other places, and the attitude of the crowd seemed less sympathetic. Those who were mourning their loved ones felt it, and the woman who sat beside me, near the coffin of her child, with that of her mother-in-law just beyond, said firmly before the service began: "I will not cry. That would only fulfill the wish of your hearts." The proud eyes did not shed a tear, the resolute voice sang every verse of the familiar hymn. The service over, the lid of her mother's coffin was lifted, and Mrs. Li looked into the coffin; then, with head raised proudly and burning black eyes, she faced the crowd. "See what you have done! Just one or two poor bones left to put

in this coffin! And she never hurt a soul in this village, not even a dog. I can stand here and look in the faces of some of the men who did this!"

Early Friday morning we were on our way southward to our largest country field, and memories flooded in upon us as we traveled the familiar road. About noon we approached Niu Mu T'un, where our first T'ungchou martyrs died on the night of June 6th. A mile away we could see the crowds awaiting us, and some of the gentry of the town came out to meet us. In our party was the evangelist, Mr. Li, stationed at this place last year, who saw his father and his bride of a few weeks brutally butchered, and was himself left for dead amid the smoking ruins of his home, with a spear wound in the abdomen, and face and hands a mass of blisters. The bodies of thirteen belonging to the Church at this point had been laid in coffins. A few were killed after fleeing to other places.

It was a ride of six miles from this place to Yung Le Tien, our largest outstation in this region. Our Helpers' Home, our chapel, our building for women's classes, had stood on the outskirts of the town. This had been one of the happiest of our Christian homes, where love and mutual helpfulness reigned; where the unselfish father was never too tired to teach his children at the close of a day's work; where the sick and sorrowing and suffering always knew they would find a welcome. Here, too, the missionaries were eagerly welcomed, and we all loved Li Te Kuei as a brother.

We drove past the ruins of this once happy home. Only a few yards beyond, close beside the street, in a matting booth, were coffins containing the bodies of Li Te Kuei, his wife, and three youngest children, with nine other Christians. On both sides of the street there was a sea of heads. Our carts stopped, and Mr. Li's

oldest son and two daughters, who were away at school when the storm burst, walked slowly toward those coffins. Poor, grief-stricken children! The day before, at Fu Ho and Ts'ao Fang, they had stood beside the graves of both their grandmothers and many others who were near and dear to them. What wonder that sixteen-year-old Shu Ch'uan and eleven-year-old Shu Ch'eng leaned against the coffins in a passion of grief, and sobbed quietly all through the service! Mr. Li's wife was the only sister of Kao Hsin, the evangelist, who had buried so many loved ones at Fu Ho, and we noted his pale, set face as he looked into the coffins. Mrs. Yang, the woman who had lain bound by the roadside and seen her two children, her only ones, slowly stabbed to death, looked into her little girl's coffin, standing with others in that long row, and could still distinguish where a spear-thrust had wounded the little cheek, just as she had seen it that June day. For some reason this wayside grave, in which Mr. Li and those who suffered martyrdom with him were buried together, was dug deeper than usual, so the summer rains and heat had not penetrated it.

Of all the meetings, this left the most vivid impression on my mind. I shall never forget how we tried to sing, "For me to live is Christ," to the accompaniment of suppressed sobs, surrounded by that crowd, half curious, half awed. While one of Mr. Li's classmates in college and theological seminary, with eyes bright with tears, was paying a loving tribute to his memory, a newcomer pushed his way to the front with a rather festive air. It stirred the indignation of the speaker. "Do n't come here as if to some merry show. You should bow your heads with shame; you should weep with these children whom you have made orphans."

Everywhere the statement was made that the "Jesus

Church" would not avenge the blood of its martyrs. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." "The only reparation you can make," said one, "the best monument to the memory of the noble dead, is for you all to turn to the Lord and Master for whom they laid down their lives."

It was too late to go to the cemetery that night. We slept in a temple just outside the gate of the walled town. The next morning was fair and beautiful, with a promise of spring in the air as we stood by the graves of the martyrs. The wheatfields were beginning to show a faint tinge of green. "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." It is the faith and hope that in the coming years we shall see the "much fruit" of all this bloodshed and agony that comforts us in these dark hours. On the ride of twenty-five miles back to Peking, the words of the hymn sung at the grave kept ringing in my ears:

"Sheaves after sowing,
Sun after rain;
Sight after mystery,
Peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow,
Calm after blast;
Rest after weariness,
Sweet rest at last."

Memorial Services in T'ungchou City

Wicked, bloodstained T'ungchou received at the hands of Russians, French, and Japanese double for all her sins. In the summer of 1900 the site of two mission compounds was marked by desolate ruins; not one brick left upon another; not a tree or shrub or spear of grass. Where Christian homes or schools once stood, there was the same dreary desolation, and

post-office, telegraph-office, foreign mill, everything which bore the mark of the hated foreigner, had been wiped out in that terrible storm. It was August when the other storm came. Huddled together on the old, gray walls of T'ungchou, women and children gazed with horror-stricken eyes at the bloodshed and rape and wanton cruelty of the avenging Russians; then mothers grasped their young daughters by the hand, and down they sprang from the dizzy height to meet kind death. Wells were choked with the bodies of suicides. A frenzied mother plunged her little one headforemost into a large water-jar; she would escape the agony of seeing it impaled on a bayonet. Again cringing dogs and carrion birds feasted. Flame and explosion added their blight and havoc. Then there might have been written on the ruins of the city of T'ungchou the curse of Babylon. Of the nameless corpses lying in her deserted streets, decaying in her wells and ponds, who could tell which were victims of the Boxers; which of the avenging armies? For over a year these armies occupied the dreary city. Slowly the tides of life surged back into her streets. Fugitives returned, and piled their bricks and adobe into the semblance of a home Once more her rivers and canals pulsated with passing boats; and a new sound was heard,—the shriek of the locomotive, the rumble of the long train as it rushed in from Peking. Autumn saw the departure of the foreign army. Then missionaries and native Christians were free to do for their martyred dead within the city walls what they had done in March for those in villages outside. On a December day there lay in state, in a red temple on the river bank, sixty-seven coffins. Some were empty, but on each was inscribed a name. There was dear Deacon Li's; there were Mrs. Keng's and Mrs. T'ang's; there were tiny

coffins, too, for baby forms. From Peking two hundred went to pay to the dead the last tribute of loving memory. The American minister, our beloved Major Conger, who shared our grief and dangers during that ever-memorable siege, was among those who gathered to honor our dead; and to meet him came the Chinese General Ma, while his gayly-uniformed troops added dignity to the pageant. In at the east gate of the city, out through the south gate, marched the long procession, sixteen hundred bearers with the catafalques and banners and other regalia, college students and friends in white mourning-robes. It was an hour in passing the reviewing stand, near the ruins of the city compound. In a new God's acre outside the city, near the site where the beautiful college buildings once stood, the sixty-seven coffins were lowered into the graves, while the white-robed college quartet sang songs of hope and victory and peace.

MEMORIAL SERVICES AT PAO TING FU

(Taken from *The Advance*, with modifications.)

About a mile north of the walled city of Pao Ting Fu, in the midst of garden farms and hamlet homes, there stood, until June 30, 1900, the buildings of the Presbyterian mission. There lived Mr. and Mrs. Simcox, with Paul, Francis, and a beautiful girl a year old. There lived Dr. Taylor, well known throughout the city for his medical skill and devotion to the sick and suffering, and Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, charming young missionaries of culture and devotion.

On that fateful Saturday afternoon did these missionaries, and the nine faithful Chinese who perished with them, stand in the windows of their two-story houses and watch the Boxer horde, armed with cruel swords, moving over the plain from the city? We

German, French, and Chinese Officials Who Attended Memorial Services at the American Board Mission, Pao Ting Fu

know that they all gathered in the Simcox house, and that Dr. Taylor tried to address the mob from an upper window. He might better have talked to a cyclone. They were mad with that strange, wild Boxer frenzy, and cared not that the physician's loving touch had healed them in happier days. Mrs. Simcox pleaded for her winsome baby; but mother-love counted for naught with that bloodthirsty mob. With cries of "Kill! kill!" they pressed close to the house, and heaped against it the fuel which they had brought with them. Villagers who mingled with the rabble tell how they saw the children running about in the flames. Imagination must paint the rest. But we know that, in that burning, fiery furnace, One walked with them whose form was like the Son of God.

It is a March morning, and again the scene lies in the north suburb. Again the crowds make their way out of the city gates and throng toward that spot which the Boxers had desolated nine months before. Only a few broken bricks marked the site. But in a large matting booth, in a shrine made beautiful with flowers, were inscribed the names of those who had ascended here in a chariot of fire. On all sides were hung banners commemorating the virtues of the dead, presented by the gentry and merchants of the city. In the booth there assembled fifteen missionaries, most of whom had come from Peking, and General von Ketteler, and many other German and French officers. All of the high Chinese officials in the city, provincial treasurer, provincial judge, prefect, and magistrate, were there with their retinues.

Low, sweet music by the German band opened the quiet, solemn service. One who loved those who were gone said that they died like good soldiers at the post where they had been stationed by the word of the

Great Commander, "Go ye into all the world." A few verses from the life of the Master showed how the martyrs were simply following in his steps. Then we seemed to forget the hot flames of persecution, the brief agony of that transition, and to see that great multitude which no man could number, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands.

"A mighty fortress is our God," played by the German band, took us back to the stormy days of Luther, and reminded us that some time God would bring victory out of defeat, life out of death. After other exercises, the Chinese officials came forward in the order of their rank, and made low obeisance before the shrine in which were inscribed the names of those whom their predecessors in office had caused to be put to death. Crowds of other Chinese followed, paying this same mark of respect to the missionaries, to the nine devoted Chinese who perished with them, and to the twenty-five other Christians of the Presbyterian mission who later fell victims to Boxer hate in Pao Ting Fu and the surrounding country.

That same day we visited three graves; one just outside the wall of the American Board mission in the south suburb, hallowed by the memory of Mr. Pitkin, the Bible-woman, Mrs. Tu, and the little children; one close outside the city wall, where Miss Morrill, Miss Gould, and four members of the China Inland mission, had found a common grave after the executioner's knife had done its work; the other a lonely grave in a ditch inside the city wall near the temple, where Pastor Meng had been tortured to death, and where Miss Morrill and the other missionaries had been imprisoned that first day of July. Pastor Meng's only shroud had been mother earth; but in January, when his brother, and others who loved him, rever-

Booth Containing Coffins

(Ti-to sits inside on a mat, the third from the left, by a child.)

ently took the body from the dishonored grave, they could see the spear wounds in his head, and the arms with their fingerless hands were still bound behind him. In death he bore branded on his body the marks of Jesus. A wealthy man who, though not a Christian, had long admired Pastor Meng for his manliness and sincerity, asked the privilege of providing for him a costly coffin.

Another Sabbath morning dawned on the south suburb, lighting up the ruins of the mission where that sad tragedy had been enacted just nine months before, on the first Sunday in July. Inside a matting booth in a large inn-yard, twenty-six coffins were lying in state. On a banner bearing the insignia of cross and crown, with the motto, "Joyfully bearing the bitter cross," were written the names of three missionaries of the American Board, forty-three Christians who had suffered martyrdom, and four English missionaries. Evergreen wreaths and a few flowers lay on the coffins, and in front were arranged pots of beautiful flowers. This booth occupied one side of a large open court. On two other sides were booths in which were hung thirty-four banners bearing testimonials to the dead. "Faithful unto death," "Living with the Lord," "Fragrance flows from the Cross," were some of the sentiments expressed. Over twenty of these memorials were inscribed with the name of Pastor Meng, nearly all of which came from non-Christian friends of wealth and standing, from officials, and merchant guilds. As we read the noble sentiments on these banners we realized that Pastor Meng was one who, being dead, yet speaketh.

A hundred white-robed mourners mingled with the throng which began to assemble early in the morning. There was Ti-to, sole survivor of Pastor Meng's fam-

ily, back from months of wandering and peril, followed by months of study in Peking. There was Mr. Kao, mourning his wife and Jessica. A woman in a white robe, with a white band on her head, mourned a husband who, like herself, spent several months in a noisome prison, and died soon after he was set at liberty. Another of the martyrs whose name was on that roll of the Church triumphant, but whose body had not been found for interment, died of starvation and exposure after weeks of hiding in grainfields. All of the other victims had been cut down by Boxer knives. There were no more sincere mourners than the fifteen boarding-school girls whom Miss Morrill and Miss Gould had succeeded in sending to their country homes just before the storm overtook them, and who, after terrible hardships and wonderful deliverances, were gathered again in Pao Ting Fu. A young woman, assistant teacher in the school, told us how Miss Morrill knelt with her in prayer, and then sent her away with brave exhortations to "trust and not be afraid."

The services held were similar to those in the Presbyterian mission the day before, the dirge played by the French band being especially beautiful. There was a wonderful, solemn hush over the throngs gathered in the booths and in the open court. Not a word was spoken when the German and French officers, with bared heads stepped into the booth where the coffins stood. The same silence reigned when the Chinese mandarins and their suites came forward and made their low, Oriental bows, with clasped hands. Then the native bands began to play, and three hundred bearers came forward to take the coffins to the grave, and to carry the banners in the procession. In front moved the Chinese bands, the thirty-four banners, and the gay silk canopies; then came the coffins, some of

GRAVES OF MARTYRS AT PAO TING FU

(At right in the distance is the City Wall, beside which Miss Morrill, Miss Gould, and the C. J. M. missionaries were buried. The wall at the right is the corner of the mission compound in front of which Mr. Pitkin, Mrs. Tu, and others were buried. The man standing farthest away is the younger Pastor Meng. Picture taken before monument was erected.)

them in catafalques covered with rich embroideries; and near the coffins walked the men dressed in mourning. Behind came twenty or thirty covered carts, in which sat the women. The long procession made a detour through the main street of the suburb. All along the way a sea of faces greeted us. Had those same faces, now so impassive, greeted our insulted friends with looks of hatred that other Sabbath-day just nine months ago? Is it not only in Jerusalem that the same multitude can cry, "Hosanna!" and "Crucify him!"

We stood in the new cemetery just east of the ruins of Mr. Pitkin's home until the twenty-six coffins had been lowered into the graves. We faced the city wall with its ruined towers, tokens of the indignation of the allies who had come to this blood-stained city. Only the houses of the village concealed that spot where, for months, six of the martyrs lay in a dishonored grave. That other grave was hardly a stone's throw away. We sang in Chinese the beautiful hymn:

"Light after darkness,
Gain after loss;
Strength after weakness,
Crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter,
Hope after fears,
Home after wandering,
Praise after tears.

Near after distant,
Gleam after gloom;
Love after loneliness,
Life after tomb;
After long agony,
Rapture of bliss;
Right was the pathway,
Leading to this."

Then, after prayer and benediction, each threw a handful of earth on the coffins, and left the spot which, like that other sepulcher outside a city wall will ever be holy ground.

"The lilies of peace cover the terrible fields of Waterloo, and out of the graves of our dear ones there spring such flowers of spiritual loveliness as you and I else had never known."

CHAPTER XIII

OUTLOOK AND UPLOOK

"The remnant that is escaped of the house of Judah shall again take root downward, and bear fruit upward."

"THE remnant,"—we have watched them hiding away from "the blast of the terrible ones." We have seen them standing by the graves of their martyred comrades. Now let us take a glimpse of them "building up the waste places, and restoring paths to dwell in."

The time of outward storm and stress has passed, but heart conflicts are still raging. The tragedy of fire and sword has gone into history, but the tragedy of the inner life is being enacted to-day in thousands of cities and towns and hamlet homes. Was it an easy thing, think you, for a man to go back to the little village where once his happy home had been, to build up the desolate ruins, to plant trees where old ones had been uprooted, to tread on the soil with which was mingled the blood or the ashes of mother, wife, child, and not cherish thoughts of revenge? Who were his neighbors? They were often the murderers of his loved ones. He saw the leader in the massacres in his vicinity "in great power, and spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil," and vainly he said to his restless heart, "Fret not thyself because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass."

The conflicts of the year that followed the massacres were more bitter the temptations were more over-

whelming, because they came to those who were physically weakened and mentally benumbed by prolonged, intense suffering. Can we wonder that in some instances the spiritual sight was dimmed; that the will, which should have stood at the helm and steered amid the rocks and eddies, sometimes folded her tired arms and allowed the storm-racked bark to drift?

It was so easy, too, for those who lived under the protection of the army of the allies to seek revenge. It was so easy for those who saw soldiers from Christian lands enriching themselves on every hand, to say: "I have lost my all; my enemy has fled; his house stands open. May I not go and search for the things which he has taken from my home? And may I not take a little more, just a little, to help to make good my loss? Others will take it if I do not." Satan has lured many a victim to destruction with far less cunning casuistry. And a few who had bravely faced death from love for the Master have been overcome by temptations to take revenge or to make good their losses, without waiting for the red tape of indemnity collections. Thank God that their number is so small, that the Church in China has stood this second test so nobly! Once before, in Roman days, the Church which had passed triumphantly through its trial by fire, did not pass unspotted through the testing which came when the Christians were living with a victorious army.

Now let us take an outlook on the conditions prevailing a year after the outbreak. First we give extracts from an account written by Mr. Cunningham, of the Presbyterian Board, describing a ten days' trip made in December, 1901, to outstations northeast of Peking:

"This was the first trip made without a guard of

American soldiers since May, 1900. . . . The object of our trip was to visit the Christians in different villages where the persecutions of the year before had been so terrible. . . . At Wa Tzu we could formerly gather an audience of thirty or forty Christians. The few remaining ones gathered around us, a sad company, and we had a short service with them. They can scarcely rally from the awful shock and horror of that summer of blood. Mr. Killie pointed out a corner of the yard where eleven had been burned. In another place three had died in the same way; the ashes and charred wood still mark the spot. In another place a man had been literally boiled in oil. Living in these places of such horrible memory, and seeing those whose hands are red with blood going about scot-free, is it strange that feelings of revenge rise and will scarcely down? And it has been practically impossible for a year and a half to hold any services with them. . . . Their lot is a hard one. . . .

"Saturday we visited West Ma Fang, where we looked at the desolate home of Chang Huang Shun. He himself pointed out the spot where father, mother, and sister were burned. His older brother was also slain. Now he alone remains of the family of five.

"Sunday was a full day. About thirty Christians gathered together, and we had preaching and communion services. Memories of the year and a half since they had met thus together filled the hearts with sadness, and they all but refused to be comforted. . . . Our text was the prayer of the Master, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' This is high ground, but we can not afford to take lower. This prayer never meant so much to me before. Consistent with this prayer, Tou Wei Ch'eng,*

*See page 191.

one of our boys, when he was about to be slain at P'ing Ku, six miles from where we were holding service, had said: 'Men, you may kill my body, but you can not harm my soul. It will return to God. I shall see you at the day of judgment. I urge you to repent of your sins.' Then praying for his murderers, he died.

"Monday morning we left Ma Fang for the county-seat, San Ho, to consult with the official about the interment of those slain who had not yet been buried. There are about eighty bodies or parts of bodies, for which we wish to perform these sacred rites. We reached the place where Tou Wei Ch'eng, spoken of above, died. It was on a mound, a 'place of the skull,' outside the city wall. On this spot four young men were slain,—martyrs to the cause of Christ. Their death seems to have produced a profound impression on the community. The ashes of the funeral pile still mark the spot of the altar of sacrifice. We gathered up a few fragments of charred bones and some ashes, wrapped them up, and brought them away with us. I spoke to the crowd who went out with us, telling what we were doing. I told them that the charred bones were not those of criminals, though this was a place of execution; that China had too few men like these, who dared to die for their faith and for the truth. There was the greatest respect shown by all. When we had gone the crowd retired in small companies, a number lingering until we were out of sight. I thought of Calvary very many times that day."

Mr. Webster reports from the Liao Yang region in Manchuria:

"On the whole the members just now seem more impressionable and more spiritually alive than ever before. One noticed it in their prayers and the readiness with which they took the spoiling of their goods.

Compensation has never been mentioned. Services were held regularly again from the middle of December until they were interrupted by the Russian officials in March. These were attended with great blessing.

"The Hai Ch'eng city congregation seems to have been greatly benefited by the trials through which it has passed. Attendance is about double what it was before the trouble. The outlying districts are still under a cloud and are cold."

Mr. Liddell, of the London mission, writes thus of the Christians north of Tientsin:

"Every house belonging to the Christians was first looted and then burned; thus, on their return from hiding-places in dens and caves of the mountains, they had neither houses nor clothing, neither food nor money. Truly they were in a piteous condition. Yet their letter betrays no desire for revenge, but only a desire expressed for the speedy return of their pastor to help them in their troubles. The Christians who were killed met their death bravely, and testified to their murderers that their spirits were beyond the reach of man to harm."

To the English Methodist Christians in the Kai P'ing Circuit, we have the following testimony:

"The Christians, so far as I have had opportunity of judging them, are characterized by very real devotion to God and strong attachment to the Church. There is in all a deep sense of mercies received during the past year. They have an enlarged experience of the providential care of our Heavenly Father. If never before, during the dreadful weeks of last summer they learned to pray believing, and to-day they will tell you of signal answers to their prayers coming in the moments of extreme need. All this has made their faith

stronger and their hope brighter. . . . When men whose dear ones—fathers, mothers, wives, or children—have been brutally murdered for no other crime than that of being Christians, can say in effect, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do,' we can surely rejoice in the fact that some measure of the Master's spirit is in them. Never shall I forget Mr. Ho, leader of our little Church at Ho Chuang, as he stood before the two mandarins with Mr. Robinson and myself, and declared that though he knew the murderers of his daughter, seventeen years old, he would not accuse them nor ask for their punishment, preferring to leave them to God's dealing, in the hope that he would lead them to repentance and salvation."

Even before the Boxer persecution had given the testimony of thousands of martyr deaths, and the year of temptation that followed proved that the Chinese could live for Christ as well as die for him, Isabella Bird Bishop gave this testimony:

"After eight and a half years of journeyings among Asiatic peoples, I say unhesitatingly that the raw material out of which the Holy Ghost fashions the Chinese convert, and ofttimes the Chinese martyr, is the best stuff in Asia."

Much wood, hay, and stubble have been consumed; but treasured in heaven, or still standing where Christ will build his Church in China, we have our gold and silver and precious stones in the loyalty, the steadfastness, the triumphant faith, of those who have followed their Master through wilderness temptations or Calvary's agonies. This is our comfort as we look backward; it is our inspiration as we look forward.

The political clouds have not yet lifted from China; the difficulties have not all vanished; but we believe that the most glorious conquest of the Chris-

tian Church will be won in China within the next half century; and one element in this victory will be the fidelity of the martyrs. A Chinese official said: "It was such a little thing which we asked of the Christians, only to speak one word of recantation or to burn one stick of incense, yet they died rather than do it." Can the tens of thousands who witnessed the memorial services ever forget the impression made upon them? Will not the monuments in many a "God's acre" witness for God to coming generations? Wherever those martyr graves lie, we have a pledge of future possession.

The words which our martyred Lincoln spoke at Gettysburg might be spoken by these battlefields where that "death-grapple in the darkness" saddened the last summer of the nineteenth century:

"We can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

Shall we not give of our wealth, of our sons and daughters, for this unfinished work, that our honored dead in China may not have died in vain? Listen to the appeal of China's multitudinous people, with their pathetic needs, their limitless possibilities.

Looking into the past, with its tragic horrors and sacred memories, and into the future, with its appalling difficulties and bright promise, do not the poet's words well express the spirit of the worker in China?

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."